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THE WASTES OF A GREAT CITY

By John McGaw Woodbury
Commissioner of Street Cleaning, New York City

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

KEEPING the streets of a great city clean, so far as they appear to the eye of the dweller in the city, is a very small part of the problem which confronts the Department of Street Cleaning. It is not so much how to clean the streets as to dispose of the great amount of material collected which is the test of the efficiency of the Department. Moreover, the streets themselves furnish a relatively small part of the material handled by the Department. It is the thousands of tons of refuse matter ejected from the houses of four millions of people which furnish the greatest problem. To get rid of the refuse of a great city every twenty-four hours, to completely eliminate it from sight and smell, along fifteen hundred and thirty miles of streets, is a huge undertaking in itself. The easy, obvious way of doing this, for a city situated like New York, was to cart the material to the piers, load it on barges, tow it outside the harbor, and dump it into the Atlantic Ocean. From the time a barrel of refuse was shoved out of the area door until it was thrown into the sea, it demanded a constant expenditure of time and labor, and therefore of money, to get rid of it, and there was not one cent of income in return.

But when Colonel Waring took hold of the Department in New York City, in 1895, the question of the disposal of the refuse of the city was taken up in a scientific manner, and it has been the aim of the present Commissioner to push forward the scientific handling of all this material in such a way that it will cease to be an increasing expense to the city, but will become—and in fact it *has* become—a positive source of income.

In order to dispose of the wastes of a great city to the best advantage, they must be separated into four distinct classes. All that is thrown away by four millions of people as useless can be classified and disposed of under these four groups: garbage, ashes, street sweepings, and rubbish. I shall endeavor to show how the most advanced scientific methods in this and other countries dispose of each of these groups so that they become sources of revenue instead of a constant expense. I shall illustrate these methods by the city with which I am most familiar. It is the largest city in this country and one of the largest in the world, and therefore the problems presented are the most difficult confronting any city anywhere. We are, moreover, attempting things in New York that have never been attempted in other cities, and many of them have passed beyond the stage of experiments, and the results are definitely known and can now for the first time be put before the public collectively. This I shall endeavor to do briefly, and without any use of technical or scientific terms. I shall first explain the method of primary separation, and then take up each of the four groups in turn, explaining the methods

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The Italian pushcart region.
(Corner of Mulberry and Hester Streets.)

which I have thought to be most efficient in the disposal of the various groups of material.

Primary separation is the keeping separated by the householder of the various waste products in separate receptacles, the garbage in one tin, the ash in another tin, and the household wastes or rubbish in a bag or bundle by itself. This primary separation was introduced by Colonel Waring in 1896, and is the basis of any possible attempt at the utilization of the wastes of a city. Unless these materials be separated, the whole fermenting mass of garbage, ashes, and rubbish must either be incinerated or else thrown into the sea.

In 1896, when this separation was first instituted, there were forty policemen assigned from the Police Department for duty in the Street Cleaning Department. These policemen were detailed, a certain number to each district, to act under the immediate orders of the District Superintendent. It was the duty of these policemen to visit every household or place of business where garbage or other refuse material was collected, explain personally to those responsible just how this separation would have to be made, and wherever it was found that there were not sufficient receptacles for the purpose, the owners or tenants were required to supply them at their own expense. Failing to do this, they were brought before the city magistrates, so that when this separation was first commenced, arrests were made and fines imposed. The numbers of residences or places of business that were found to be obdurate were reported to the Board of

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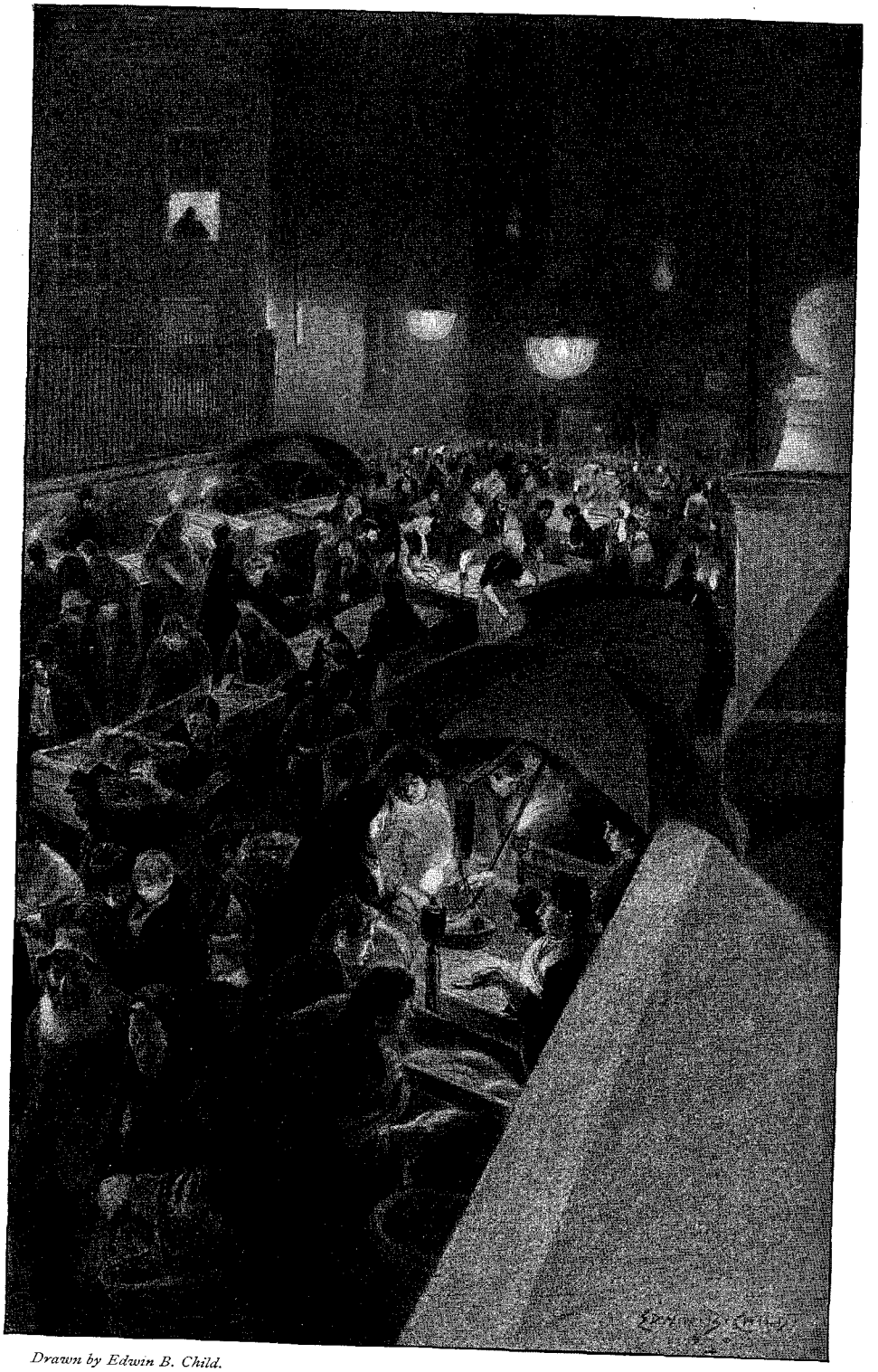

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The new fish market at the approach of the East River Bridge, Delancey Street.
Since March 30, 1903, all the pushcart fish dealers have been removed from the streets and carry on their business in this market.

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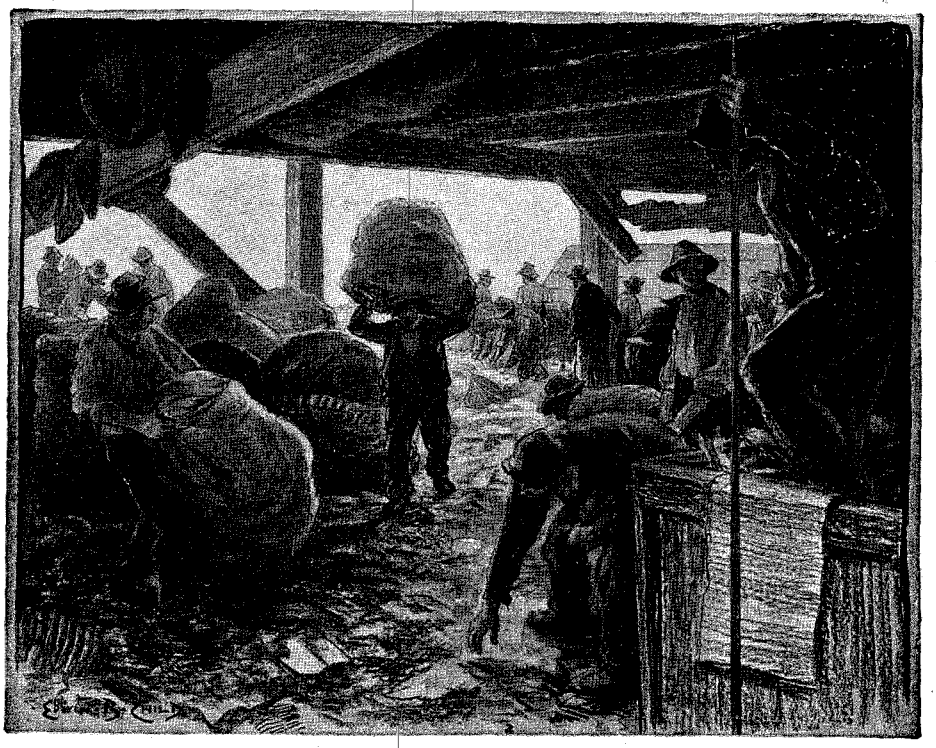

The old way of sorting refuse without mechanical aid.
Slow and with about 50 per cent. efficiency.

Health. They accordingly put one of their sanitary officers in the section mentioned, and also had the responsible people arrested in the same manner as is now done. There was a great deal of opposition to all this, because it was a law that had never been enforced. The people were to a large extent ignorant of it, although they had received due notice for a month or six weeks beforehand as to what would be required on the 1st of August, 1896. Cards were put into the hands of District Superintendents and section foremen and left at every house, and the requirement was explained personally by them to the householders whenever they could be reached, and to the janitor or the servants when the householder could not be reached. This had to be constantly repeated.

In January, 1902, the work accomplished by Colonel Waring in this direction had been practically undone by careless methods, by the withdrawal of the police detailed to the Department early in 1898, and by the ease with which the mixed material could be towed to sea, and there disposed of. The entire method of primary separation was immediately taken up by the present administration, and has been carried on so efficiently that in 1902 there were delivered to the Sanitary Utilization Company 30,000 tons more of garbage than was ever delivered to them before in one year.

There are two classes of people equally criminal, who make for the Department of Street Cleaning serious trouble in arriving at the primary separation. There are the ignorant and uneducated poor; but the criminally careless rich and their thoughtless servants make equal if not greater trouble for the Department. The worst mixed material thrown into the street may come from the teeming East Side, but the most scandalously mixed material that is hauled to the dumps comes from the Fifth Avenue, and is handled by the private ash-cart man.

"Garbage" is a term used to describe

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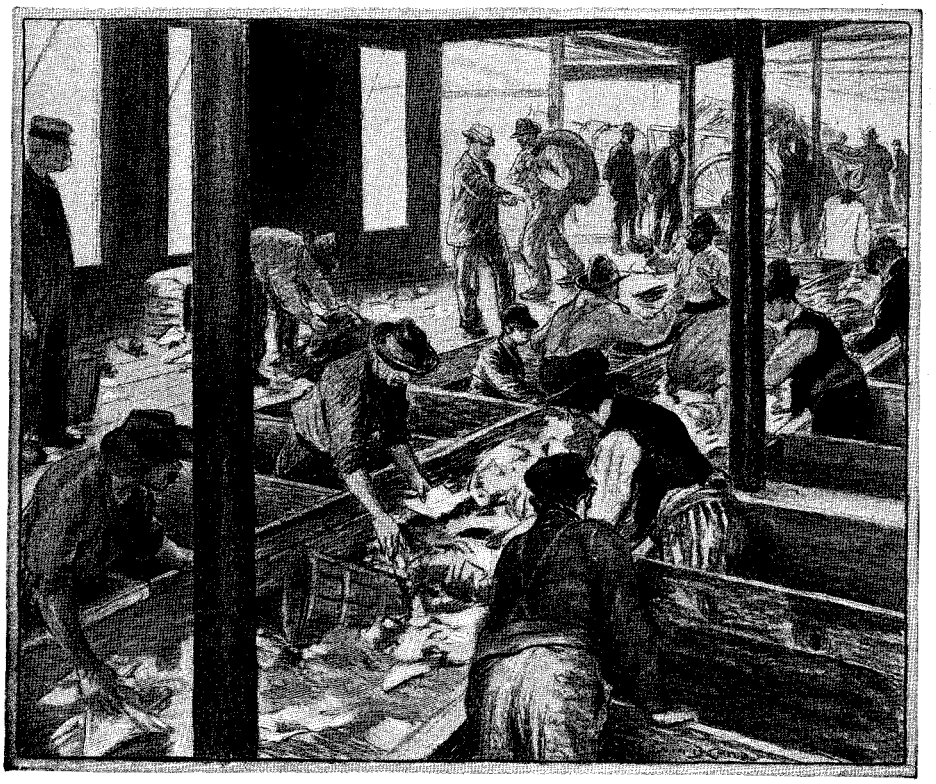
table waste and the refuse from preparing foods. These matters are entirely animal and vegetable in character, subject to rapid chemical changes due to acetic acid fermentation. These rapid chemical changes, and the consequent formation of gases, render it impossible to handle this material in air-tight, sealed donikins. This method has been tried, and the result—disastrous explosion.

The material thus known as garbage in this city varies greatly from the material known as garbage and handled as such in Great Britain and on the Continent. The garbage of the City of New York contains about 25 per cent. more water than the English or Scotch material, and about 50 per cent. more water than the German. Practically, France has no garbage.

In Paris there is no house-to-house collection of the household waste known as garbage in this city, because there is no such household waste. The frugal housekeeper carefully separates and uses all the waste materials. Such as may not be again re-cooked or put into the soup-stock pot, such as coffee grounds and egg shells, are burned. The hotel and restaurant wastes are carefully saved, separated and re-sold to other restaurants of a lower type, so that Véfour and the Café de Paris feed again the Batignolles and Montmartre. Even the wastes of the vineyards, the results of the wine pressing, are not thrown away, but distilled for the purpose of making methyl alcohol.

The collections of garbage in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx are made daily from house to house and hauled to the river front in steel-bodied, water-tight carts, covered with a flexible canvas cover. This collection work is done by the Department itself in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, but in the Borough of Brooklyn it was until recently handled by contract much less efficiently.

When the material was delivered on board



The new way of sorting refuse with mechanical aid.
By belt conveyor to the destruction furnace, giving 100 per cent. efficiency.

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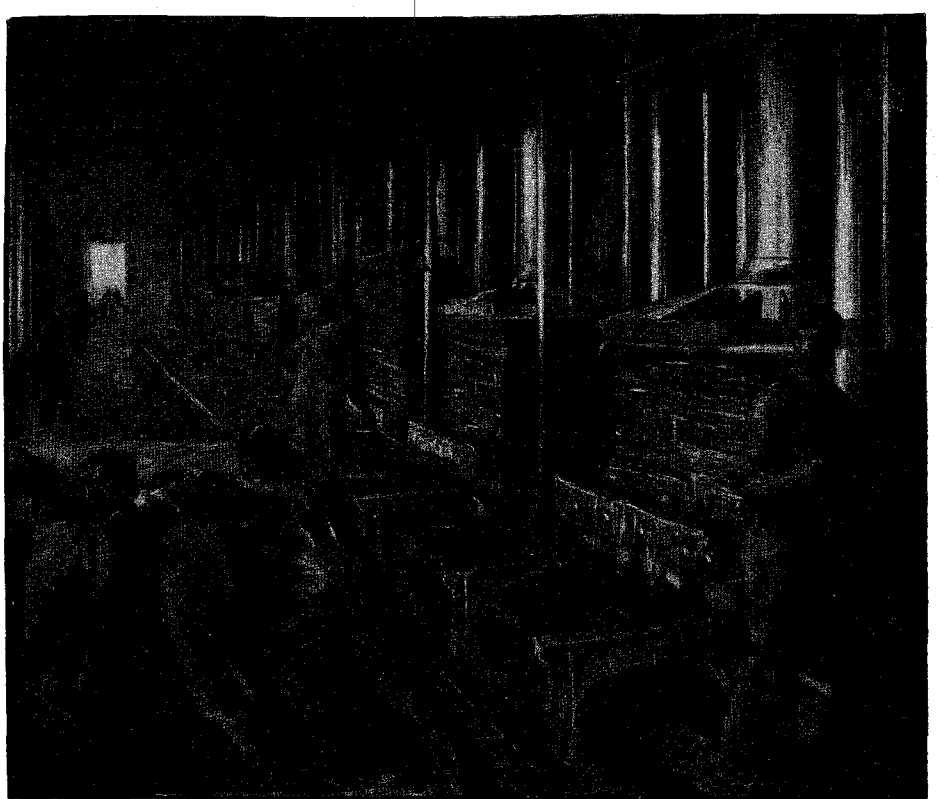
the scows of the Sanitary Utilization Company, further responsibility on the part of the Department of Street Cleaning ceased, except supervision of the contractor in the carrying out of his method of reduction. Upon June 1st, 1903, and since that date, the collection of the garbage in the Borough of Brooklyn has been done by the Department itself, the contract being abandoned by the contractor.

In the Borough of Manhattan the garbage collection averages 612 tons daily, the collection on the heaviest day being 1100 tons, and on the lightest day 220 tons.

To dispose of this garbage at a better advantage for the city, we have been making experiments in various methods of reduction to utilize the material and make it a larger source of income.

Incineration means the total destruction of the materials burned, or their chemical change into gases, vapors, and a residual ash or clinker. The possible products of incineration that may be of value can only be heat and power.

In the so-called incineration plants which are being successfully operated in Glasgow, Sheffield, Birmingham and Bradford, rubbish, ashes, and garbage are all mixed together with a certain percentage of fuel. This creates sufficient power to partially light these cities and make a return for the cost of destruction of this material, but it is extremely doubtful that the garbage itself produces many heat units, if any at all. The present residue of combustible coal left in the ash is what probably consumes the garbage and produces what power is furnished. This may be roughly estimated at about 20 per cent. In the plants located at Berlin and at Ham-



In the hydraulic press room at Barren Island.

Here the garbage, which has been treated in a retort for eighteen hours with live steam at eighty pounds pressure, is pressed to separate the residuum from the tankage.

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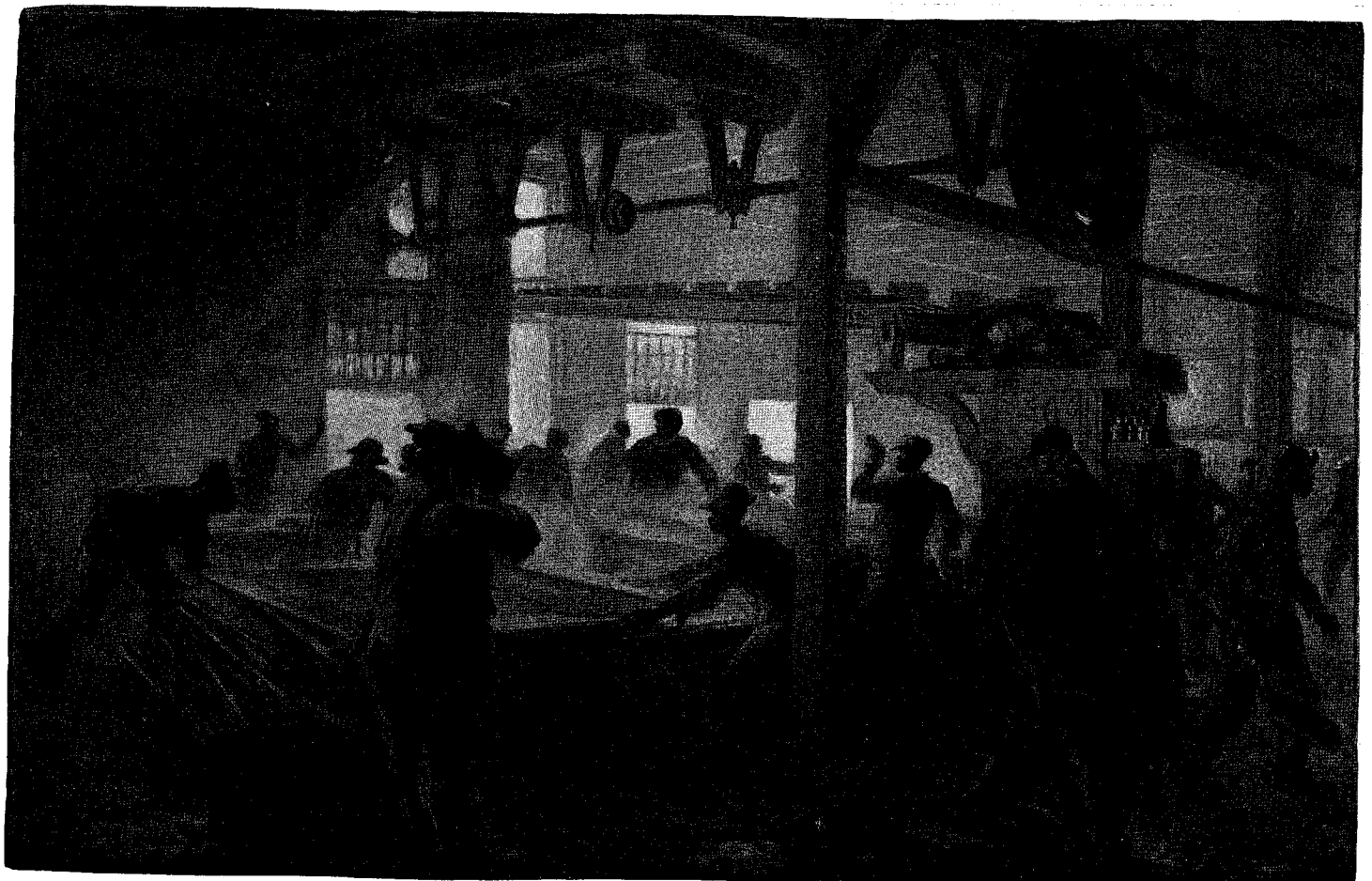

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Barren Island—Clearing the pressing frames and sacking from the residuum after the hydraulic pressure.

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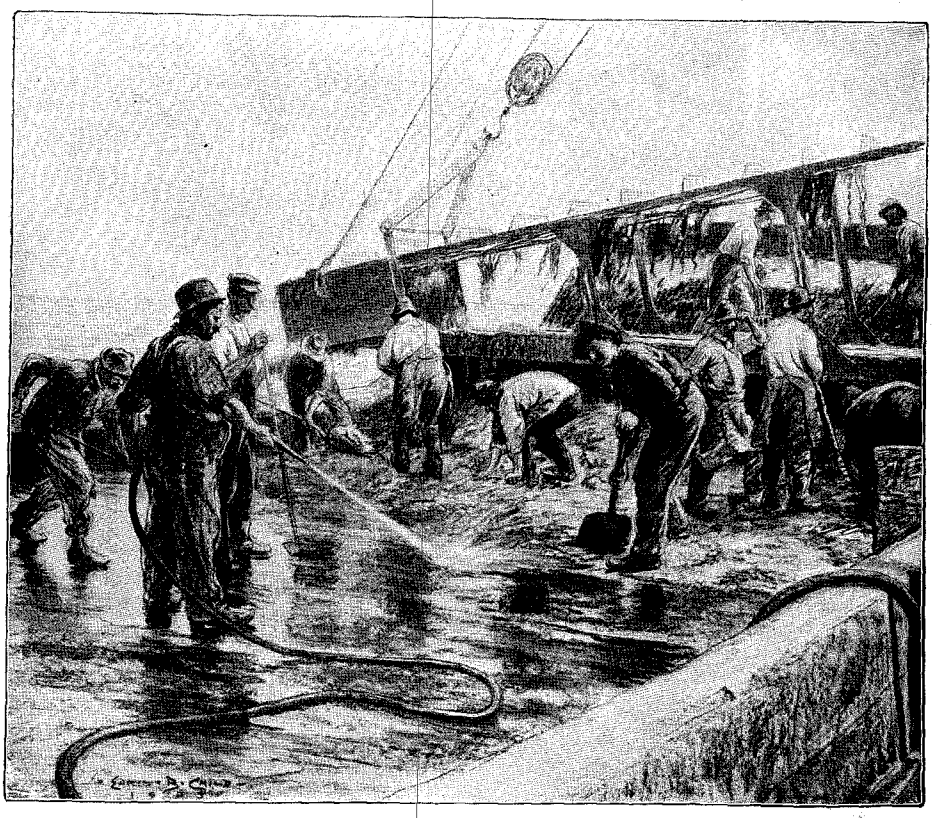

Unloading garbage with metal belt conveyor from scows at Barren Island.
Cleaning the deck of a scow after unloading.

burg there has been no return of heat or power, and but a slight sale of the clinker.

Our own experiments in this direction in the boroughs of Queens and Richmond have been found to be very expensive, costing approximately $3.00 a ton for destruction.

Where garbage carries so high a per cent. of water as in New York it becomes difficult to burn it on account of the cost of the evaporation; and other methods of reduction, therefore, are in use.

Reduction means the chemical change by various processes involving the application of steam in retorts at very high temperatures to this material, efficiently separating the fats and oils and leaving residues of phosphates and tankage, which latter is available as fertilizer.

The most widely known process of reduction is the Arnold method. This consists of batteries of large retorts, which are charged by belt conveyor carriers, taking the garbage directly from the scows upon which it is placed by the street-cleaning carts. The material is treated in the retort under a pressure of 30 to 80 pounds of steam at 312° F. temperature for eighteen hours, during which time all the materials are thoroughly digested. The retorts are opened at the end of eighteen hours, and all of the liquid material drawn off into tanks, where the oil rising to the top of the water is skimmed off in skimmers or dippers and transferred to bleaching tables, where it is exposed to the sunlight under glass that has been smeared with a thin coat of white-wash. Here it undergoes a most interesting process of clarification and of settling.

This oil, bleached to about the color of olive oil, finds a ready sale in Holland and in France, and returns to us mainly as the basis of pomatums and perfumery. The solid products are subjected to great pres-

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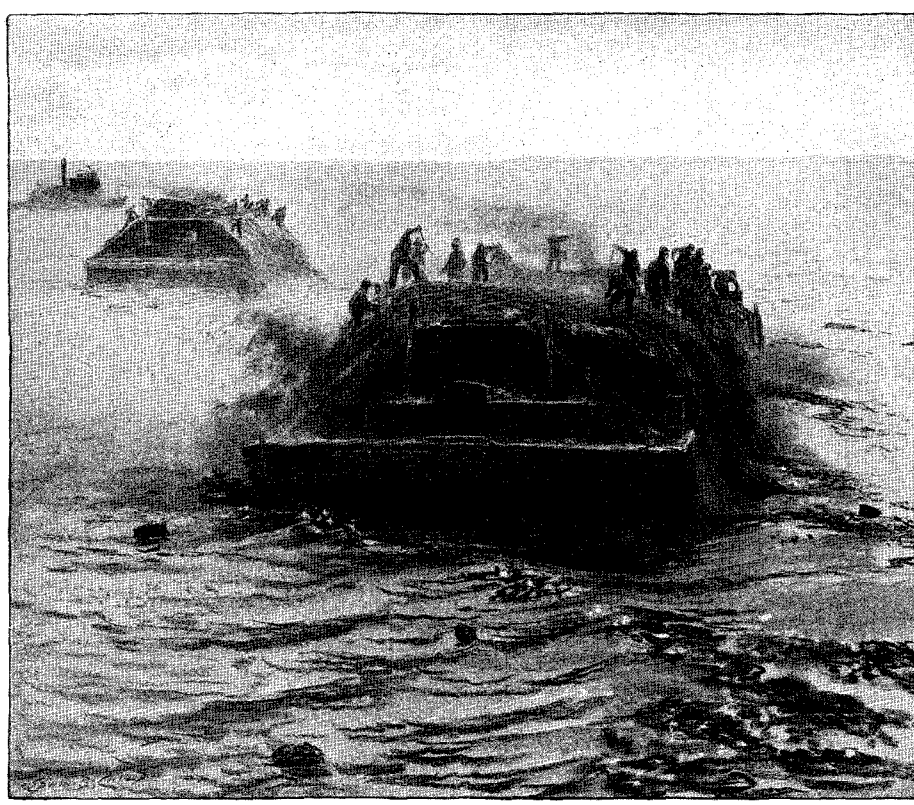
sure by hydraulic screws, and when squeezed thoroughly dry are broken up, sifted, and sold as fertilizer. The water residue or tankage is mixed with brown phosphate rock, and becomes also a matter of commercial value because of the amount of ammonia which it holds in solution.

There are other processes of reduction, such as the treating of the garbage in enclosed lead-lined tanks with a low grade of sulphuric acid before the application of the steam heat. All sorts of foreign materials are found mixed with the garbage collections in this city, from boots and shoes, tin cans and bottles, to silverware, both plated and solid, jewelry, and even cash. One of the curious freaks in the reduction machine at Barren Island was the stoppage of the cylindrical sifter by the blocking of the holes with hair pins. The company's office had a fine collection of hotel and restaurant silverware that had been run through the process; but it finally grew so large that it was sold. They also exhibited a dollar bill which went through the whole process of reduction and remained a recognizable legal tender.

Clean, properly separated ash is a commercial product worth 12 to 19 cents a cubic yard. The amount of output of the City of New York is about 3,069,372 cubic yards per year.

During the year 1902 the first sale of ashes by the Department of Street Cleaning was made to a large construction company for the purpose of making fireproof floors in department stores. This, of course, was but small in quantity. It is gradually increasing.

Before 1902 the ashes and rubbish of the City of New York were disposed of upon land-fills, in small amount, while the bulk was cast into the sea. The land-fills were those of private contractors,



Former method of unloading ashes and rubbish from flat scow at sea.
This material was often washed upon the bathing beaches.

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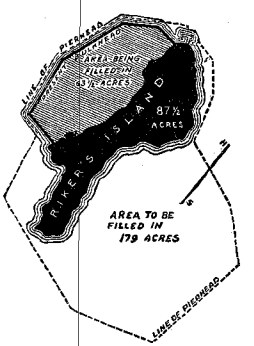
who bought marsh lands on speculation and filled them with city material, the benefit accruing going into the pocket of the speculator.

There existed on the 1st of January, 1902, an empty crib on the south and west side of Riker's Island, which is one of the islands belonging to the City of New York located in the East River close to where that body of water joins Long Island Sound. The island itself is eighty-seven acres in area. The crib encloses an area of sixty-three and one-half acres. This crib was built in 1893 by the Dock Department, and an attempt was made to utilize the wastes of the City of New York by making a land-fill at this point. The material, however, was so badly mixed, the garbage, ashes, and rubbish all being dumped here together—there being at that time no primary separation—that this material, fermenting in the heat of summer, created so great a nuisance as to become a public scandal calling for the interference of the courts, and it was discontinued.



Land fill made by Street Cleaning Department at Riker's Island.

The diagram shows land already made of ashes and rubbish, with proposed fill in the blank on eastern side.

By means of proper primary separation and the disposal of the garbage for proper reduction, the problem simplifies itself into the handling of ashes alone. This material is being put behind the crib at Riker's Island at the rate of 100,000 cubic yards per month, and the fill of sixty-three acres is nearly completed.*

Thus, $630,000 worth of real estate has been added to the holdings of the City of New York at an expense in construction equal to or less than the cost of throwing this material into the sea outside of Sandy Hook, or disposition of the ashes under the old method.

A water main has just been carried over from the Westchester shore to the island, rendering it possible at last to barrack the convicts on the island. They have been, to the number of 250, employed in grading and levelling, providing outdoor occupation for large numbers of the men committed for minor offences, and doing service to their city for misbehavior, of from thirty to ninety days. This open-air occupation is much preferred. Persons committed to the workhouse request transfer to Riker's Island in order to get into the open air and for the extra allowance of food.

It will be possible with the proposed 175 acres to be added to the eastern side of this island—the contract for the riprapping embankment being already advertised by the Dock Department—to make an area two and one-half times that of Blackwell's Island, which will hold all our correctional and eleemosynary institutions now located on that island, making Blackwell's Island suitable or possible as a public park.

In the Borough of Brooklyn there has been formed a contract with H. Milton Kennedy for the removal of ashes and rubbish by means of the surface trolley lines. The ashes and rubbish are collected by the Department of Street Cleaning from house to house, and carried to central stations, which are located along the lines of the trolley roads. There they are dumped into hoppers which may act in part as storage bins, from which watertight steel cars of special construction, having steel lids or covers, are loaded, and during the night these cars are hauled away to land-fills on the salt marsh which fringes the southern side of this borough. This makes a great saving in haul to the city, besides the disagreeable feature of a long procession of carts hauling through the streets to the public dumps during the daytime.

Street sweepings are composed mainly of two valuable materials, of which, could they be separated, either would be worth a price, but which taken together are valueless; one is the manure, the other the newspapers which are cast into the streets by our careless citizens. The Department collects about twenty-two tons of newspapers alone daily. Of course in certain

* The lowest amount of money at which this fill can be computed is $10,000 per acre. The South Brother Island, which is close by, was sold a few years ago at a price of about $11,200 per acre. Land at Hunt's Point in the Borough of The Bronx which is quite adjacent, is rated at $22,000 per acre.

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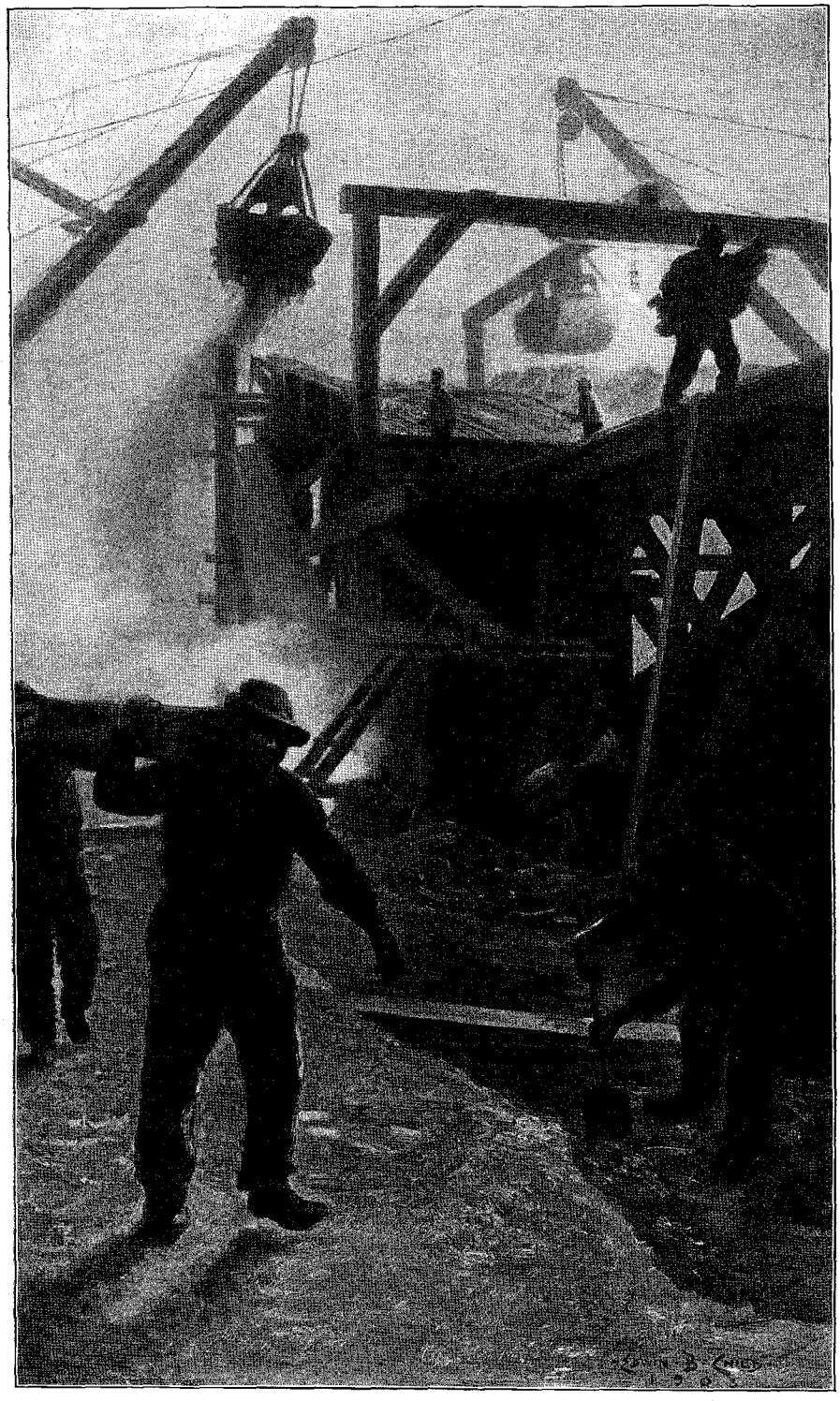

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Unloading the scows at Riker's Island at night.

This is the latest development of unloading and transportation at the O'Rourke Plant. Steam "orange-peel" buckets are dumping on the beginning of the belt conveyor.

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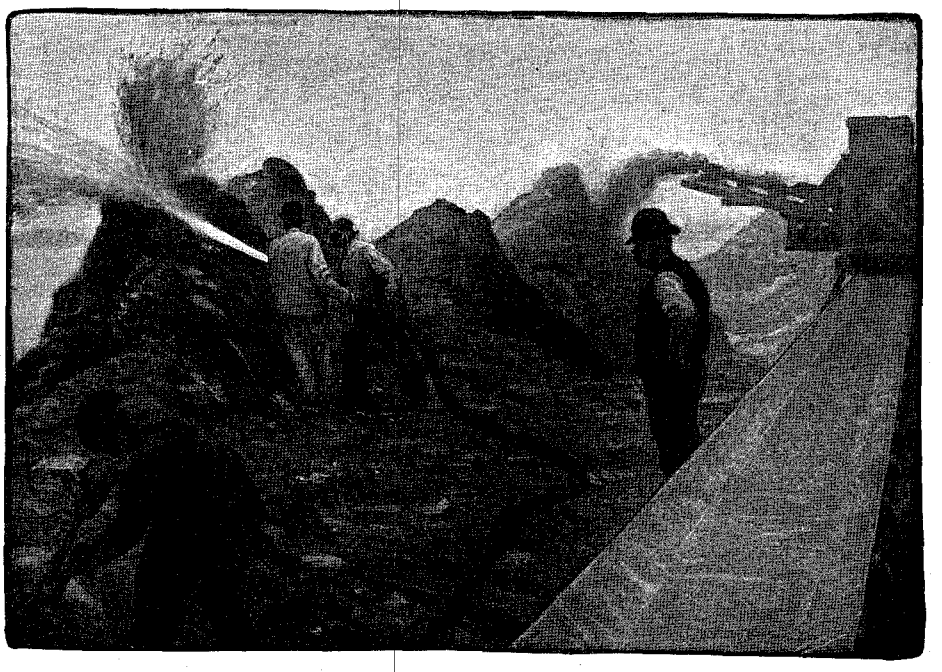

Automatic dumping of ashes at Riker's Island.

End of belt conveyor dumping ashes in piles. The ash piles are blown to level and the fill is puddled with salt water from a heavy hydraulic mining stream.

districts of the city there is a very sad admixture of garbage which has to be collected with the street sweepings. From the district bounded on the west by the Bowery, on the south by East Broadway, on the north by East Houston Street, and on the east by the East River, there is picked by hand each day from the surface of the streets, between curb and curb, eighteen tons of garbage that is thrown from the house windows and fire escapes into the street. This is due to the fact that this district is inhabited by lately landed emigrants, drawn mostly from the Jewish pale of Russia. They bring with them their ideas of sanitation and habits of life, which are still those of the eleventh century. The only sewerage or sanitary arrangement in a Russian or Polish village is a cobble gutter occupying the centre of the narrow, straggling street. Into this from any of the household openings all matters of refuse are cast and the dead bodies of animals left. It is never cleaned except when washed out by the rain. The syndic of the village has, however, charge of the removal of the dead animals. Bringing to us a civilization whose sanitary aspect is of this character, it is exceedingly difficult to educate these newly arrived people to our idea of separation of garbage from ashes, and the placing it in proper receptacles. It was found necessary, when we reinstituted this primary separation a year ago, not alone to print our notices in the English language; there was handed to each one also, and tacked upon the door inside of each tenement, a notice in Syriac, Greek, Hebrew, Bohemian, Czech and Italian.

This sadly mixed material, then, is of no value, and can only be destroyed. It is not garbage, and cannot be delivered to the Sanitary Utilization Company. It is not ash, and cannot be used in land-fill. It is noisome if left to ferment, and must not be thrown into the sea.

Street sweepings have been delivered to the Long Island Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the past year in amounts of 1,600 sacks daily. This material has been used in the grassing of their cuts and fills in the improvements upon their railroad line along the south side of the island. This material has been also supplied to the Department of Charities for the fertilization of their farm upon Staten Island.

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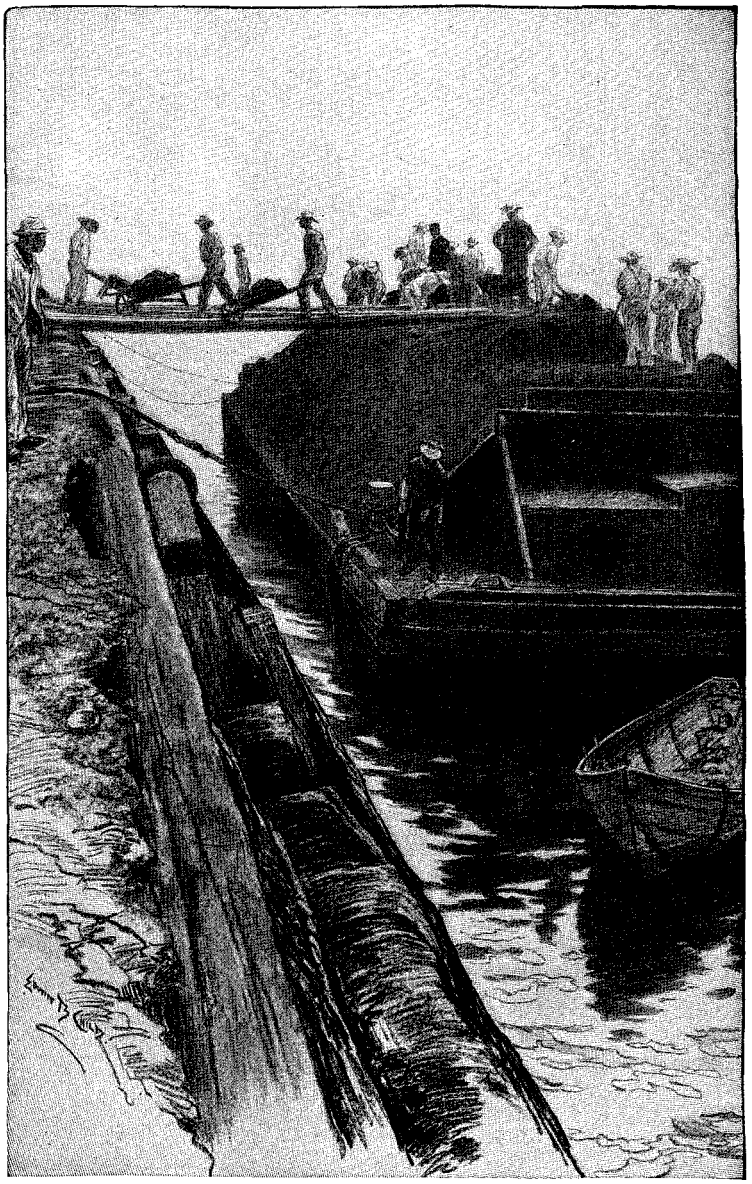
So universally recognized is its value that constant application is now being made to the Department by farmers in the vicinity of New York, and arrangements are making with the New York Central and Harlem railroads for its shipment and delivery to the farms on the Hudson and in Westchester. This has been effected by the method of sacking, which originated with Colonel Waring and was discontinued by the late Commissioner McCartney.



Blackwell's Island convicts unloading scows of ashes at Riker's Island.
This is the most primitive method of unloading.

During the great scarcity of coal last winter owing to the strike, various schemes were proposed for the making of fuel. Among others was the treating of the street sweepings of the City of New York with a chemical compound and compressing them into briquettes to be used as fuel. This, experimentally burned, was quite successful, but its possibilities as a financial venture are still undemonstrated.

It is impossible for four months of the year to make a separate collection or delivery of any of the street sweepings of the city, due to the fact that during these months the temperature and the continued moisture of the atmosphere make mud of the street sweepings, and they cannot be sacked or transported.

Rubbish includes rags, bottles, sawdust, shop sweepings, old boots and shoes, sofas, bedsteads, mattresses, beds, bedding, furniture, paper, pots, kettles, cans, all scrap

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metal, barrels, boxes, crates, cases, broken images and ornaments, picture frames, and in short, all the wear and tear of daily life and the refuse of trades in a great city. These materials would seem at first blush to forbid anything like utilization, but it is here that a great revenue can be and is derived. In the year 1902 the privilege of picking and sorting these materials at the public dumps sold for $107,000 in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx. This is the material which, when heretofore thrown into the sea, floated in upon the beaches and rendered them so unclean in appearance and disagreeable during the bathing season.

There has been devised and built by the Department a rubbish incinerator on the pier at the foot of 47th Street and the North River, where those materials that are not separated and readily sold are burned, and from their burning make power which runs the plant and lights the dumping board, and in addition a portion of the power is sold to a contractor in the immediate neighborhood. The incinerator consists of three retorts which are fed alternately by a travelling belt conveyor. The material carted there is emptied from the paper carts directly onto this travelling belt, which is 104 feet in length. On either side of this travelling table stand the pickers who sort from the belt into hoppers at their sides the varying substances that are desired, viz.: one man picks only manila papers, another only spruce pulp papers, another the shoes, another the cloths and rags, another the bottles and cans and all metal substances. These are turned through the hoppers into large presses, where the papers are baled, the shoes are sorted and sold, many of them doing duty, after repair, on the feet of our poorer citizens. But all old mattresses, beds and bedding, are not delivered on this table. They are immediately burned. This is a sanitary precaution rendered necessary by the diseases which they so frequently carried back to the Italian quarters.

The residue that is not of value is fed by this travelling table directly into the furnace, so that the furnace is self-fuelled. The plant was erected by the Department at a cost of $20,000, and was designed by H. de Berkeley Parsons, Professor of Steam Engineering at the Troy Polytechnic Institute. The privilege of handling the material brought to this point is sold at $240 per week, making $12,480 per annum, which is a rather good rate per cent. on the amount of money invested. The second of these incinerators for the purpose of handling the waste in the portion of the city below Canal Street is already under construction.

The ash which is the result of this incineration is entirely a vegetable ash, very highly charged with potash and ammonia. This is hauled from the incinerator by the Park Department, and is playing a very large part in the renourishing of the trees and shrubs in Central Park. This otherwise would be a source of revenue, as it is readily salable to the soap manufacturers for the purpose of making potash.

These four materials—garbage, ashes, street sweepings and rubbish—being separated, each falls into its place of use, and with a thorough and conscientious keeping of them separated they become a source of revenue rather than of expense. This carried but little further means that the Department of Street Cleaning, instead of being an expense to the taxpayer, should bring a revenue to the city, and the city clean and wash itself from its dustings. If we be but allowed the valuation of $10,000 per acre for the work at Riker's Island the $630,000 resultant must be charged to the credit side of the Department. In addition, the sale of the rubbish rendered possible by the separating belt and incinerator, hands to the City Chamberlain this year $107,000 in cash to be added to the sinking fund.

If there was any fouling of the beaches, upon either the Long Island or New Jersey shores, during the past summer, the Department of Street Cleaning pleads not guilty. We have dumped no material at sea since April last, all being disposed of in land-fill.

I beg merely to suggest another direction in which to exercise economical administration. The Department of Street Cleaning owns but one piece of property. This is the condemned market at Avenue C and 17th Street. It rents ninety-three pieces of property for section stations, stables, etc., at an annual rental of $103.766. This is a most wasteful method of administration.

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THE DAY'S SHOOTING

BY

A. B. FROST

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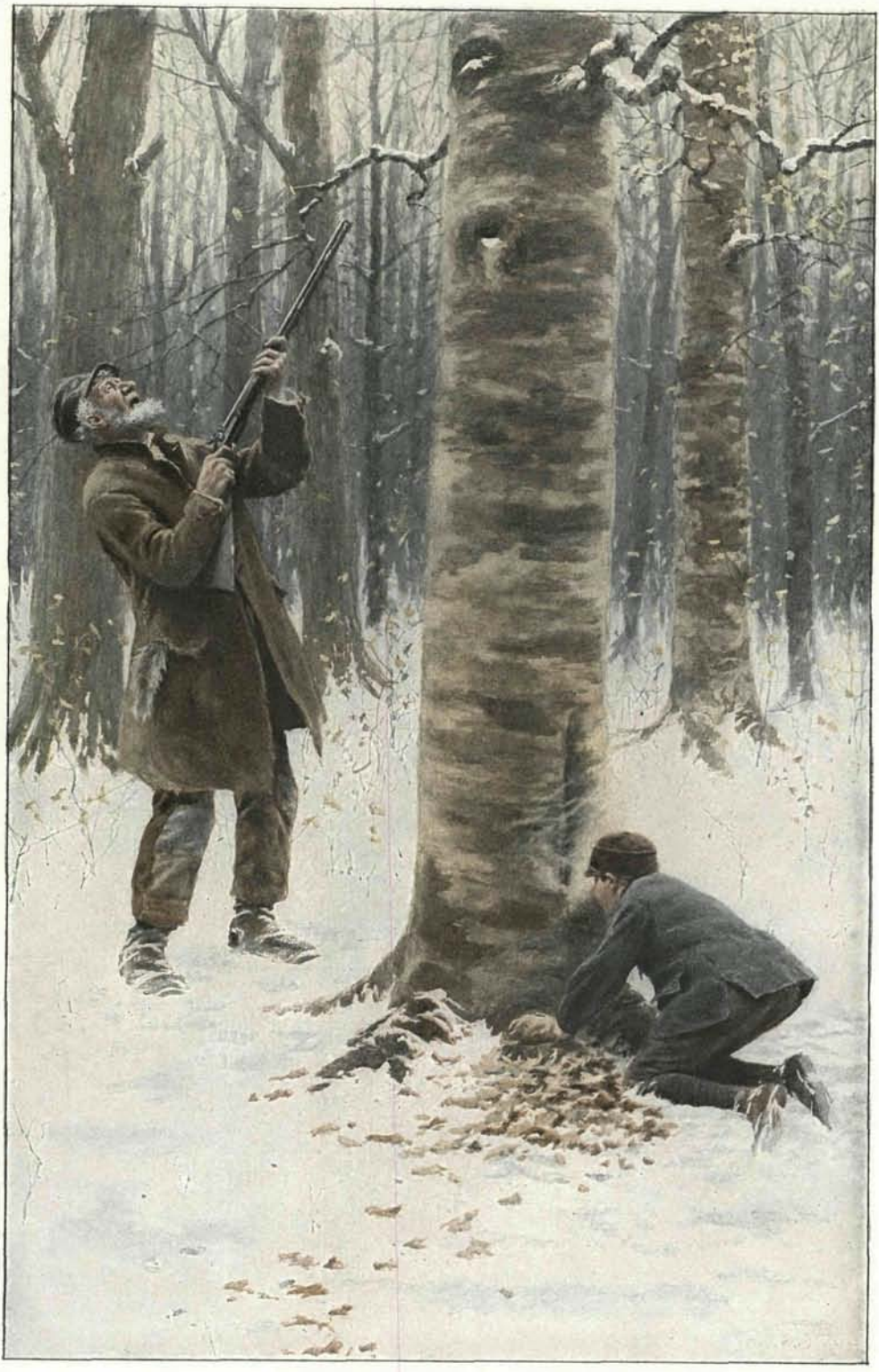

"Blow, Sammy, blow. He's a comin', by gum!"

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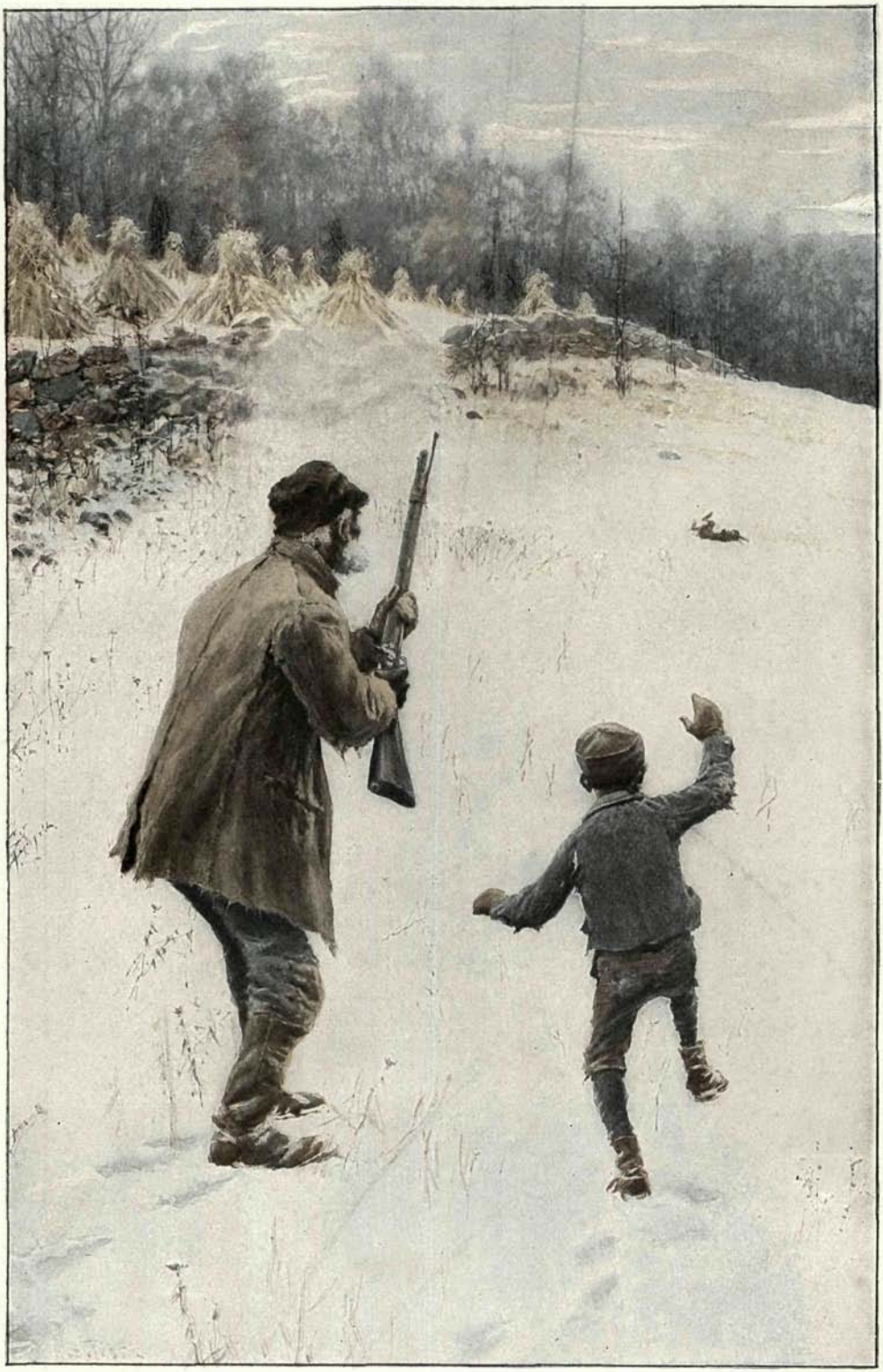

"We ketched him dat time fo' shuah."

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Gun shy.

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Ordered off and argument useless.

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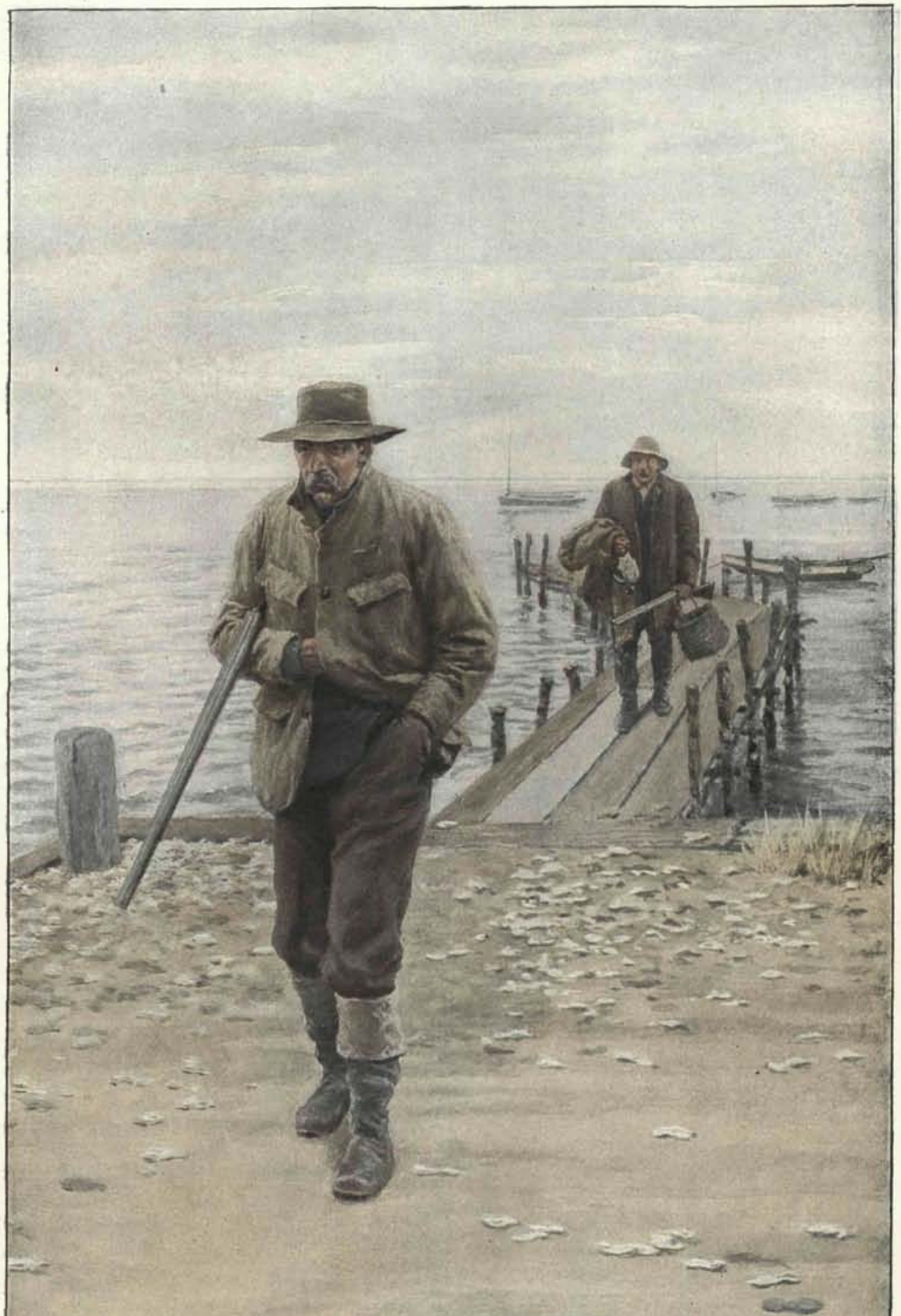

Bad luck.

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WHAT THEY ARE THERE FOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

THE most thankless task that can be undertaken by a nation is warfare against savage or semi-civilized peoples. In it there is usually little glory, nor is there any reward save the consciousness of disagreeable duty well performed. The risk to the soldier is greater than in ordinary war—since the savages usually kill the wounded and torture the captured. Success can only be achieved by an arduous, persistent, wearing-down process which affords little opportunity for scientific fighting, yet which demands military talents of the highest order. There is nothing spectacular about the performance, and everybody wonders why it takes so long.

And as injustice and wrong have not been infrequent in the preliminary dealings between the Government and the savages, the soldier, who has only to obey his orders, comes in for much unmerited censure from those who think darkly though they speak bitterly. Especially is he criticised if, when maddened by the suffering, the torture of some comrade, the soldier sinks to the savage level in his treatment of his ruthless foemen.

Long before the Spanish-American War and its Philippine corollary our little army had shown itself capable of the hardest and most desperate campaigning against the Indians of the West; as difficult and dangerous a work as any army ever undertook. There was so much of it and it abounded with so many thrilling incidents that volumes could be written upon it without exhausting its tragedy, its romance. There is scarcely a soldier who served beyond the Mississippi from 1865 to 1890 who did not participate in a score of engagements, whose life was not in peril more than once in many a hard but now forgotten campaign.

One of the bravest of our Indian fighters was Guy V. Henry. Personally he was a typical representative of the knightly American soldier; officially it was his fortune to perform conspicuous services in at least three expeditions subsequent to the Civil War. He was a West Pointer and the son of another, born in the service at Fort Smith in the Indian Territory. Graduating in 1861, a mere boy, he participated in four years of the hardest fighting in the Civil War from Bull Run to Cold Harbor. At the age of twenty-three his merit won him the appointment of Colonel of the Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, "a regiment that was never whipped." The tall, brawny Yankees fairly laughed at the beardless stripling who was appointed to command them. He mastered them, and to this day they love his memory.

He was thrice mentioned in despatches and brevetted five times for conspicuous gallantry in action during the war, out of which he came with the rank of Brigadier-General. For heroic and successful fighting at old Cold Harbor he received the highest distinction that can come to a soldier, the medal of honor. Having two horses shot from under him in the attack upon the lines, he seized a third from a trooper, mounted him under a withering fire, and led his soldiers forward in a final assault which captured the intrenchments—this third horse was shot under him just as he leaped the breastworks.

"Thin as a shoestring and as brave as a lion," he was a past master of military tactics and a severe disciplinarian. "I tell you he is a martinet," cried one young officer angrily, smarting under a well-deserved reproof. "You are wrong," replied a wiser officer who knew Henry better, "he is trying to make your own record better than you could ever make it yourself." Sudden as a thunderbolt and swift as a hawk when he struck the red Sioux, in his family and social relations he was a kindly, considerate, Christian gentleman. He could kill Indians, but never cruelly, mercilessly; only in open warfare—and teach a class in Sunday-school. I've seen him do that last, and no man did it better; the boys of his class simply idolized him. And his men in the army did the same. Cool and tactful, a statesman, for all his fiery energy, he was perhaps the best of our colonial governors. When he died the people of Porto Rico mourned him as

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a friend, where the little children had loved him as a father.

At the close of the Civil War he was transferred to the Third Cavalry, a regiment with which he was destined to win lasting renown. It must have been hard for men who had exercised high command and who had proved their fitness for it to come down from general officers to subalterns, but Henry accepted the situation cheerfully. He was as proud of his troop of cavalry as he had been of his regiment and brigade of volunteers. His new detail took him to Arizona, where for two years he commanded a battalion engaged in hard scouting among the Apaches. The winter of 1874 found him at Fort Robinson in the Black Hills. While there he was ordered to go into the Bad Lands to remove certain miners who were supposed to be there in defiance of treaty stipulations.

The day after Christmas with his own troop and fifteen men of the Ninth Infantry under Lieutenant Carpenter, with wagons, rations and forage for thirty days, the men set forth. The expedition involved a march of three hundred miles over the worst marching country on the face of the globe and in weather of unimaginable severity, the cold continually ranging from twenty to forty degrees below zero. The miners were not found, and on the return journey the command, which had suffered terrible hardships, was overtaken by a blizzard.

When in an eastern city the thermometer goes down to the zero mark and it blows hard, with a heavy snow for twenty-four hours, people who are not familiar with the real article call such insignificant weather manifestations a blizzard. Imagine a fierce gale sweeping down from the north filled with icy needles which draw blood ere they freeze the naked skin, the thermometer forty degrees below zero, a rolling treeless country without shelter of any sort from the blinding snow and the biting wind, and you have the situation in which that expedition found itself. The storm came up an hour after breaking camp on what was hoped to be the last day on the return journey. To return to the place of the camp was impossible. To keep moving was the only thing to be done. The cold was so intense that it was at first deemed safer to walk than ride. The troops dismounted and struggled on. Many of the men gave out and sank exhausted, but were lifted to their saddles and strapped there, Henry himself doing this with his own hands. Finally the whole party got so weak that it was impossible for them to proceed. In desperation they mounted the exhausted horses and urged them forward. Henry had no knowledge of direction, but trusted to the instincts of his horse. He led the way. Many of the men had to be beaten to keep them awake and alive—to sleep was death.

Finally, when hope and everything else was abandoned, they came to a solitary ranch under the curve of a hill, occupied by a white man and his Indian wife. They were saved; that is, they had escaped with their lives. The horses were put in shelter in the corral, the men crowded into the house, and the painful process of thawing out was begun. The ranch was fifteen miles from Fort Robinson, and when the blizzard abated the next day, wagons and ambulances were sent out and the helpless soldiers were carried back to the post.

Most of them were in a terrible condition and few had escaped. All were broken from the hardships they had undergone, especially from the freezing, which those who have suffered from, declare causes a prostration from which it is difficult to recover. When Henry entered his quarters his wife did not recognize him. His face was black and swollen. His men cut the bridle reins to free his hands and then slit his gloves into strips, each strip bringing a piece of flesh as it was pulled off. All his fingers were frozen to the second joints, the flesh sloughed off, exposing the bones. One finger had to be amputated, and to the day of his death his left hand was so stiff that he was unable to close his fingers again. As he was a thin, spare man with no superfluous flesh, he had suffered more than the rest. Yet he made no complaint, and it was only due to his indomitable persistence that the men were not frozen to death that awful day. Henry's winter march is still remembered by those in the old service as one of the heroic achievements of the period.

The heroism and sufferings of the young soldier were nothing, however, to what he manifested and underwent two years later. Just before the Custer Massacre, General Crook with some eleven hundred men

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moved out from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, on the expedition that culminated in the battle of the Rosebud. Col. W. B. Royall had command of the cavalry of Crook's little army. One morning in June the Sioux and the Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, who as a fighter and general was probably second to no Indian that ever lived, attacked Crook's men. The left wing under Royall was isolated in a ravine and practically surrounded by a foe who outnumbered them five to one. The rest of the army, heavily engaged, could give them no succor. The Indians made charge after charge upon the troops, who had all dismounted except the field officers. Henry had command of the left battalion of Royall's force. Cool as an iceberg he rode up and down the thin line steadying and holding his men. At one time by a daring charge he rescued an imperilled company under a brother officer.

At last, in one of the furious attacks of the Sioux, he was shot in the face. A rifle bullet struck him under the left eye, passed through the upper part of his mouth under the nose, and came out below the right eye. The shock was terrific. His face was instantly covered with blood, his mouth filled with it. He remained in the saddle, however, and strove to urge the troops on. In the very act of spurring his horse forward to lead a charge he lost consciousness and fell to the ground.

At that instant, the war-bonneted Indians, superbly mounted, delivered an overwhelming onslaught on the left flank of the line. The men, deprived of their leader, for a time gave back. The Indians actually galloped over the prostrate figure of the brave soldier. Fortunately he was not struck by the hoofs of any of the horses. A determined stand by Chief Washakie of the friendly Shoshones, our Indian allies in that battle, who with two or three of his braves fought desperately over Henry's body, prevented him from being scalped and killed.

The officers of the Third speedily rallied their men, drove back the Indians, and reoccupied the ground where Henry lay. He was assisted to his horse and taken to the rear where the surgeons were. Such was the nature of his wound that he could not speak above a whisper, he could not see at all, he could scarcely hear, and he had great difficulty in breathing. As the doctor bent over him he heard the wounded man mumble out, "Fix me up so that I can go back!"

There was no going back for him that day. Through the long day he lay on the ground while the battle raged around him. There was little water and no shelter. There wasn't a tent in the army. Although it was bitter cold during the nights in that country at that season, at midday it was fearfully hot. He was consumed with thirst. His orderly managed to give him a little shade by holding his horse so that the shadow of the animal's body fell upon the wounded man. His wound was dressed temporarily as well as possible and then he was practically left to die.

One of the Colonel's comrades came back to him during a lull in the fight. There he lay helpless on the bare ground in the shadow of the restive horse which the orderly had all he could do to manage. No one else could be spared from the battle line to attend to Henry's wants—although as a matter of fact he expressed no wants. The flies had settled thickly upon his bandaged face. The officer bent over him with an expression of commiseration.

"It's all right, Jack," gurgled out from the bleeding lips, "it's what we're here for."

Royall's forces were finally able to effect a junction with the main body by withdrawing fighting, and Henry was carried along any way in the hurried movement. The Indians at last withdrew from the field—the battle must be considered a drawn one—and then there was time to consider what was to be done with the wounded. The facilities for treatment were the slenderest. The column had been stripped of its baggage to increase its mobility to enable it to cope with the Indians. All they had they carried on their persons, and that included little but the barest necessities.

Nobody expected Henry to survive the night. He didn't expect to live himself, as he lay there through the long hours listening to the men digging graves for those who had fallen and wondering whether he was to be one of the occupants thereof or not. The next day they sent him to the rear. He was transported in what is called a travois. Two saplings were cut from the river bank, two army mules, one at each end, were placed between the saplings, which

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were slung over the backs of the animals. An army blanket or piece of canvas was then lashed to the poles, and on it the sufferer was placed. There were a number of wounded, none of them, however, so seriously as Henry. It was some two hundred miles to Fort Fetterman, and they carried him all that distance that way.

The weather at night was bitterly cold. In the daytime it was burning hot. The travois was so short—they had to take what poles they could get, of course—that several times the head of the rear mule hit the wounded officer's head, so that finally they turned him about, putting his head behind the heels of the foremost animal, where he was liable to be kicked to death at any moment.

On one occasion one of the mules stumbled and fell and pitched Henry out upon his head. The officers of the little escort stood aghast as they saw him fall out, but it is a matter of record, solemnly attested, that such was Henry's iron self-control that he made no sound, although the agony was excruciating. In fact, on the whole journey, he made no complaint of any sort. His only food was broth which was made from birds shot by the soldiers as they came upon them, and he got this very infrequently.

Finally the little cortège reached Fort Fetterman. The last mishap awaited them there. The river was crossed by a ferryboat which was pulled from shore to shore by ropes and tackles. The river was very high and the current running swiftly, and as they prepared to take the wounded officer across, the ropes broke and the whole thing went to pieces, leaving him within sight but not within reach of clean beds, comforts, and medical attention he hoped to secure. Some of the escort, rough soldiers though they were, broke into tears as they saw the predicament of their beloved officer. He himself, however, true to his colors, said nothing. Finally they offered to take him across the raging torrent in a small skiff—the only boat available—if he were willing to take the risk. Of course if the skiff were overturned he would have been drowned. He took the risk, and with two men to paddle and an officer to hold him in his arms, the passage was made.

Three hundred miles away, at Fort D. A. Russell, his wife was waiting for him. Long before he reached Fort Fetterman she heard through couriers the news of his wound, which was reported to her as fatal, although he had taken care to cause a reassuring message to be sent her with the first messenger. With the heroism of the army wife, although she was in delicate health at the time, she immediately made preparations to join him. The railroad at that time ran as far as Medicine Bow. Beyond that there was a hundred-mile ride to Fort Fetterman. All the troops were in the field, none could be spared from the nominal garrisons for an escort. Again and again Mrs. Henry made preparations to go forward, several times actually starting, and again and again she was forbidden to do so by the officers in command of the various posts. It was not safe to send a woman across the country with a few soldiers—the Indians were up and out in all directions. There was no safety anywhere outside the forts or larger towns; she had to stay at home and wait. Sometimes the devoted wife got word from her husband, sometimes she did not. The savages were constantly cutting the wires. Her suspense was agonizing.

Finally the arrival of troops at Fort Fetterman enabled a stronger escort to be made up, and Henry was sent down to Fort D. A. Russell. The troops arrived at Medicine Bow on the 3d of July. The train did not leave until the next day. They were forced to go into camp. The cowboys and citizens celebrated the Fourth in the usual manner. That night the pain-racked man narrowly escaped being killed by the reckless shooting of the celebrators. Two bullets passed through the tent in which he lay just above his head. The next morning found him on the train. His heart action had been so weakened by chloral and other medicines they had given him, that at Sherman, the highest point on the journey, he came within an inch of dying.

His thoughts all along had been of his wife. When he got to the station he refused to get in an ambulance in order to spare her the sight of his being brought home in that way. A carriage was procured, and supported in the arms of the physician and his comrades, he was driven back to the fort. With superhuman resolution, in order to convince his wife that he was not seriously

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hurt, he determined to walk from the carriage to the door. Mrs. Henry had received instructions from the doctor to control herself, and was waiting quietly in the entrance.

"Well," whispered the shattered man, as she took him tenderly by the hand, alluding to the fact that it was the Fourth of July, "this is a fine way to celebrate, isn't it?"

After the quietest of greetings—think of that woman, what her feelings must have been!—he was taken into the house and laid on the sofa. The doctor had said that he might have one look at his wife. The bandages were lifted carefully from his face so that he might have that single glance, then they were replaced, and the wife, unable to bear it longer, fled from the room. The chaplain's wife was waiting for her outside the door, and when she got into the shelter of that good woman's arms, she gave way and broke down completely.

"You know," said the chaplain's wife, alluding to many conversations they had had, "that you asked of God only that he should bring him back to you, and God has heard that prayer."

Everybody expected Henry to die, but die he did not; perhaps it would be better to say, die he would not. And he had no physique to back his efforts, only an indomitable will. He never completely recovered from that experience. He lost the sight of one eye permanently, and to the day of his death was liable to a hemorrhage at any moment, in which there was grave danger of his bleeding to death.

He took a year's leave of absence and then came back to duty. In 1877 when his troop was ordered to the front in another campaign under Crook against the redoubtable Crazy Horse, he insisted upon accompanying them. He had been out an hour or so when he fell fainting from the saddle. Did they bring him back? Oh, no. He bade them lay him under a tree, leave two or three men with him to look after him, and go ahead. He would rejoin them that night when it became cooler and he could travel with more ease! What he said he would do he did. A trooper rode back to the post on his own account and told of his condition. An order was sent him by the post commander to return. Henry quietly said he would obey the first order and go on. He remained with the troop for six weeks, until finally he was picked up bodily and carried home, vainly protesting, the doctor refusing to answer either for his eyesight or for his life if he stayed in the field any longer.

Thirteen years after that Henry was commanding the Ninth Cavalry with headquarters at Fort McKinny. The Ninth Cavalry was a regiment of negroes. From the overcoats which they wore in Wyoming in the winter they were called the "Buffaloes," and sometimes they were facetiously referred to as "Henry's Brunettes." Whatever they were called they were a regiment of which to be proud.

In 1890 occurred the last outbreak of the Sioux under the inspiration of the Ghost Dancers, which culminated in the battle of Wounded Knee. Troops from all over the United States were hurried to the Pine Ridge Agency as the trouble began. On the 24th of December Henry and the "Brunettes" were ordered out to the former's old stamping-ground in the Black Hills on a scouting expedition. It was bitter cold that Christmas eve, but thank God there was no blizzard. Fifty miles on the back of a trotting horse was the dose before them. They rested at 4 o'clock on the morning of Christmas day. Some of the garments the men wore were frozen stiff. They had broken through the ice of the White River in crossing it. How the men felt inside the frozen clothing may be imagined. Eight miles farther they made their camp. They did not have much of a Christmas celebration, for as soon as possible after establishing their base at Harney Springs they went on the scout. They hunted assiduously for several days, but found no Indians. These had gone south to join their brethren concentrated about the agency. One day they rode forty-two miles in a vain search. They got back to camp about seven o'clock. At nine a courier from the agency fifty miles away informed them of the battle of Wounded Knee and that five thousand Ogalala Sioux were mustering to attack the agency.

"Boots and Saddles" instantly rang out, and the tired troopers mounted their jaded horses again. This time the camp was broken for keeps and tents were struck, wagons packed to abandon it. It was a bitter cold night. There was a fierce gale sweeping through the valley blowing a light snow in the faces of the men wrapped to

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the eyes in their buffalo coats and fur caps. They pushed steadily on in spite of it, for it was Henry's intention to reach the agency in the dark in order to avoid attack by the Indians.

It was thought advisable, therefore, to leave the wagon-train under an escort of one company and press forward with the rest. The men arrived at the agency at daybreak, completing a ride of over ninety miles in less than twenty hours. Fires were kindled, horses picketed, and the exhausted men literally threw themselves on the ground for rest. They had been there but a short time when one of the men from the escort came galloping madly in with the news that the wagon-train was heavily attacked and that succor must be sent at once. Without waiting for orders, without even stopping to saddle the horses, Henry and his men galloped back over the road two miles away where the escort was gallantly covering the train. A short, sharp skirmish, in which one man was killed and several wounded, drove back the Indians, and the regiment brought in the train.

It was ten o'clock now, and as the negro troops came in to the agency word was brought that the Drexel Mission, seven miles up the valley, was being attacked, and help must be sent immediately. There were two regiments of cavalry available, the Seventh and the Ninth. For some unexplained reason the Ninth was ordered out. In behalf of his men Henry made protest. They must have a little rest, and so the Seventh was despatched and was soon hotly engaged. Two hours later a messenger reported that the Seventh in the valley where the Mission was situated was heavily attacked by the Indians, who had secured commanding positions on the surrounding ridges. Unless they could be relieved they would probably be overwhelmed. Again the trumpet call rang out and the tired black troopers once more climbed into their saddles and struck spur into their more tired horses, galloping away to the rescue of their hard-pushed white companions. The ridges were carried in most gallant style, and after some sharp fighting the Indians were driven back. The Seventh was extricated and the day was saved.

In thirty-four hours of elapsed time the Ninth Cavalry had ridden one hundred and eight miles, the actual time in the saddle being twenty-two hours. They had fought two engagements and had rested only two hours. Marvellous to relate, there wasn't a sore-backed horse in the whole regiment! One horse died under the pressure, and aside from that and their fatigue, horses and men were in excellent condition.

That was probably the most famous ride ever performed by troops in the United States. For it Henry was commended for a further brevet as Major-General—the sixth he had received!

The Spanish-American War was too short to afford Henry an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field, but in Porto Rico he showed that his talents were not merely of the military order. In the short period his health permitted him to remain there he accomplished wonders and did it all in such a way as to gain the respect, nay, the affection of the people over whom with single-hearted devotion and signal capacity he ruled. He stayed there until he broke down. I, sick with typhoid fever on a transport at Ponce, saw him just before he collapsed. We were old friends, and he came off to the ship to visit me. I was not too ill then to realize that his own time was coming. He would not ask to be relieved.

"Here I was sent," he said, "here I will stay until my duty is done."

He was the knightliest soldier I ever met and I have met many. He was one of the humblest Christians I ever knew, and I have known not a few. It was his experience at Porto Rico which finally brought about his death, for it is literally true that he died as a soldier should, in his harness. In those trying times at Ponce, when life and health were at a low ebb, he wrote, in the sacred confidence of his last letter home to his faithful wife, words which it was not his custom to speak, but which those of us who knew felt expressed his constant thought:

"I am here alone. One by one my staff officers have fallen ill and gone home. Home!—let us not speak of it. Jesus is here with me and makes even this desolation home until a brighter one is possible."

So, his memory enshrined in the hearts that loved him, his heroic deeds the inspiration of his fellow soldiers, passed to his brighter home, Guy V. Henry, a Captain of the Strong!

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THE DISMISSAL OF LYDIA DAY

By Annie Nettleton Bourne

Illustrations by Stanley M. Arthurs

I

THE lowest grade of the Hedgville public school was a district school transplanted. When the old academy had given place to a graded school, there was nothing for Miss Lydia Day to do but lead her little roomful from the old building that had become like her shell to her, to the room assigned to the primary department. But it was not the shell that had formed the pupils, and the new shell could not shape them. The school was Miss Lydia herself, who was making the same imprint on the children that she had made on their fathers and mothers. There was not one among them whose parents had not got their first taste of learning at Miss Lydia's knee, and their first taste of pumpkin pie at Miss Harriet's. What wonder that all the villagers loved and honored the Day girls! They were the embodiment of two sterling products of New England—education and pie.

It was literally at Miss Lydia's knee that the youngest pupils were taught. They came one by one to stand in front of her. The book lay on her lap. It had become second nature to her to open it upside down. But the eyes of the little learner sought far less often the word at which his grimy finger pointed than the tell-tale lips of Miss Lydia. At her knee the natural child became a machine. The words shot from his throat as from a popgun. At each expulsion the little head was thrust forward and jerked back like a hen's. The end of a sentence, when it chanced to be sighted from afar, was indicated by so sudden a drop in the voice that the reader seemed to have run down. If the last word had been delivered inadvertently in the usual high monotone it was repeated in a deep guttural. "You are a good child," was Miss Lydia's highest praise; "I want you should do better to-morrow," her most severe reproof. Punishment she administered rarely. When Jennie Dean, for the edification of her schoolmates, directed a significant grimace toward the desk, if she had turned her eyes that way too, instead of watching her admirers, she would have seen that the chair was empty; Miss Lydia, making the rounds to inspect the slates full of sums, chanced to be just behind her. It was a sight never to be forgotten when she led the delinquent by the ear to a seat on a high stool. With no one knew what import she placed a sheet of nice notepaper, a book, and a newly sharpened pencil on Jennie's lap. "I want you should write a letter to your father, Jennie Dean, and tell him that you made a face at your teacher," she said. Jennie's heart stood still. The letter advanced but slowly. It might not have been finished at all had not Miss Lydia spelled more than one word in a whisper. When it was done, she folded it and put it in her desk, but she never sent it.

If Miss Lydia had any favorites, she never singled them out. Even Annie Griggs she treated like all the others. But Annie gained companionship with her teacher by a lucky chance; their pathways to school joined midway. She was the envy of all the children when they arrived hand-in-hand and the object of unaffected contempt when she appeared alone. To shout from afar, "Miss Lydia has came," seems like a mild revenge, but it was a dear privilege to those who detected the look of disappointment that lay behind such faces as Annie saw fit to employ for its concealment.

II

THERE was another road to the village and Annie might have gone that way with even heart-beats. But the old road did not join the new until just at the schoolhouse door, and it was by the new that Miss Lydia was at that moment coming. The

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short cut between the two was lonely. The little girl could not have described its only dwelling, for she never had looked at it squarely. Whenever she went that way she did what she did this morning at the sight of the little darkies and their dog playing before the door. They were totally unaware of the small person in checked gingham who watched them from afar with big eyes, closing one hand very tight on her International Reader and the other very tight on the handle of her lunch-basket. Their eyes would have opened wider than hers if they had seen her slip behind a bush and drop on her knees. Their astonishment would have known no bounds could they have heard her silent prayer, "Please God, don't let them roll their eyes at me!" Then she drew in her breath and walked past the shanty, on the opposite side of the road, with shaking knees. She must not run, for then they would know that she was afraid.

Once safely past, there was no trace in the little girl that hurried to the meeting of the roads of the little girl that knelt behind the bush. With sparkling eyes and parted lips and bubbling happiness in every motion, she stood looking eagerly up and down. She was early; Miss Lydia was not late. Not once in thirty-five years, so far as anyone knew, had Miss Lydia failed to pass that point at precisely twenty minutes past eight. Sometimes a rent to be darned in Annie's dress or the last few stitches of yesterday's seam to finish, made her late in starting. Then there was nothing to gain by braving the pickaninnies, and the child would take to her disappointed little heart that one compensation and walk all alone to school by the old road.

It seemed a long time to Annie before Miss Lydia came in sight over the crest of the hill. Behind her at a respectful distance was Bert, kicking up the dust with bare toes. Bert was a generic name. "We love a boy," Miss Harriet was wont to say, "and we don't love to be without one." The first boy that they had adopted was named Bert and every one of his successors was called Bert, though Miss Lydia never failed to supply strangers with his true name.

"You are a good girl, Anner Griggs," said Miss Lydia, putting two fingers under Annie's chin as she stooped to kiss her. When Annie was a woman grown, as tall as Miss Lydia, it was just so that her old teacher lifted her face to kiss it. Annie shifted her reader to slip her hand into the large firm one. They did not speak as they walked the last of the two miles that lay betwen the home of the Day girls and the school-house. Now and then Annie exchanged looks with Bert in the rear.

That afternoon after school, riding beside Judge Griggs in the high buggy, Annie looked longingly after Miss Lydia going up the new road alone. The rear guard of the morning was lacking, for it was Bert's task to wait for the mail. Miss Lydia belonged as much to the landscape as the single gray boulder that stood by the roadside, or the pine black and straight against the sky. She was tall and erect. When she walked, every muscle seemed to take part in the harmonious motion. There was in her figure the simplicity, the loneliness, the austerity of a New England landscape. Her straight cloak, reaching to the bottom of the walking skirt that anticipated the present fashion in length, had once been black, but now it was the color of the boulder, grayed by the weather. Her hat was not of the fashion of the day nor of any day; it seemed a part of her, like the cloak and the little lunch-basket that she carried. She never carried it home empty; to-day it was filled with blue gentians.

III

"We shall have supper early this evening, Annie," said Mrs. Griggs.

"Don't expect me, mother," said Annie. "I am going to see the Day girls. Unless they have changed in twelve years, they will keep me to supper."

"If there is any change," thought Annie, as she approached the low white house with its green blinds and the familiar beds of scarlet geraniums, "it is inside the house."

The rapping of the knocker was answered by a heavy step and fumbling at the latch. Then the door opened, not very wide at first, but it fairly flew back as Miss Harriet exclaimed, "Why, I do b'lieve it's Anner! Lyddy! Lyddy! Do you come here this minute! It's Anner Griggs."

She thrust Annie into the sitting-room, her hands all a-tremble with pleasure and her eyes full of tears. Then Miss Lydia

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came in. She held Annie at arm's length a moment, drew her close, and pushed her away almost roughly.

"How's your father?" asked Miss Harriet, when they were seated. She had seen him the day before and had not seen Annie for twelve years.

"We allus thought a-consid'able of him," she said, looking at Annie as if she could eat her up, "he went to school to Lyddy."

"Do you walk to school every morning now, Miss Lydia?" Annie had innocently touched a tender spot. A wagon had been provided to convey the children from the outlying districts to school, and Miss Lydia had reluctantly conceded that it looked foolish for her to walk when the children rode. She still looked well able to walk, though the old Bible would have proved her past seventy. Her cheeks had the same solidity and ruddiness that Annie had always known, more characteristic of a Gloucester fisherman than of a New England schoolma'am. Her gray eyes were still clear, her black, glossy hair was as abundant as ever. Parted and drawn down above each ear in a tight roll, it was gathered up in the back and coiled around and around. Miss Lydia did not look upon hair as an ornament. She did hers up firmly to get it out of the way. Miss Harriet freely confessed that she herself did not always do hers every day, now that it came out so. No two sisters could have been more different. Miss Lydia in her straight chair, with white shapely hands folded in her lap, was like a guest. She was more at home on the long road or in the schoolroom. It was Miss Harriet who bustled about to get Annie an easier chair and a glass of butter-milk. Miss Lydia always made one think of the wind and the hills. Miss Harriet savored of the stove and doughnuts.

The sitting-room was as unchanged as the sisters. It had a bright rag carpet, the kind that looks even on gray days as if sunbeams were lying across it. There were two wooden rockers painted black, the brown first coat, showing through on the worn arms. Above the high mantel, with the same loud-ticking clock at one end of it, hung a spatter-work picture of a fern, a Christmas gift to her teacher that had cost Annie many an hour of childish painstaking. The only other picture in the room was a landscape conspicuous for two trees, one a weeping willow, the other more like a green woolen duster set up on end than like anything that ever grew. Close inspection under Miss Harriet's delighted guidance revealed the purpose of the artist who had so assisted nature as to make the outlines of the trees represent the mounted figures of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton encountering each other. On a table covered with a red cloth, lay the weekly paper of the county, a lamp sunk in a tall growth of green worsted mat, and Miss Harriet's work-basket. It was a frequent thing to take these objects off and extend the table in response to a sudden impulse of hospitality. Every form of reluctance that the caller felt it a duty to show, was promptly nipped by Miss Harriet's gruff "Be still!" or gently removed by Miss Lydia's habitual formula, "We should be pleased to have you stay." No one could resist either and no one wanted to.

It was Miss Harriet who went into the kitchen to get supper while Miss Lydia took Annie into the best room. The best room was furnished in accordance with the taste of the western brother who was known to be "wuth propt'y." Miss Lydia opened the closet to show her grandmother's cups: hollow hemispheres of ivory white without handles, bordered with pink rosebuds. Cut-glass candlesticks, a century old, were kept there too, and a quaint wooden jewel-box. With these delights foregathered a motley collection of objects in celluloid, plated silver and china, for which the distant brother was responsible, and toward which the sisters entertained the tenderest feelings. While Miss Lydia was displaying them proudly, Miss Harriet laid the crossbar cloth and cut thick slices of bread and thin ones of ham of which she said: "You needn't be a mite afraid of it; it's some we cured ourselves." Seed cookies and cheese with well-steeped tea completed the meal. Miss Harriet brought a jar of preserved cherries from the cellar to show to Annie, but it was not opened. The western brother had sent it and the idea of utility never connected itself with a gift of his.

"I want Anner should see our boy, Harriet," said Miss Lydia. She referred everything but school matters to the elder sister.

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"Bert!" called Miss Harriet, and Annie was half startled not to see the Bert of her memory. The present bearer of the name was a departure in the experience of the Day girls. Miss Harriet had always secretly loved a "babby," and at last one had come her way. "Ain't he beautiful?" she demanded, as the small image appeared in the kitchen doorway. His brown gingham was cut from the same pattern as Miss Harriet's waist, a pattern quite as well suited for one purpose as for the other. Concession to youth had been made by buttoning up the little garment in the back, which made it look as if it were on hind-side before. Beside the Bert of Annie's memory, this Bert seemed very small; he could hardly lighten the Day girls' chores. But that he answered another need was clear when, at a motion from Miss Harriet, he ran to her side, and, hiding behind her skirts, clung to the hand that she gave him. Only once did he emerge, when Miss Lydia said, "You may say your piece, if you wish, Andrew Johnson." Then he darted out and jerking his little head back and forth with the old hen-like motion, recited:

> Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean
> And the happy land.

Each word fell on the ear like a leaden bullet. "You are a good boy, Andrew Johnson," said Miss Lydia.

When Annie walked out between the beds of scarlet geraniums, it was the magic moment when twilight suddenly gives place to night like a curtain dropped. The hylas were making their music, so mournful to the stranger, so dear to one who associates it with home. As she drew near her father's house, she heard singing and knew that her place was waiting for her on the porch.

"They asked for you, father," she said, as she sat down and leaned her head against Judge Griggs's knee.

"I used to go to school to Miss Lydia," said the Judge, "and you went to school to her. But your children won't. Too bad! Too bad!" and he shook his head.

IV

THE Judge's outburst about Miss Lydia Annie took as a futile protest against the advance of old age and the end common to us all. But it had a more specific bearing.

Frank Bolton, the new principal of the high school, was thoroughly up to date. He brought to Hedgville from the West several things besides his pronunciation of the letter R. Miss Lydia recognized the vertical handwriting on the letter that Bert handed her one June afternoon as his. She did not read the letter and show it to Harriet. She put it in her pocket unopened. That night Miss Harriet, lying awake in her big bed on one side of the room, heard Miss Lydia, asleep in her big bed on the other side, say, "I bid you good-day, Mr. Bolton."

"Why, Lyddy hain't talked in her sleep sence she was small," she thought. She ain't feelin' well. I'll make her some boneset tea to-morrow,—Mr. Bolton," she ruminated; "she didn't tell me he'd been to see her school."

But Mr. Bolton had visited Miss Lydia's room and had delayed after the children had filed out, pausing to make their stiff bows at the door. Miss Lydia knew perfectly well what was in the letter, but she did not tell her sister. Nothing significant had ever happened to her before except their parents' death. Now, when she really needed Harriet's sympathy, her lips were sealed.

Frank Bolton wrote the letter as soon as he had dismissed the meeting of the school committee. It had been a long session. He had been surprised to note the influence of sentiment on those hard-headed farmers. It was not only "What was good enough for us is good enough for our boys," but "We think a sight of Miss Lyddy, allus hev." But Frank Bolton had a hard head, too. Patient tact stood by him more steadily than kind-heartedness stood by them. "Miss Lydia is a very estimable old lady," he said magnanimously, "but she has had her day. Your sons and daughters have great possibilities. It is your duty to give them every educational advantage, and their instructors must be modern." "It would be a pleasant charity to retain Miss Lydia, but boards can't afford to be charitable," he added, with a wink at Deacon Stedman. "When we get old we shall all be ready to step aside," he pursued cheerily, "we shall enjoy retiring. It is pleasing to think of Miss Lydia as

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spending the evening of life in well-earned repose. Is it a vote?"

Some hands did not go up, but Mr. Bolton ostentatiously counted those that did and said, "It is a vote."

No further business was transacted and the farmers shuffled into the hall and took down their hats from the pegs. They lingered in a group to talk, but Judge Griggs went away quickly. The minister held back to press Mr. Bolton's hand. "You will be invaluable to our community, sir," he said. "You will stir us up and do us good. Such a matter as we have just considered is painful. Miss Lydia is very worthy. But you are right; duty comes before sentiment. I have long felt that Miss Lydia should properly be advised to resign her charge of the infant department of the Sabbath school; but the children are attached to her and I have avoided the issue. Good-evening, Mr. Bolton."

As the minister walked away something came to mind that he had not thought of in years. It was a box that the Day girls had sent him one winter at the Divinity School. He distinctly smelled the gingerbread and sage cheese. In the box, beside other goodies, was a letter from Miss Lydia containing—he blushed to the roots of his hair. He was angry at himself for thinking of it now. "That has nothing to do with the question," he told himself. "When a person has arrived at an advanced age, active service is no longer feasible. Kindness of heart has nothing whatever to do with it."

V

ANNIE could not fix upon her favorite month in Hedgville; whether June, when the bobolinks swayed on tall stalks near by, as she picked daisies in the south meadow, and their rollicking song came tumbling down from the sky all round; or December, when there was not a whole face to recognize a neighbor by (familiar Scotch shawls, knitted mufflers and buffalo robes told who was going past); or April, when the willows were reddening and the air grew soft. This year she made her annual visit in September.

"I'm going into Miss Lydia's room today," she said, the morning after she arrived.

The Judge and his wife exchanged looks, but neither spoke. After breakfast Mrs. Griggs said to Annie, "I ought to have told you, but I couldn't bear to. Miss Lydia is not teaching any more."

"Mother! Is she dead?" Any weaker motive for giving up her life work Annie could not attach to Miss Lydia.

"Oh, no! dear, but the new principal, Mr. Bolton, felt that she was too old to teach little children. He has all the new ideas, of course, and he——"

"Nonsense!" cried Annie, "all the new ideas put together couldn't equal Miss Lydia."

"Try to be reasonable, Annie," urged her mother.

"And father allowed it?"

"Your father was opposed, dear, and still is, but the majority were against him. He has given largely toward the purse that was raised for her. They raised five hundred dollars."

"Oh! Did Miss Lydia like it?"

"Why, not so much as they expected. She thanked them, of course. She wrote a letter to each contributor."

"Five hundred dollars would cover her salary for two years," Annie said. "She might not live longer than that," she added enigmatically.

Her mother was inclined to continue the subject, but Annie showed no further interest.

As she climbed the hill to the Day girls' home she did not see any of the familiar objects.

Miss Harriet came to the door, one hand behind her. She forgot that it was all dough as she threw both arms around Annie.

"Let me come right out to the kitchen," and Annie followed her before she could protest. "Where is Miss Lydia?"

"She's tending her flowers. I'll call her."

"No, don't call her, please. She'll come in by and by. Let me watch you. Those biscuits are beautiful, Miss Harriet."

"Lyddy likes 'em for her lunch, leastways did. I forgit. Why, one morning I did it all up same's I used to. Her appetite ain't so good as 't was, I try to favor her. 'Twa'n't never her way to set in the house, an' it's took all the spunk out of her, as you might say. Acts kinder peetered out,

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an' coughs some. Them ladies that raised the money—real kind, wa'n't it? Lyddy'll show it to you—said she'd enjoy her rest, but she don't seem to a mite. Every morning 'long 'bout time to start for school, she acts real restless. But you can't git her out doors 'cept to tend her flowers. If she could cook some, or sweep, it would take up her mind, but she ain't never been no hand round the house. That was allus my part." Miss Harriet looked troubled. "I want she should go to see Brother Jonathan," she resumed, "but she wa'n't never on the cars and 'course it is ter'ble resky. I ain't used to havin' her under foot so all day."

"They give her a beautiful purse," continued Miss Harriet after an absence in the pantry to get doughnuts and cheese, which she took into the sitting-room for Annie. "I was settin' right where I be now,"—letting herself down heavily into one of the wooden rockers,—"an' Lyddy set there,"—pointing to its twin. "I see a carriage comin'. They's consid'ble passin' an' I don't allus see quick 'nuff to tell who they be 'fore they're gone by," she interpolated apologetically. "Thinks I, that's Mis' Wolfe's carriage an' Silas Temple's little girl's gittin' out with her. Now, what do you s'pose Mis' Wolfe's comin' here fur?' sez I to Lyddy. 'She wa'n't never here in her life. An' the Temple girl's got a basket o' flowers. Mebbe she wants I should take her to work for her board, but I won't hev to hev no help next winter, 'cause you can help.' I said that to kinder chirk Lyddy up. 'Looks as poor es a crow. Mebbe they want us to board her a spell,' sez I. I went to the door. It was 'long 'bout four o'clock an' I'd changed my dress. I took 'em right into the best room. It was a ter'ble hot day, but it was jest as cool as the woods in there; the windows was all closed, an' the shutters too, an' there wa'n't a fly, ef I do say it. I opened one shutter jest so 'st we could see each other. 'Take some seats,' sez I, an' Mis' Wolfe did, but Sally kep' a-standin'. 'Don't you want to set in that little cheer?' sez I. 'No, ma'am,' sez she. 'We would like to see Miss Lydia,' sez Mis' Wolfe. I was all of a-tremble. Lyddy 'd acted so kinder low-sperited sence she got that letter from Mr. Bolton that I didn't want her to have no more surprises. But she went right in an' sez,'I am pleased to see you,' sez she. Little Sally, she stuck the basket of flowers right out straight an' Lyddy was real pleased. 'For me?' sez she. You know how she dooz love flowers. Sally looked dretful scart an' never took her eyes off Mis' Wolfe. I wondered what on airth ailed the child. Then she opened her mouth an' shut it an' then opened it again an' said suthin' 'bout tribute of 'fection, an' I see she was goin' to speak a piece. It was a poem—Alice Brown wrote it—an' it was beautiful an' lengthy. Lyddy'll show it to you. An' she'll show you the purse, and the list of the folks. You see, they was a purse layin' right in among the flowers. Your name wa'n't on the list, Anner?" Miss Harriet's face assumed an inquiring look.

"No, it wasn't," said Annie. "I didn't know anything about it."

"I want to know ef you didn't!" said Miss Harriet.

"I thought I'd drop," Miss Harriet resumed, "I couldn't speak nor scarcely see, I was cryin' so. But Lyddy wa'n't flustered a mite. She kissed Sally an' then she made a real nice answer to Mis' Wolfe jest like a speech. A-body'd 'a' thought she'd had a purse give her every little while."

"There she comes!" Miss Lydia came in the kitchen door, her face shaded by a calico sunbonnet. In one hand she carried a milk pan filled with gay flowers, in the other a large pair of shears. She did not come to greet the guest until she had taken off the bonnet and smoothed her hair. The pan of flowers she brought with her. Her face lighted at the sight of Annie, but when the three were dividing the blossoms into bouquets Annie missed the life that had gone out of it. The austere lines had deepened and the corners of the mouth were strained, as though they were being held down intentionally. The cheeks once so ruddy were only dimly flushed. And where contentment had rested, was a dulled look. But Miss Lydia's manner was unchanged. She never had shown her joy at seeing Annie by talkativeness. It was Miss Harriet who chatted on and who led the way into the best room. Once there Miss Lydia took the lead and reached to the top shelf of the closet for the little basket. She sat down with it in her lap,

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Their pathways to school joined midway.—Page 415.

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It was literally at Miss Lydia's knee that the youngest pupils were taught.—Page 415.

pulling out the dried flowers, Without change of manner she extracted a large, sleek-looking purse of black leather.

"You may open it, if you wish, Anner Griggs."

"Oh, you show it to me, Miss Lydia!" and Annie put the purse into the firm white hand.

Miss Lydia opened it and dumped out a pile of yellow coins that went clinking into her lap. There was no more interest in her face than if she were emptying the button bag. Miss Harriet's expression afforded a sharp contrast.

"Ten-dollar gold pieces, every one on 'em!" she announced, "an' they's twenty-eight, countin' out the two you give to Betsey Taylor." Then she drew near, anxiously. "Seems though they wa'n't quite so many. Did you think so, Lyddy?"

"No, I did not," said Miss Lydia, decisively, and she scooped the coins up hastily with the open purse. All but one. "Could you make any use of that, Anner Griggs?"

Annie took the coin, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. Miss Lydia had used her mother's phrase when they looked over old things in the garret; the generosity of bestowal was always tempered by the relief of getting rid of the article. She thought she saw rather more of the old contentment in Miss Lydia's face as she replaced the basket on the shelf.

"Why, you didn't show her the bills, Lyddy!" exclaimed Miss Harriet.

"So I didn't," said Miss Lydia, absently. She took the basket down and finally spread out a fifty dollar bank note.

"Let her see 'em all! They's four on 'em, Anner."

"They are all the same pattern, Harriet. Pretty, isn't it?" remarked Miss

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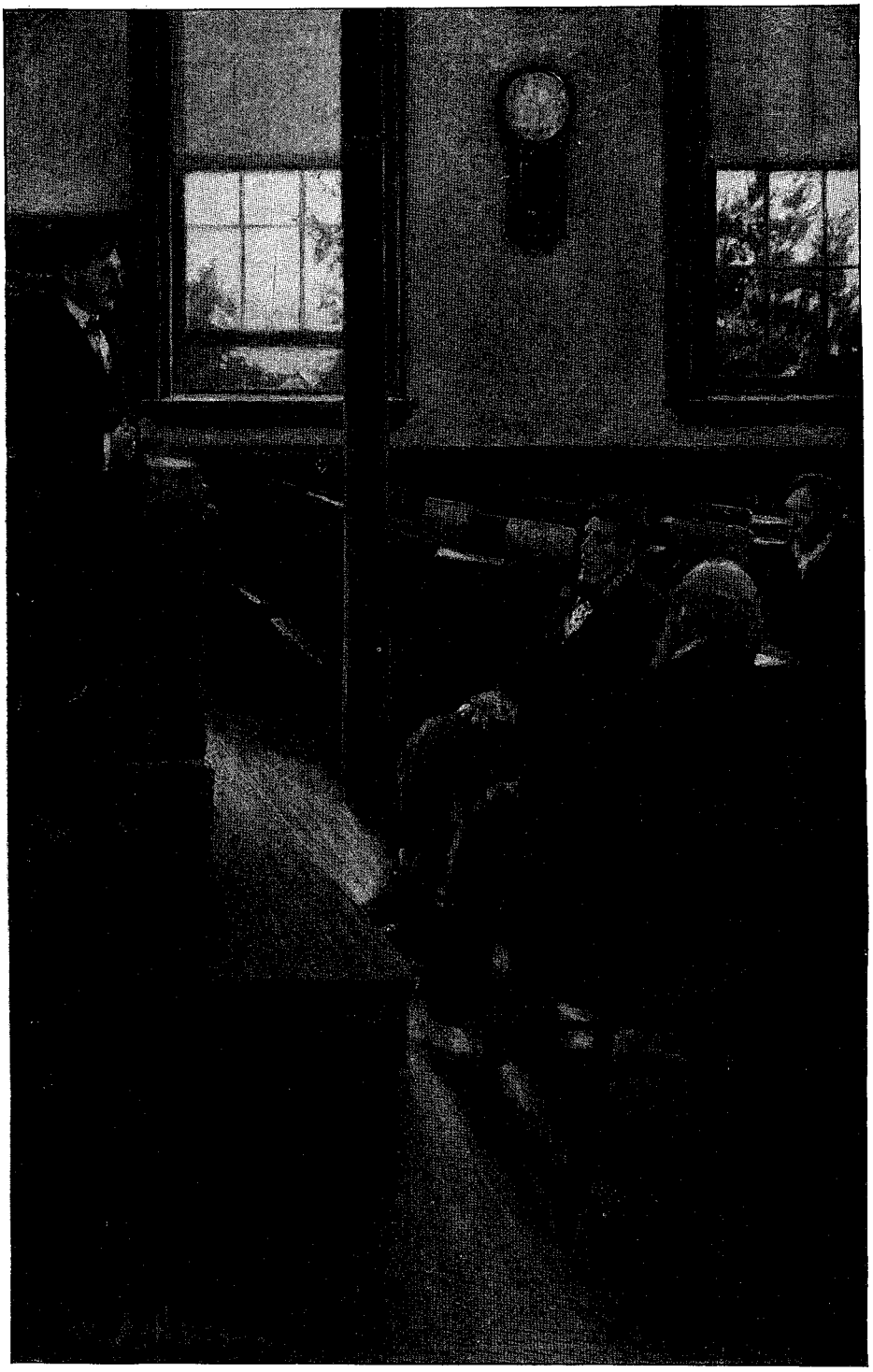

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It had been a long session.—Page 418.

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Lydia as she laid the bill back. She spoke as if it were a sample of dress material.

"They must 'a' thought a-consid'able of Lyddy to raise all that," said Miss Harriet.

"They wanted I should have means to enjoy my rest," said Miss Lydia.

Annie never had known her teacher to indulge in humor, much less sarcasm, but there was something suspicious about the pursed-up mouth as she spoke.

When Miss Lydia had gone to tie up a bunch of asters for Annie, Miss Harriet whispered, "I know es well's I hev to, she's give 'way some more o' them gold pieces. She didn't want I should notice it. She won't be sat'sfied till they ain't one left."

VI

Had Miss Harriet Day been a woman of wealth she would have given away ten-dollar gold pieces as readily as Miss Lydia, though she would not have treated them like buttons. But she was far from rich. The combined portions of Deacon Day's property that fell to the sisters would barely have kept them from want but for Lydia's salary. Her regret at her sister's dismissal had not been purely sentimental. How were they to live? Brother Jonathan would wish to know it if they were in need, but she shrank from the thought. A gift from Jonathan always was acceptable, but it had been her pride, when he came on his annual visit, to have him find the old home as comfortable and pleasant as ever. The magic basket of flowers had seemed to her a miracle. From time to time she had advised putting the money into the savings bank. But she did not press the matter; it was Lydia's money. Besides, she did not wish her to know how necessary it was for them to be careful.

The night after Annie's visit, as Miss Harriet sat near the sitting-room lamp, narrowing off the thumb of a red mitten (Lydia had taken to going to bed early of late), anxious thoughts filled her mind. She felt sure that the money was going in gifts. "Lyddy wouldn't do wrong a-purpose," she thought, "but she acts kinder dazed. I don't b'lieve but what I'd ought to know jest how things stand." Before her conscience could rebuke her, she had carried the lamp into the best room and was standing on a stool to reach for the basket. A guilty feeling stopped her as she was opening the purse, but she thought "It'll be wuss for her in the end ef I mind my own business now." As she counted the coins her spirits rose. Omitting the gift to Annie, she should find twenty-seven. They were all there. She was mistaken then. But somehow she did not feel satisfied. She would count the bills just to make sure that all four were there. She unstrapped the lapel that held them, ashamed of her fears. Suddenly she grew dizzy, but she stared until she could see clearly. She had been right, after all. There was only one bill. She did not exclaim, but set about with trembling fingers to replace all as she had found it. Then she stepped down from the stool, breathing hard, as if she had climbed the stairs. It was several minutes before she could take up the lamp and go back into the sitting-room. There she dropped down on the edge of the sofa and did what she had not done in years; burying her face in her hands, she cried and sobbed.

In after-life tears do not bring relief. Miss Harriet could not sleep that night. Sometimes she heard her sister move in her bed, cautiously, not to disturb her. The next night was no more restful to either, but they did not speak of it to each other. The more Harriet's anxiety increased the more closely she kept it from Lydia. If Lydia's mind was preoccupied it was not by practical matters. One day she laid a parcel in Harriet's lap. It was fine damask for a table cloth that she had sent for to the neighboring city. "It's that sprig pattern like mother's; I thought you would be pleased to have it, Harriet." And Harriet was, in spite of the tears that fell upon it when she laid it away in the linen chest. After that she watched Lydia closely. Her sister was living in another atmosphere. She ate little, sat much of the time brooding with hands folded idly, hardly looking out of the window at the "passing." Only one thing could rouse her to interest, her flowers. They were going fast now; frost might come any night. Every evening at sundown she pinned white cloths over the less hardy plants.

One chilly Saturday morning in October, Harriet came down earlier than usual to start the kitchen fire. She left Lydia asleep. When she opened the door at the

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"She's tending her flowers."—Page 419.

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As she counted the coins her spirits rose.—Page 424.

foot of the stairs an hour later to call her to breakfast, a hollow sound fell upon her ears. She started as if she had been struck. "Mother!" she exclaimed aloud. It was twenty years since her mother had died, but the sound of the cough carried her back as if it had been yesterday. She saw the tall, gaunt figure, the sunken eyes and dry lips; she felt the atmosphere of death in which they all lived so long. The vision of her mother faded away and in her place stood Lydia. "Oh, Lyddy! Lyddy!" she cried in her heart, "Is the Lord a-goin' to let you suffer so?"

The vigorous body of Miss Lydia was a strange place for a wasting disease to lodge in. But the change in her manner of life had been like taking an oak from the forest and planting it in a door-yard. If her mind had been what it once was, the decay might have been slow and painful, but Miss Lydia had taken the advice of Mr. Bolton. She was resting. Her mind showed no sign of being impaired. It had simply stopped. The cough had not a hard task. Miss Lydia showed no distress when it took possession of her; she seemed not to know that it was bringing her to her end. At last she was too weak to leave her bed, but she said nothing as her sister raised her pillows and tried to make her comfortable.

One afternoon, late in November, Miss Harriet picked the last purple aster in the garden and a bright nasturtium that had hid under its broad leaves from the frost. Miss Lydia took them eagerly. That night she died.

The neighbors buried her. The old men that lifted the coffin into John Porter's wagon had learned to read at her knee. They laid it on boughs of pine and hemlock and covered it with flowers. Two of them walked at the horses' heads and the others at the sides of the wagon. The school children followed in a group and then the other neighbors. Judge Griggs wrote to Annie: "Miss Lydia, lying in her coffin, looked just as she did the first day I went to school to her. . . . The children were to sing at the grave, but they couldn't. So we just straggled away and I don't know as there was a dry eye, young or old."

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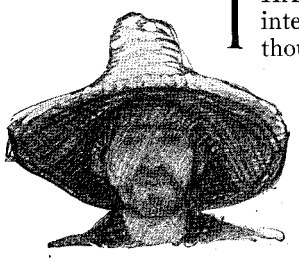
THE SOUTHWEST FROM A LOCOMOTIVE

By Benjamin Brooks

Illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein



I HAD come West a truly interminable distance, I thought, in my impatience—through the first of the level, snow-clad country which real Easterners call West, where one first meets the perpetual soft-coal smudges, and is waked at night rattling over grade-crossings; over the lonely stretches beyond, where the porter announces "last call for supper," instead of saying that dinner is served; where Chicago is Mecca and people call themselves "Easterners" in desperate attempt to distinguish them from what lies further out; and farther still till Kansas City and the ragged-edge-of-nowhere lay behind; and yet the sun went down ahead of us for the third time, and the real Great West which I remembered and loved had not come yet. I began to fear it no longer existed. But, that night, came aboard the man from Oklahoma. He was a soldier-man in leggings, with a clear, far-carrying prairie voice and an enviable stride, and I knew him for a good omen.

Sure enough, when I awoke the third morning, we were spinning through a wide region that had opened out in long level curves like the swell after a storm, "lean and lank and brown as is the ribbed sea sand," with never a tree, nor a fence, nor a habitation. The man from Oklahoma was admitting to the ladies in gallant generosity of tone that, of course, there might be some good Indians somewhere, but blamed if he'd ever met 'em. "Is it true," inquired I, "that in Oklahoma one measures the popularity of a belle by the number of ponies that are hitched to her front fence after eight o'clock?" "You wouldn't want any better way," said he. "I know some girls in Guthrie who set out to be social leaders by distinguishing themselves as bronco-busters; and they can go out in the corral, rope their pony, tie him down, and saddle him, and stay on him when he gets up, but I don't like to see a woman rough it quite so much myself."

"Dear me!" exclaimed one of the ladies, "the West *is* very different, isn't it? I suppose we are really West now?"

The soldier assured her that this was indeed good prairie country, and one might take a pony and a gun, and a water-flask and chase coyotes from there clear into Southwestern Texas, and find nothing to stop him, provided the pony didn't step in a 'dog hole.'

Yes, this was surely the West. We were passing, almost at the moment, from Kansas into Colorado; and, by looking far ahead, I could see, away on the horizon, a line of dim hills, the buttresses of the mountain forts that guard a yet mysterious land against the "course of empire." So, while we were changing locomotives at La Junta and eating breakfast, I concluded I had been passenger long enough. The call of "'Board!" started me running along the platform, thrusting my arms into a blue jumper as I went, and jamming a machinist's cap on my head, so that when I reached the locomotive, I was a queer mixture. "Would like to ride on your little engine," shouted I to the engineer. "Want to get up here on little Peg-*gee*-sus, do yer? Well, be lively, for we're goin'." And flourishing a bit of paper with a constellation of very persuasive signatures on it, I clambered into the cab. The fireman was still grinning as the engineer perused the signatures, and, in fact, to refer to such a locomotive as I had boarded as "little" was the height of motive-power humor; for the old Santa Fé trail for hundreds and hundreds of miles lies 6,000 feet high from the sea, and this Santa Fé "Pegasus," therefore, resembled his Eastern brethren, who stride swiftly over flat country from city to city, about as a plough-ox resembles

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a race-horse. His 130 tons rested on eight great drivers nearly seven feet in diameter, and, having used his steam to good purpose in two cylinders, he re-used it in two more, steamship fashion, gaining tremendous strength thereby. As he moved slowly off with us, and I glanced back along the platform, I found I was sitting perched way up as high as the roofs of the cars, and the noises he was making down under me were various and terrible.

Now, the first discovery one makes in riding a locomotive is that the thing under him is no mere piece of machinery, but a striving, snorting, sweating, hard-breathing beast of burden. All the tremendous work he is doing you feel as you would feel the efforts of a galloping horse under you, or the strength of a rower in a boat. The second discovery is that a railroad is not the monotonous straight way it would seem viewed from a car-window, but a tortuous trail in and out through many obstacles, with abrupt up-hills and hair-raising down-hills, and sudden disappearances in the middle distance which cause one to think of the Fates.

A half-breed.

I made these discoveries, and also a third—that if I did not hang on tight I would be thrown out of the cab-window—in the first few miles over the imperceptibly rising country that slopes away from the foot-hills in mile-long undulations. The hills grew less dim as we strode along; faint blue ridges rose up behind them higher and higher as we rode barque-like over each long prairie swell. After a whole yellow sea had been traversed in this swift fashion, we rose on what seemed the last crest, and across the level intervening space saw the whole mountain chain at once. Now the real excitement began. The engineer pulled a long howl from the whistle as for a challenge, and, with a roar of steel on steel ascending from beneath to mingle with a bull-throated roar from the stack, with windows banging, coal spilling, fires spouting like infernal geysers, long-spouted oil-cans gone crazy drunk and staggering in their racks, we galloped at the mountains. It seemed an absolutely reckless thing to do, but the effect was magic. The hill scenery in front of us began to shift and rearrange itself in a surprising way. Long lines of blue changed to many colors. Solid ranges broke into separate chains running straggling promontories out each side of us by flank movements, showing gates and passes ahead where none had been before, to entice us into ambush. Almost before I realized it, the hills surrounded us, and the yellow prairie sea lay far behind quivering on the horizon. The transformation was as quick, complete, and unexpected as those pretty things that are done before our eyes in the theatres by the aid of a few gauze curtains and a manipulation of lights.

We were going slower now, and I had almost formed the idea that I was getting used to this breathless sort of travelling, when, on rounding a hillock at the top of a long grade, I saw immediately below—that is, immediately as one measures distances from engine-cabs—an entire train puffing toward us full speed, on the same single track. I drew a very long breath, and held it. The engineer "shut her off," and, instead of jumping feet first out of his window, as I had read engineers always did in such sudden emergencies, he—lit his pipe!"

"Is he in?" inquired he of the fireman, who was peering out on his side.

"Just pulling in," answered the fireman. "All in now."

The roar from the stack resumed. In a few seconds I saw that "all in" meant all in on a siding, which did not appear at our first distance, and when we got to where I had calculated the terrible smash-up would occur, we went by the East-bound train like a streak, and on our way in safety.

The mountains all the while closed in more and more threateningly about us. At Trinidad they stood so huge on every side, it seemed impossible to go further; but reinforcements came in the shape of another monster locomotive, which backed in and coupled on ahead of us, and so we began in earnest climbing over the great divide. The way wound in and out like a

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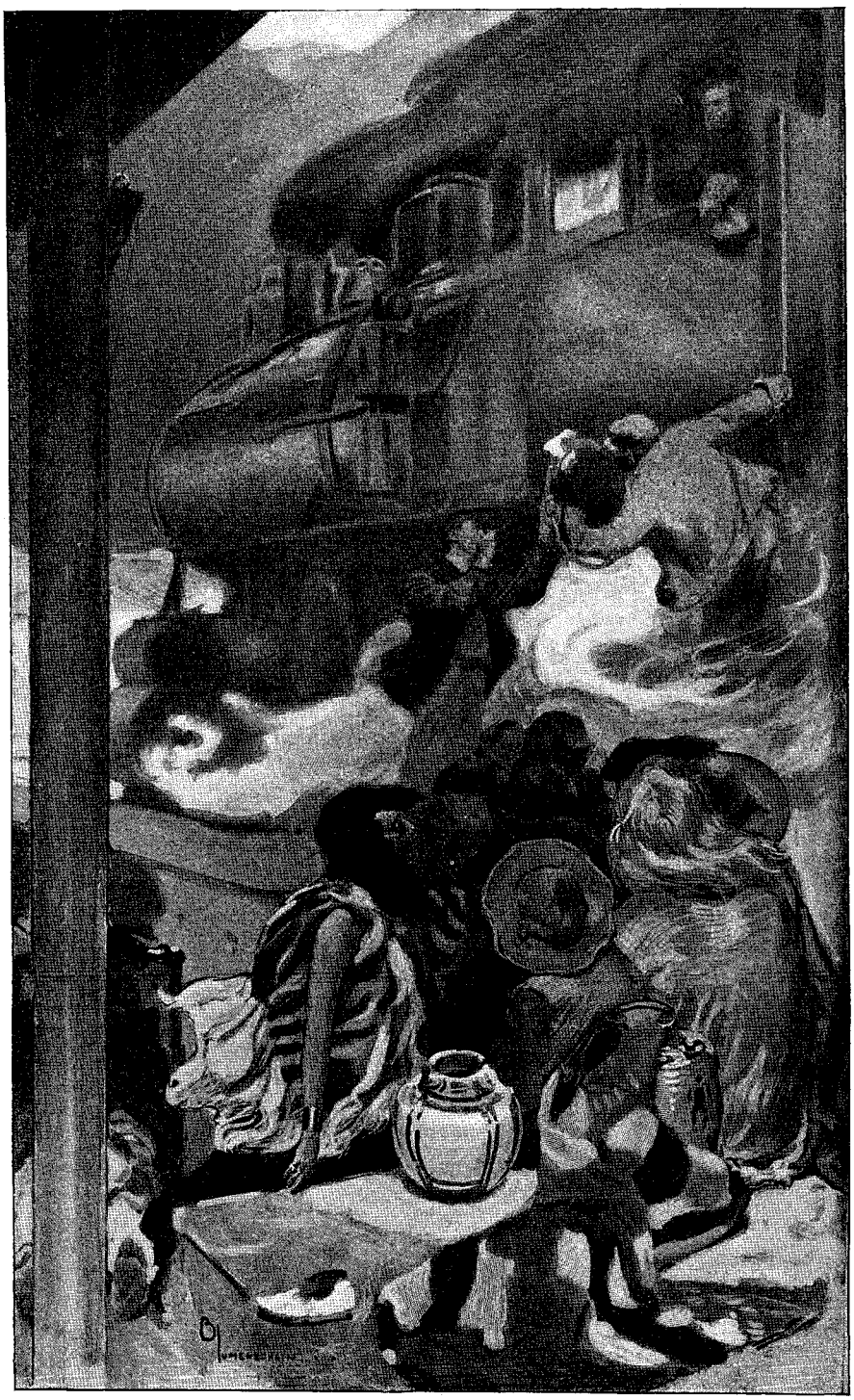

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

The fireman reached down and thrust his arm through a barrel-hoop.—Page 432.

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serpent, and so steep, our own drive-wheels were as high as the top of the last car. Our iron horse strained and twisted so, it seemed as if he must depart from all mechanical alignment, and could not be the same shape for two consecutive revolutions. Now and again his drivers slipped from under him, and a monstrous grinding, crunching, heaving feeling told us of it on our high seats till he got on his feet again.

And we went very slowly—we almost stopped in places. The man from Oklahoma was out taking a walk beside his car.

"Are you going through the tunnel with us?" asked the fireman. "And why not?" thought I.

"It's a pretty hot one," he explained, "when we're going double-headed this way (double-headed meant two locomotives), and there's many a time we fellers come out of it unconscious—especially with freight what mostly takes four engines, two ahead and two pushing. Maybe you're used to tunnels?"

No, I could not honestly claim to be used to tunnels, but, having come to see the great Southwest from a locomotive, I wanted to see it all, inside and out. So the fireman began closing all the windows and instructing me how to hold my handkerchief over my face and breathe through it. We entered with a little farewell whistle to the outside world, and the change from light to pitch dark was no more sudden than the change from an atmosphere of the usual sort to one seemingly of flame. I felt as though I had opened the door of a fierce furnace and looked in, but there was no blazing light. It was a paradoxical red-hot, stinging darkness. I began to hope I should not "come out unconscious" and to do mental arithmetic about times and distances to the far end of the tunnel. I kept very still, and breathed very slowly according to instructions, for since our huge engines filled the entire tunnel, a very large percentage of the air we breathed had previously been drawn through the furnaces of both of them and discharged up their stacks. There was, however—thanks be to designers of mountain locomotives—a cold-water pipe not far from my head, and by keeping my nose close to this, and well covered in the handkerchief, I managed not to suffocate. After a period which was plenty long enough for me to learn as much as I cared to know about tunnels, we came to the end. The cars appeared one by one behind us reeking with wet and steam, and we, and everything about us and on us, were as wet as could be upon the surface. I never appreciated fresh air more than at the end of that tunnel. "And now there came both mist and snow, and it grew wondrous cold;" for we were up in a cloud-land, a mile and a half from the sea-level.

After luncheon came another Pegasus fresh for another run, and I made the acquaintance of a new engineer and fireman. We wound down through the mountains a short way, and then began the most glorious coast across the most wonderful land I had ever seen. I had heard that one was not aware of his true altitude on these New Mexico plateaus, but to me it was not merely a different State (one end of the tunnel was in Colorado and the other in New Mexico), but a different land, almost a different world, and the every-day world we had left behind seemed so far away and below by contrast, that it was as if I had found another creation above the clouds. I had never seen so far in my life. The landscape was 200 miles broad all round. It was so big there were three separate storms going on in it all at once without interfering—one behind us, through which we had passed on leaving the tunnel; one far away to the south, a bunch of white clouds trailing purple streaks of rain as they flew along, and a third thundering away among the mountain-peaks that rose high and snow-capped on our right. It is difficult to get a thorough Easterner interested in dry grass, for the only kind he knows is that dead, matted, forlorn variety which appears from under the snow during winter thaws; but here was a whole world of brown grass that was beautiful. The lonely mesas rose out of the plain with exactly the same bold dignity of rocky heads as appears in the "done-in-the-open" kind of sketches, but immeasurably bigger than any sketch could ever make one understand them, and their flanks curved away from them in infinitely long lines that dipped and rose again to other mesas five days' march away. Never before, not on high mountains, nor on the sea, had I seen how wide a world I had been living in. Nor was it interesting merely for its size, for unfamiliar

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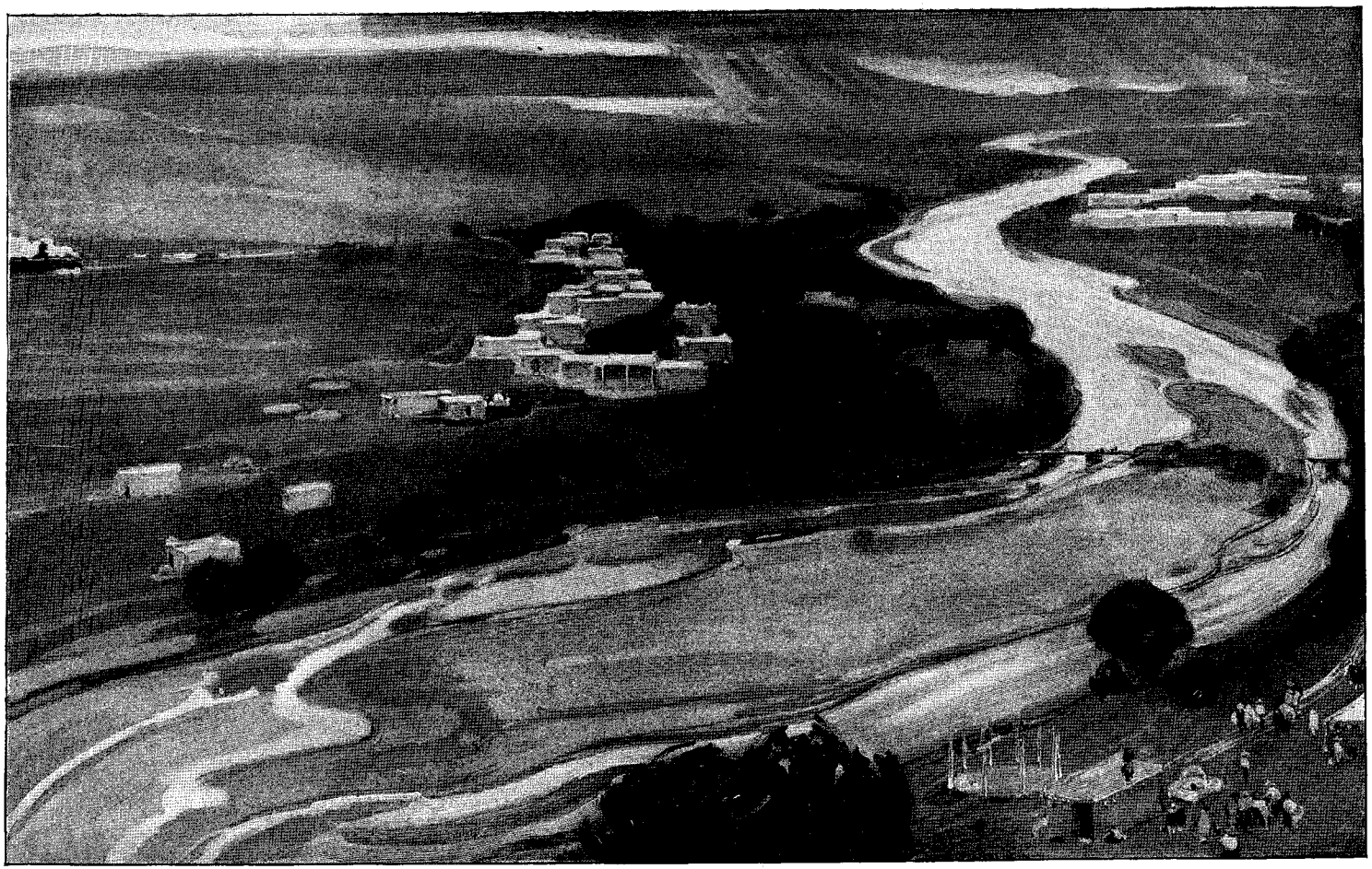

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Never before had I seen how wide a world I had been living in.—Page 430.

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objects flew by each moment. We passed bands of cattle looking no bigger than sheep, and whole towns made of mud, with dark-skinned women in the doorways adding a touch of color here and there, with their bright blue or scarlet dresses, and men in great leather boots, and—yes, there was Remington's cow-boy, broad-hatted and long-spurred, leaning nonchalantly down from Remington's lean, unkempt horse to close a gate, while the animal stood furiously, first on one end, then on the other, then scampered through the mud-town in a cloud of dust at a rate that would have brought an entire New England village open-mouthed to their front gates, but attracted not the least notice here. As we rushed along, gangs of Mexicans—track-menders—in tall, pointed straw hats, which appear in the East only on the covers of cigar boxes, stepped aside to let us pass. Strange brown little birds scattered like chaff, but fell behind in their race with us. Lonesome white skulls, with splintered horns, looked up from the plain, and every little while some fool calf essayed to cross the line immediately in front of us, and I got all ready to duck more than once, feeling sure the air would that instant be filled with hind-quarters of veal. Occasionally, we slowed up at a station, and the fireman reached down, thrust his arm through a barrel-hoop, held up to him by someone on the platform, found a bit of folded paper held in a split, threw it overboard again, and read the paper to the engineer. (Both men in the cab must always know the orders.) Once we pulled into a siding, and a tiny black speck, with a tiny white whisp of steam blowing from it, came on and on at us, and swept by with a roar and a glint of polished brass. That was the East-bound "limited." But, barring these slight delays, there seemed to be no end to our going, and no limit to the vastness we were going through.

A Pueblo.

"You say you're a Californian?" asked the affable engineer, coming over to my side and letting Pegasus take care of himself for a few moments.

Yes; I was a Californian.

"I have a son in the Stanford University there," said he. "Between me and the University we may make a foreman or a superintendent of him some day. How are you enjoying your ride? 'Tisn't every Easterner can take this New Mexico country in; but if you're a Californian——"

"It is the greatest ride I ever had in my life," said I; and it was true.

"Well, that's the way I look at it," replied he; "I came out here from a Pennsylvania town to get rid of a stiff knee. Never went back; guess I never will."

Possibly if I had not been a Californian he might not have allowed the note of pride to ring in his big voice, nor the twinkle to appear in his eyes as he spoke of never going back. This same two hundred miles he had run each day—or every other day—and yet the joy of having a whole creation to gallop through, and a thundering great locomotive all his own to carry him had never worn away in years. I felt, myself, as though I would never tire of it, either. A careening ship upon the sea or a long-legged swaying camel on Sahara is an admirable means of transportation, but to see the great Southwest that lies above the cloud-line—if clouds ever came that way—a four-cylinder-compound, hundred-ton Pegasus is the proper thing. He rolls and plunges under you, mile after mile, till you are as limp from hanging on as you are after your first storm at sea, and he deafens you with noises till you cannot hear his own

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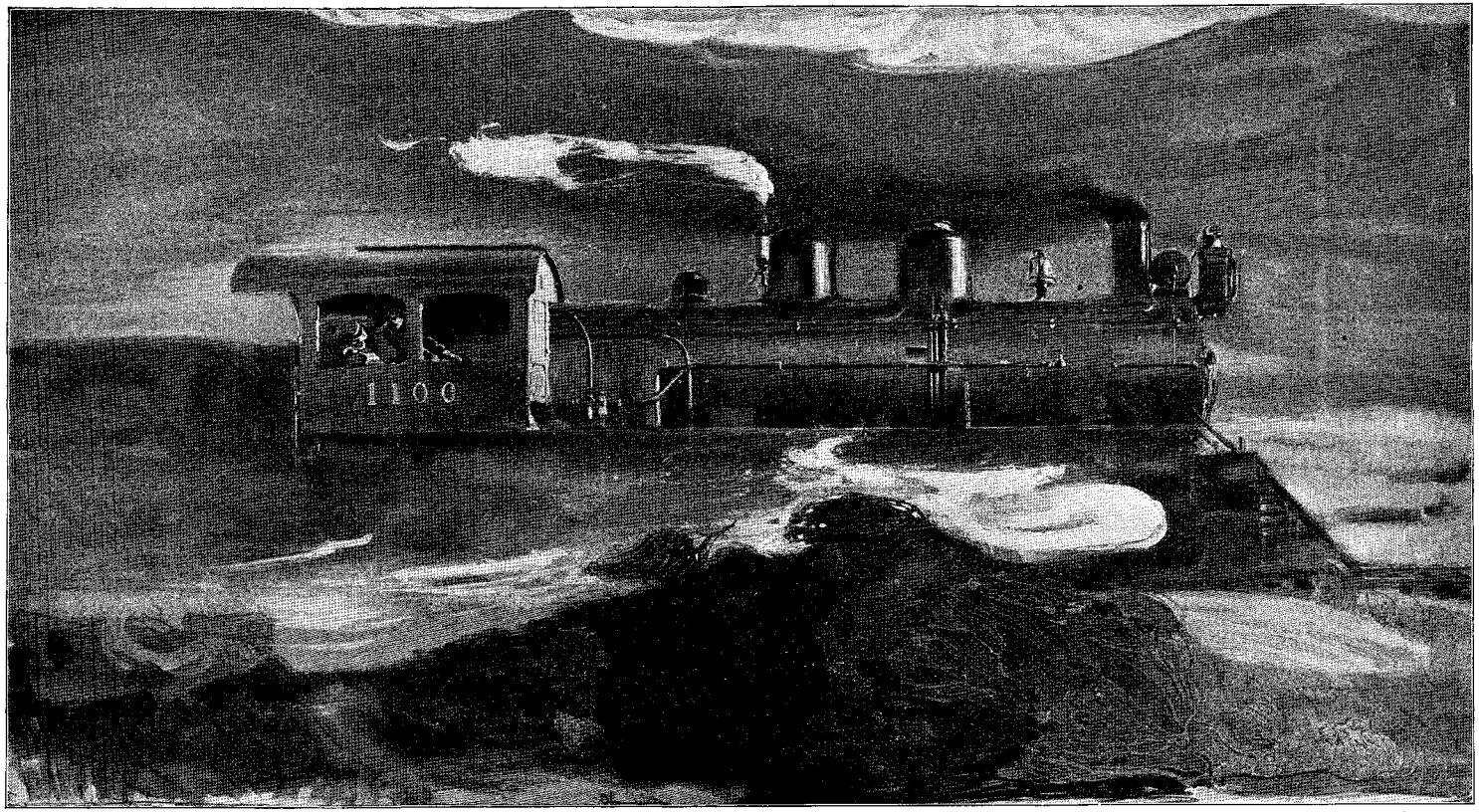

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Your locomotive becomes truly a winged steed.—Page 434.

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bell ring, and smudges you up well, but once you are used to that, the slender steel rails that go looping up over the long hills like the telegraph wires over the poles are all forgotten and unperceived. You are no longer travelling over the earth, but flying through the air. Your locomotive becomes truly a winged steed, and you lean out from his back and look and look and hold your breath till it seems as if you would burst with the excitement of it.

So we rushed on over sea after sea of yellow grass till everything began to shine in a red-gold glow, and the West flared as if lit by a whole city burning. We entered a region of small rocky hills and shimmering pools then, and all in a moment it seemed to be dark.

A Mexican.

A man on the station platform pounding a huge gong (which I could not hear) reminded me that I was very hungry. My floating ribs had by this time cast themselves adrift and become derelicts; my spinal column felt like a high silk hat that's been sat on, and my nervous system was reduced to a thing of shreds. So I decided to end my first day of engine-riding here and change back to a passenger.

On the morning of the fourth day I looked out of my window hours before sunrise and caught my first glimpse of Arizona. It was such a radiant dawn and began at such an unusual hour, I thought the sun and breakfast never would arrive.

Perched once more on my high seat in the cab, I began to regret I had come so far by night, for Arizona was as wonderful in its way as New Mexico had been the day before. There I had learned that all those things the artists drew—the cow-boys, the Indians, the long-horned cattle, the savage little horses—really did exist. Here I saw, with still more astonishment, that the impossible colors they had drawn them in were also true. One bunch of yellow "cow-grass," one green-gray sage-bush, one bit of red earth (for all Eastern Arizona is red)—how would they look, I wonder, transplanted together in some every-day Eastern place? Like nothing at all, I presume; yet here each homely thing seemed radiant with a something of its own. The fabled rose-colored spectacles could not accomplish greater transformations; for where the yellow grass stretched away it was yellower than any color in the most impressionable impressionist's color-box, and where the bare red earth was visible, it was red as blood. And what business has a distant mesa to glow pink—rare rose pink—and wear purple shadows at ten o'clock in the morning? The more one looked, the more one saw, and the less able he was to say whence came the all-enveloping flood of colored light, or how its miracles were wrought. I should never have tired of it, but about noon we approached a tall snow-covered peak around which presently rose a defence of lesser timbered mountains, and these soon shut us in again, and the wide desert with its rose-pink mesas disappeared.

We stopped at a—the inhabitants called it a city, which is Flagstaff on the map, but "Flag" colloquially for short. I gave my bag to a dark desperado porter, who threw it on the fragments of what was once an express wagon, and then, as Pegasus and his long retinue clattered off around the curve, I discovered that to be set down on one's own feet in such a vast region was almost lonely.

By the evening of the fifth day I had seen two famous cities of Arizona. The first is so new that the poorest man may still have sun on all sides of his house and plenty of ground; so new it has never yet occurred to the streets to go and get paved. Along the main thoroughfare the "gents' furnishings" shops carry a full line of red handkerchiefs and knee-boots. At the "department

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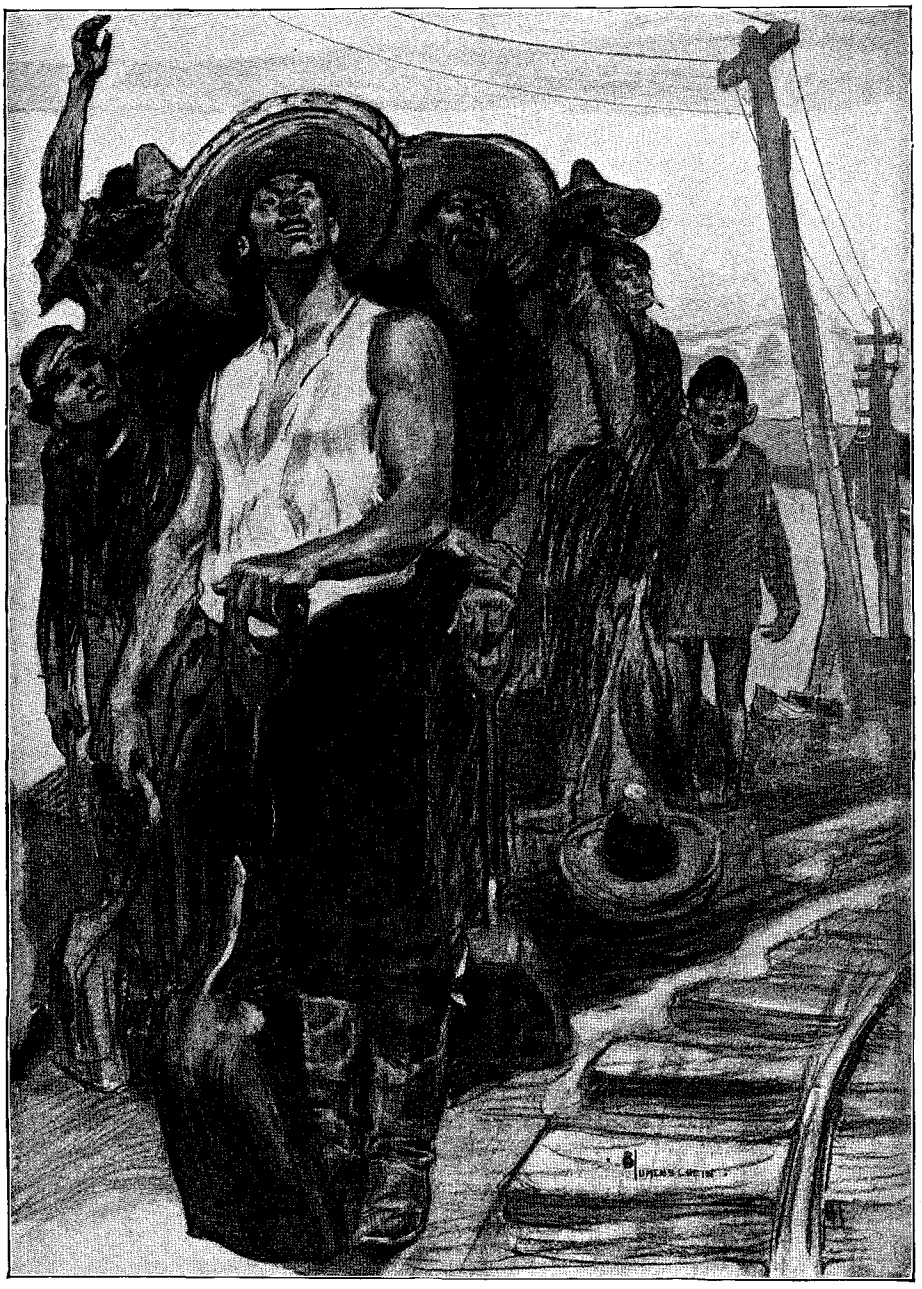

Gangs of Mexicans stepped aside to let us pass.—Page 432.

store" you could spend $1,000 for beautiful Navajoe Indian blankets, but you couldn't buy a silk hat. And everywhere you look the signs speak eloquently about things to drink, but say not a word as to getting a shine. And there is a great telescope on the hill in a barn of an observatory and some fine stone school-houses standing among old pine trees.

The other city is so old nobody knows

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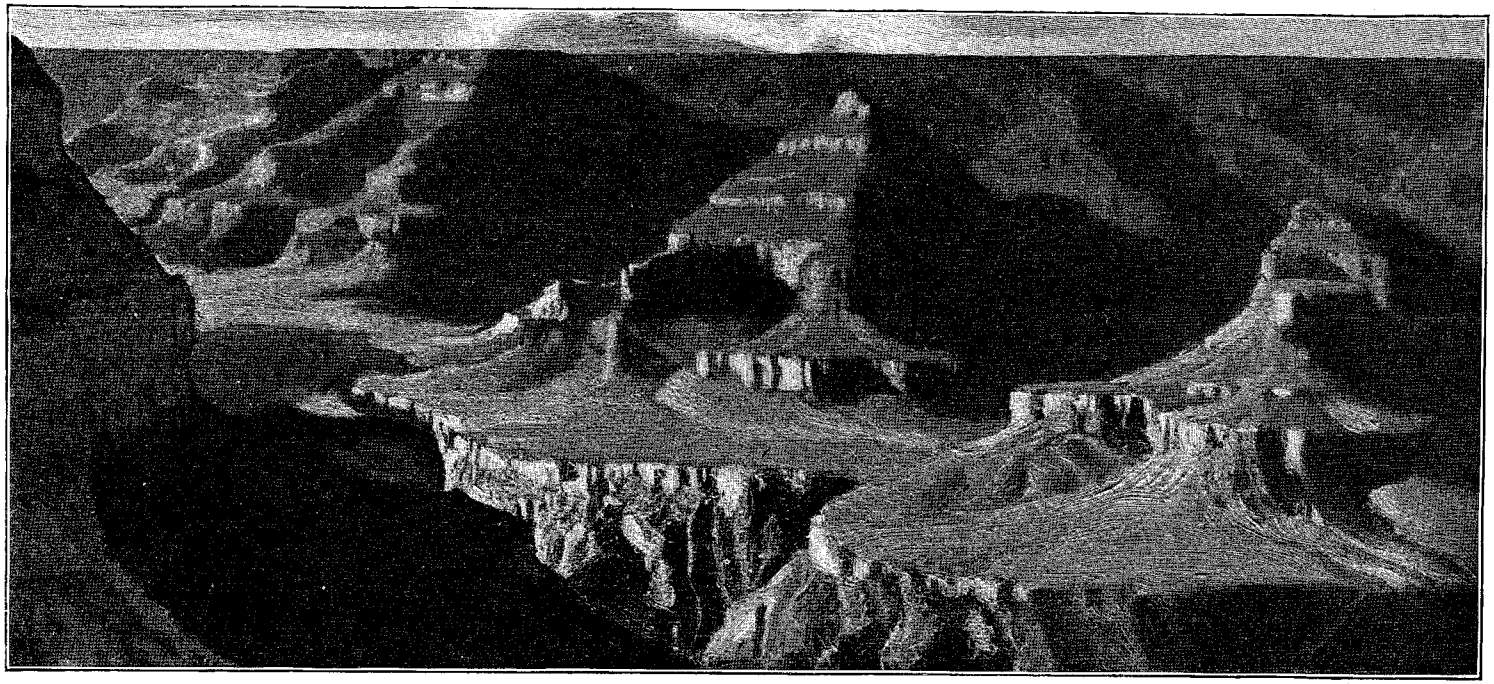

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

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how old it is, nor what its name was, nor who lived there, for it is uninhabited now.

In a dry cañon, where once a swift river swept across the plain and cut deep into the sides of its narrow channel till the softer strata of rock were eaten away into caves and hollows, there you will come upon it—a sad little cluster of ruins half-way up the precipice. You may climb up and creep in through the funny little doors and peer down through the peep-holes the inhabitants used to watch their enemies hunting for them, and see how they built up their tiny walls with crude mortar. Sometimes you may have the luck to find a fragment of pottery they used; but who they were, and when and why and how they lived away up in these dreary little hollows in the cliff—there is never a word nor a hieroglyphic to tell.

A half-day's run west of Flagstaff, down through well-timbered mountains and great white valleys clothed in snow, and I stopped again at a so-called town which is not a town, but a row of Chinese restaurants. Sixty miles north from here ran a branch line and at the end of it lay the Grand Cañon I had been hearing about all along the way.

Branch lines in the West are often very quaint affairs. It was a funny, waddling little engine that came to carry us northward, and the engineer was a queer farmer-sort of a chap, who requested me, in a New England tone of voice, to ring the bell as we started away. I felt very much honored. He was a character, this engineer, and a man of experience. He had once dropped into San Francisco Bay, engine and all, at the western terminus of the road; once had an end-on collision with a load of hay, from under which he professed to have "et his way out, while she was a-burnin'." Now he had retired, with a wooden leg, to the seclusion of a branch line.

"Ever been out to the Cañon before?" asked he.

No, I never had. I had seen Switzerland, and the Canadian Rockies, which are better, and the Yosemite, which is better yet, but never the Grand Cañon.

"Well, sir, when you get out there this afternoon, you'll see the—the damnedest sight you ever saw in your life!"

This was not lucid, but I tried to prepare my mind. He kept up a shouting conversation about it all the way across a gray monotonous desert, which might otherwise have gone by slowly; showed me the cliffs of the Cañon's north wall, while we were yet fifty miles away from them, and seemed as proud as if he owned the whole Cañon himself. It was certainly his own private "exhibit" in a measure, for, though there are many ways to it by trail, and horseback, he was the only man that ever took passengers there by rail; and his little waddling locomotive, of all locomotives in the world, was the only one that ever looked into it.

Finally, when the sun had gone low in the West, we puffed up out of a dry old river-course, sent a long whistle echoing away through the pines, and as we slowed up at the terminus, I caught one swift, vivid glimpse, through the green foliage, of an enormous pile of terraced cliff, as red as the red ball of the setting sun itself, and I understood in that instant how no man with eyes to see ever came upon it half expecting what he should behold.

On the seventh day Pegasus was flying westward with me once more, rocking and rolling, and roaring down through the dry hills, till I thought each curve would be the last of us; but I was not looking at the dry hills, nor thinking of them. I had seen the Grand Cañon, and was seeing it still in my mind's eye, and mayhap always will in the future. I had seen it red as blood, and yellow as saffron in the afternoon light, with purple haze clinging to its gaunt flanks and deepening in its ravines. I had seen it under the full glare of the Arizona day, with its infinity of palisades, pinnacles, long terraces, great plateaus buttressed round with ancient ruins of the cliffs, frowning walls all drawn clear and plain before me, but intangible, unlearnable, and immeasurable still. And it had faded slowly away from me into the gray moonlight and become a mile-high vacant wall; then put itself together piece by piece again, as the red dawn crept into it. Then I had dropped down into it by a zig-zag trail 3,000 feet, which is only half way, and sat with my heels dangling over fearful bottomless places where the sun never comes, and looked back at the yellow heights, golden in the first morning sun above the shadows; and listened to the rocks falling, falling, with hollow echoes, as the night frost melted away. Hours and hours went in

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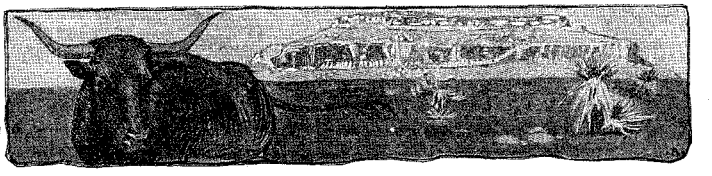
merely sitting very still and looking into it, trying to make the opposite brink look ten miles away, as it is; trying to imagine how the whole city of New York would look scattered along on its terraces, after one had succeeded in picking out its buildings with a telescope; trying to learn it, to be familiar with just one little span of it; thinking of the eons and eons the river took to fashion it, of the brave dare-devil who, with canoes and other dare-devils, first went through it to explore, knowing not how many Niagaras lay in his path, nor if, as the Indian legend said, the river ran sometimes under ground, nor anything about it, save the one fact that, once started, he could never turn back. And after all, though I have seen it and felt it (and no man could ever learn it) and will remember, still to tell it or describe it to another who has not seen is as impossible as though Pegasus and I had never reached it by a thousand miles. After all, my wooden-legged engineer had been as lucid as I or any other man could be when he'd characterized it in his one sentence.

The red flare was all gone out of the west finally, giving place to such bright stars as never shone over thickly populated countries. The way ahead of us seemed perilously dark, but Pegasus rumbled on recklessly as ever down the interminable grade, and I still clung to my swaying perch on his left shoulder. It must have been well into the night—for a tardy moon had come up and turned the desert silver gray—when at last we slowed down and crept cautiously out over a long, narrow trestlework which, in the uncertain light, seemed like a ghostly spider web hung in mid air. Below us, straggling wearily among sand bars, crept the great Colorado after its foaming passage of the Cañon. At the far end of our steel phantom bridge lay the State of California.

So, to-morrow, when the light came again, we should see a different land, green instead of gray. The mountain slopes would be dotted yellow with ripe oranges; there would be palm trees waving over broad verandas; and long-legged ostriches galloping to the far corners of their enclosures as we came whistling into Los Angeles. But men lived *there*, and towns grew, and the mystery was dispelled. As for that infinite region of opalescent colors, vast silences, and old enchantments that lies so far above and away from the every-day world—there was to be no more of that. Here, at the bridge, terminated my glorious ride, and here, bounded by its own most famous river, ended the great Southwest.



THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

THE little Road says Go:
The little House says Stay.
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek, and turn, and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show.

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay
When the little Road says, Go.

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SANCTUARY

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART II—(CONTINUED)

IV

THE funeral took place the next morning, and on the return from the cemetery Dick told his mother that he must go and look over things at Darrow's office. He had heard the day before from his friend's aunt, a helpless person to whom telegraphy was difficult and travel inconceivable, and who, in eight pages of unpunctuated eloquence, made over to Dick what she called the melancholy privilege of winding up her nephew's affairs.

Mrs. Peyton looked anxiously at her son. "Is there no one who can do this for you? He must have had a clerk or some one who knows about his work."

Dick shook his head. "Not lately. He hasn't had much to do this winter, and these last months he had chucked everything to work alone over his plans."

The word brought a faint colour to Mrs. Peyton's cheek. It was the first allusion that either of them had made to Darrow's bequest.

"Oh, of course you must do all you can," she murmured, turning alone into the house.

The emotions of the morning had stirred her deeply, and she sat at home during the day, letting her mind dwell, in a kind of retrospective piety, on the thought of poor Darrow's devotion. She had given him too little time while he lived, had acquiesced too easily in his growing habits of seclusion; and she felt it as a proof of insensibility that she had not been more closely drawn to the one person who had loved Dick as she loved him. The evidence of that love, as shown in Darrow's letter, filled her with a vain compunction. The very extravagance of his offer lent it a deeper pathos. It was wonderful that, even in the urgency of affection, a man of his almost morbid rectitude should have overlooked the restrictions of professional honour, should have implied the possibility of his friend's overlooking them. It seemed to make his sacrifice the more complete that it had, unconsciously, taken the form of a subtle temptation.

The last word arrested Mrs. Peyton's thoughts. A temptation? To whom? Not, surely, to one capable, as her son was capable, of rising to the height of his friend's devotion. The offer, to Dick, would mean simply, as it meant to her, the last touching expression of an inarticulate fidelity: the utterance of a love which at last had found its formula. Mrs. Peyton dismissed as morbid any other view of the case. She was annoyed with herself for supposing that Dick could be ever so remotely affected by the possibility at which poor Darrow's renunciation hinted. The nature of the offer removed it from practical issues to the idealizing region of sentiment

Mrs. Peyton had been sitting alone with these thoughts for the greater part of the afternoon, and dusk was falling when Dick entered the drawing-room. In the dim light, with his pallour heightened by the sombre effect of his mourning, he came upon her almost startlingly, with a revival of some long-effaced impression which, for a moment, gave her the sense of struggling among shadows. She did not, at first, know what had produced the effect; then she saw that it was his extraordinary likeness to his father.

"Well—is it over?" she asked, as he threw himself into a chair without speaking.

"Yes: I've looked through everything." He leaned back, crossing his hands behind his head, and gazing past her with a look of utter lassitude.

She paused a moment, and then said tentatively: "To-morrow you will be able to go back to your work."

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"Oh—my work," he exclaimed, as if to brush aside an ill-timed pleasantry.

"Are you too tired?"

"No." He rose and began to wander up and down the room. "I'm not tired.—Give me some tea, will you?" He paused before her while she poured the cup, and then, without taking it, turned away to light a cigarette.

"Surely there is still time?" she suggested, with her eyes on him.

"Time? To finish my plans? Oh, yes—there's time. But they're not worth it."

"Not worth it?" She started up, and then dropped back into her seat, ashamed of having betrayed her anxiety. "They are worth as much as they were last week," she said with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Not to me," he returned. "I hadn't seen Darrow's then."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Peyton sat with her eyes fixed on her clasped hands, and her son paced the room restlessly.

"Are they so wonderful?" she asked at length.

"Yes."

She paused again, and then said, lifting a tremulous glance to his face: "That makes his offer all the more beautiful."

Dick was lighting another cigarette and his face was turned from her. "Yes—I suppose so," he said in a low tone.

"They were quite finished, he told me," she continued, unconsciously dropping her voice to the pitch of his.

"Yes."

"Then they will be entered, I suppose?"

"Of course—why not?" he answered almost sharply.

"Shall you have time to attend to all that and to finish yours too?"

"Oh, I suppose so. I've told you it isn't a question of time. I see now that mine are not worth bothering with."

She rose and approached him, laying her hands on his shoulders. "You are tired and unstrung; how can you judge? Why not let me look at both designs tomorrow?"

Under her gaze he flushed abruptly and drew back with a half-impatient gesture.

"Oh, I'm afraid that wouldn't help me; you'd be sure to think mine best," he said with a laugh.

"But if I could give you good reasons?" she pressed him.

He took her hand, as if ashamed of his impatience. "Dear mother, if you had any reasons their mere existence would prove that they were bad."

His mother did not return his smile. "You won't let me see the two designs then?" she said, with a faint tinge of insistence.

"Oh, of course—if you want to—if you only won't talk about it now! Can't you see that I'm pretty nearly dead-beat?" he burst out uncontrollably; and as she stood silent, he added, with a weary fall in his voice, "I think I'll go upstairs and see if I can't get a nap before dinner."

Though they had separated upon the assurance that she should see the two designs if she wished it, Mrs. Peyton knew they would not be shown to her. Dick, indeed, would not again deny her request; but had he not reckoned on the improbability of her renewing it? All night she lay confronted by that question. The situation shaped itself before her with that hallucinating distinctness which belongs to the midnight vision. She knew now why Dick had suddenly reminded her of his father: had she not once before seen the same thought moving behind the same eyes? She was sure it had occurred to Dick to use Darrow's drawings. As she lay awake in the darkness she could hear him, long after midnight, pacing the floor overhead: she held her breath, listening to the recurring beat of his foot, which seemed that of an imprisoned spirit revolving wearily in the cage of the same thought. She felt in every fibre that a crisis in her son's life had been reached, that the act now before him would have a determining effect on his whole future. The circumstances of her past had raised to clairvoyance her natural insight into human motive, had made of her a moral barometer responding to the faintest fluctuations of atmosphere, and years of anxious meditation had familiarized her with the form which her son's temptations were likely to take. The peculiar misery of her situation was that she could not, except indirectly, put this intuition, this foresight, at his service. It was a part of her discernment to be aware that life is the only real counsellor, that wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become a part of the moral tissues. Love such as hers had a great office, the office of preparation

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and direction; but it must know how to hold its hand and keep its counsel, how to attend upon its object as an invisible influence rather than as an active interference.

All this Kate Peyton had told herself again and again, during those hours of anxious calculation in which she had tried to cast Dick's horoscope; but not in her moments of most fantastic foreboding had she figured so cruel a test of her courage. If her prayers for him had taken precise shape, she might have asked that he should be spared the spectacular, the dramatic appeal to his will-power: that his temptations should slip by him in a dull disguise. She had secured him against all ordinary forms of baseness; the vulnerable point lay higher, in that region of idealizing egotism which is the seat of life in such natures. Years of solitary foresight gave her mind a singular alertness in dealing with such possibilities. She saw at once that the peril of the situation lay in the minimum of risk it involved. Darrow had employed no assistant in working out his plans for the competition, and his secluded life made it almost certain that he had not shown them to any one, and that she and Dick alone knew them to have been completed. Moreover, it was a part of Dick's duty to examine the contents of his friend's office, and in doing this nothing would be easier than to possess himself of the drawings and make use of any part of them that might serve his purpose. He had Darrow's authority for doing so; and though the act involved a slight breach of professional probity, might not his friend's wishes be invoked as a secret justification? Mrs. Peyton found herself almost hating poor Darrow for having been the unconscious instrument of her son's temptation. But what right had she, after all, to suspect Dick of considering, even for a moment, the act of which she was so ready to accuse him? His unwillingness to let her see the drawings might have been the accidental result of lassitude and discouragement. He was tired and troubled, and she had chosen the wrong moment to make the request. His want of readiness might even be due to the wish to conceal from her how far his friend had surpassed him. She knew his sensitiveness on this point, and reproached herself for not having foreseen it. But her own arguments failed to convince her. Deep beneath her love for her boy and her faith in him there lurked a nameless doubt. She could hardly now, in looking back, define the impulse upon which she had married Denis Peyton: she knew only that the deeps of her nature had been loosened, and that she had been borne forward on their current to the very fate from which her heart recoiled. But if in one sense her marriage remained a problem, there was another in which her motherhood seemed to solve it. She had never lost the sense of having snatched her child from some dim peril which still lurked and hovered; and he became more closely hers with every effort of her vigilant love. For the act of rescue had not been accomplished once and for all in the moment of immolation: it had not been by a sudden stroke of heroism, but by ever-renewed and indefatigable effort, that she had built up for him the miraculous shelter of her love. And now that it stood there, a hallowed refuge against failure, she could not even set a light in the pane, but must let him grope his way to it unaided.

V

MRS. PEYTON'S midnight musings summed themselves up in the conclusion that the next few hours would end her uncertainty. She felt the day to be decisive. If Dick offered to show her the drawings, her fears would be proved groundless; if he avoided the subject, they were justified. She dressed early in order not to miss him at breakfast; but as she entered the dining-room the parlour-maid told her that Mr. Peyton had overslept himself, and had rung to have his breakfast sent upstairs. Was it a pretext to avoid her? She was vexed at her own readiness to see a portent in the simplest incident; but while she blushed at her doubts she let them govern her. She left the dining-room door open, determined not to miss him if he came downstairs while she was at breakfast; then she went back to the drawing-room and sat down at her writing-table, trying to busy herself with some accounts while she listened for his step. Here too she had left the door open; but presently even this slight departure from her daily usage

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seemed a deviation from the passive attitude she had adopted, and she rose and shut the door. She knew that she could still hear his step on the stairs—he had his father's quick swinging gait—but as she sat listening, and vainly trying to write, the closed door seemed to symbolize a refusal to share in his trial, a hardening of herself against his need of her. What if he should come down intending to speak, and should be turned from his purpose? Slighter obstacles have deflected the course of events in those indeterminate moments when the soul floats between two tides. She sprang up quickly, and as her hand touched the latch she heard his step on the stairs.

When he entered the drawing-room she had regained the writing-table and could lift a composed face to his. He came in hurriedly, yet with a kind of reluctance beneath his haste: again it was his father's step. She smiled, but looked away from him as he approached her; she seemed to be re-living her own past as one re-lives things in the distortion of fever.

"Are you off already?" she asked, glancing at the hat in his hand.

"Yes; I'm late as it is. I overslept myself." He paused and looked vaguely about the room. "Don't expect me till late—don't wait dinner for me."

She stirred impulsively. "Dick, you're over-working—you'll make yourself ill."

"Nonsense. I'm as fit as ever this morning. Don't be imagining things."

He dropped his habitual kiss on her forehead, and turned to go. On the threshold he paused, and she felt that something in him sought her and then drew back. "Goodbye," he called to her as the door closed on him.

She sat down and tried to survey the situation divested of her midnight fears. He had not referred to her wish to see the drawings: but what did the omission signify? Might he not have forgotten her request? Was she not forcing the most trivial details to fit in with her apprehensions? Unfortunately for her own reassurance, she knew that her familiarity with Dick's processes was based on such minute observation, and that, to such intimacy as theirs, no indications were trivial. She was as certain as if he had spoken, that when he had left the house that morning he was weighing the possibility of using Darrow's drawings, of supplementing his own incomplete design from the fulness of his friend's invention. And with a bitter pang she divined that he was sorry he had shown her Darrow's letter.

It was impossible to remain face to face with such conjectures, and though she had given up all her engagements during the few days since Darrow's death, she now took refuge in the thought of a concert which was to take place at a friend's house that morning. The music-room, when she entered, was thronged with acquaintances, and she found transient relief in that dispersal of attention which makes society an anæsthetic for some forms of wretchedness. Contact with the pressure of busy indifferent life often gives remoteness to questions which have clung as close as the flesh to the bone; and if Mrs. Peyton did not find such complete release, she at least interposed between herself and her anxiety the obligation to dissemble it. But the relief was only momentary, and when the first bars of the overture turned from her the smiles of recognition among which she had tried to lose herself, she felt a deeper sense of isolation. The music, which at another time would have swept her away on some rich current of emotion, now seemed to island her in her own thoughts, to create an artificial solitude in which she found herself more immitigably face to face with her fears. The silence, the *recueillement*, about her gave resonance to the inner voices, lucidity to the inner vision, till she seemed enclosed in a luminous empty horizon against which every possibility took the sharp edge of accomplished fact. With relentless precision the course of events was unrolled before her: she saw Dick yielding to his opportunity, snatching victory from dishonour, winning love, happiness and success in the act by which he lost himself. It was all so simple, so easy, so inevitable, that she felt the futility of struggling or hoping against it. He would win the competition, would marry Miss Verney, would press on to achievement through the opening which the first success had made for him.

As Mrs. Peyton reached this point in her forecast, she found her outward gaze arrested by the face of the young lady who so dominated her inner vision. Miss Verney, a few rows distant, sat intent upon the

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music, in that attitude of poised motion which was her nearest approach to repose. Her slender brown profile with its breezy hair, her quick eye, and the lips which seemed to listen as well as speak, all betokened to Mrs. Peyton a nature through which the obvious energies blew free, a bare open stretch of consciousness without shelter for tenderer growths. She shivered to think of Dick's frail scruples exposed to those rustling airs. And then, suddenly, a new thought struck her. What if she might turn this force to her own use, make it serve, unconsciously to Dick, as the means of his deliverance? Hitherto she had assumed that her son's worst danger lay in the chance of his confiding his difficulty to Clemence Verney; and she had, in her own past, a precedent which made her think such a confidence not unlikely. If he did carry his scruples to the girl, she argued, the latter's imperviousness, her frank inability to understand them, would have the effect of dispelling them like mist; and he was acute enough to know this and profit by it. So she had hitherto reasoned; but now the girl's presence seemed to clarify her perceptions, and she told herself that something in Dick's nature, something which she herself had put there, would resist this short cut to safety, would make him take the more tortuous way to his goal rather than gain it through the privacies of the heart he loved. For she had lifted him thus far above his father, that it would be a disenchantment to him to find that Clemence Verney did not share his scruples. On this much, his mother now exultingly felt, she could count in her passive struggle for supremacy. No, he would never, never tell Clemence Verney—and his one hope, his sure salvation, therefore lay in some one else's telling her.

The excitement of this discovery had nearly, in mid-concert, swept Mrs. Peyton from her seat to the girl's side. Fearing to miss the latter in the throng at the entrance, she slipped out during the last number, and lingering in the farther drawing-room, let the dispersing audience drift her in Miss Verney's direction. The girl shone sympathetically upon her approach, and in a moment they had detached themselves from the crowd and taken refuge in the perfumed emptiness of the conservatory.

The girl, whose sensations were always easily set in motion, had at first a good deal to say of the music, for which she claimed, on her hearer's part, an active show of approval or dissent; but this dismissed, she turned a melting face on Mrs. Peyton and said with one of her rapid modulations of tone: "I was so sorry about poor Mr. Darrow."

Mrs. Peyton uttered an assenting sigh. "It was a great grief to us—a great loss to my son."

"Yes—I know. I can imagine what you must have felt. And then it was so unlucky that it should have happened just now."

Mrs. Peyton shot a reconnoitring glance at her profile. "His dying, you mean, on the eve of success?"

Miss Verney turned a frank smile upon her. "One ought to feel that, of course—but I'm afraid I am very selfish where my friends are concerned, and I was thinking of Mr. Peyton's having to give up his work at such a critical moment." She spoke without a note of deprecation: there was a pagan freshness in her opportunism. Mrs. Peyton was silent, and the girl continued after a pause: "I suppose now it will be almost impossible for him to finish his drawings in time. It's a pity he hadn't worked out the whole scheme a little sooner. Then the details would have come of themselves."

Mrs. Peyton felt a contempt strangely mingled with exultation. If only the girl would talk in that way to Dick!

"He has hardly had time to think of himself lately," she said, trying to keep the coldness out of her voice.

"No, of course not," Miss Verney assented; "but isn't that all the more reason for his friends to think of him? It was very dear of him to give up everything to nurse Mr. Darrow—but, after all, if a man is going to get on in his career there are times when he must think first of himself."

Mrs. Peyton paused, trying to choose her words with deliberation. It was quite clear now that Dick had not spoken, and she felt the responsibility that devolved upon her.

"Getting on in a career—is that always the first thing to be considered?" she asked, letting her eyes rest musingly on the girl's.

The glance did not disconcert Miss Ver-

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ney, who returned it with one of equal comprehensiveness. "Yes," she said, quickly, and with a slight blush. "With a temperament like Mr. Peyton's I believe it is. Some people can pick themselves up after any number of bad falls: I am not sure that he could. I think discouragement would weaken instead of strengthening him."

Both women had forgotten external conditions in the quick reach for each other's meanings. Mrs. Peyton flushed, her maternal pride in revolt; but the answer was checked on her lips by the sense of the girl's unexpected insight. Here was some one who knew Dick as well as she did—should she say a partisan or an accomplice? A dim jealousy stirred beneath Mrs. Peyton's other emotions: she was undergoing the agony which the mother feels at the first intrusion on her privilege of judging her child; and her voice had a flutter of resentment.

"You must have a poor opinion of his character," she said.

Miss Verney did not remove her eyes, but her blush deepened beautifully. "I have, at any rate," she said, "a high one of his talent. I don't suppose many men have an equal amount of moral and intellectual energy."

"And you would cultivate the one at the expense of the other?"

"In certain cases—and up to a certain point." She shook out the long fur of her muff, one of those silvery flexible furs which clothe a woman with a delicate sumptuousness. Everything about her, at the moment, seemed rich and cold—everything, as Mrs. Peyton quickly noted, but the blush lingering under her dark skin; and so complete was the girl's self-command that the blush seemed to be there only because it had been forgotten.

"I dare say you think me strange," she continued. "Most people do, because I speak the truth. It's the easiest way of concealing one's feelings. I can, for instance, talk quite openly about Mr. Peyton under shelter of your inference that I shouldn't do so if I were what is called 'interested' in him. And as I *am* interested in him, my method has its advantages!" She ended with one of the fluttering laughs which seemed to flit from point to point of her expressive person.

Mrs. Peyton leaned toward her. "I believe you are interested," she said quietly; "and since I suppose you allow others the privilege you claim for yourself, I am going to confess that I followed you here in the hope of finding out the nature of your interest."

Miss Verney shot a glance at her, and drew away in a soft subsidence of undulating furs.

"Is this an embassy?" she asked, smiling.

"No: not in any sense."

The girl leaned back with an air of relief. "I'm glad; I should have disliked——" She looked again at Mrs. Peyton. "You want to know what I mean to do?"

"Yes."

"Then I can only answer that I mean to wait and see what he does."

"You mean that everything is contingent on his success?"

"*I* am—if I'm everything," she admitted gaily.

The mother's heart was beating in her throat, and her words seemed to force themselves out through the throbs.

"I—I don't quite see why you attach such importance to this special success."

"Because he does," the girl returned instantly. "Because to him it is the final answer to his self-questioning—the questioning whether he is ever to amount to anything or not. He says if he has anything in him it ought to come out now. All the conditions are favourable—it is the chance he has always prayed for. You see," she continued, almost confidentially, but without the least loss of composure, "you see he has told me a great deal about himself and his various experiments—his phases of indecision and disgust. There are lots of tentative talents in the world, and the sooner they are crushed out by circumstances the better. But it seems as though he really had it in him to do something distinguished—as though the uncertainty lay in his character and not in his talent. That is what interests, what attracts me. One can't teach a man to have genius, but if he has it one may show him how to use it. That is what I should be good for, you see—to keep him up to his opportunities."

Mrs. Peyton had listened with an intensity of attention that left her reply unprepared. There was something startling and yet half attractive in the girl's avowal of principles which are oftener lived by than professed.

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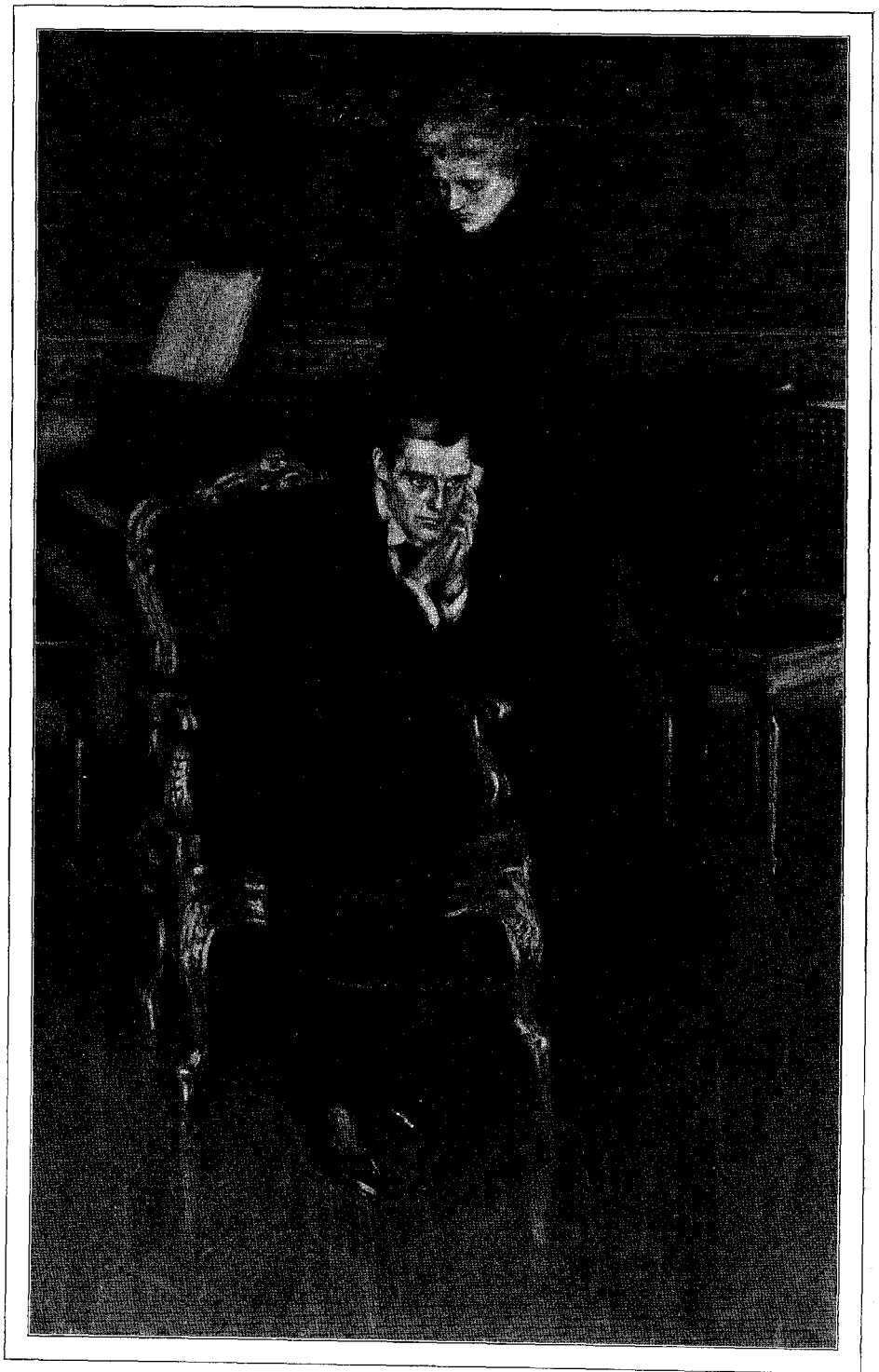

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He took her hand as if ashamed of his impatience.—Page 440.

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"And you think," she began at length, "that in this case he has fallen below his opportunity?"

"No one can tell, of course; but his discouragement, his *abattement*, is a bad sign. I don't think he has any hope of succeeding."

The mother again wavered a moment. "Since you are so frank," she then said, "will you let me be equally so, and ask how lately you have seen him?"

The girl smiled at the circumlocution. "Yesterday afternoon," she said simply.

"And you thought him——?"

"Horribly down on his luck. He said himself that his brain was empty."

Again Mrs. Peyton felt the throb in her throat, and a slow blush rose to her cheek. "Was that all he said?"

"About himself—was there anything else?" said the girl quickly.

"He didn't tell you of—of an opportunity to make up for the time he has lost?"

"An opportunity? I don't understand."

"He didn't speak to you, then, of Mr. Darrow's letter?"

"He said nothing of any letter."

"There *was* one, which was found after poor Darrow's death. In it he gave Dick leave to use his design for the competition. Dick says the design is wonderful—it would give him just what he needs."

Miss Verney sat listening raptly, with a rush of colour that suffused her like light.

"But when was this? Where was the letter found? He never said a word of it!" she exclaimed.

"The letter was found on the day of Darrow's death."

"But I don't understand! Why has he never told me? Why should he seem so hopeless?" She turned an ignorant appealing face on Mrs. Peyton. It was prodigious, but it was true—she felt nothing, saw nothing, but the crude fact of the opportunity.

Mrs. Peyton's voice trembled with the completeness of her triumph. "I suppose his reason for not speaking is that he has scruples."

"Scruples?"

"He feels that to use the design would be dishonest."

Miss Verney's eyes fixed themselves on her in a commiserating stare. "Dishonest? When the poor man wished it himself? When it was his last request? When the letter is there to prove it? Why, the design belongs to your son! No one else has any right to it."

"But Dick's right does not extend to passing it off as his own—at least that is his feeling, I believe. If he won the competition he would be winning it on false pretenses."

"Why should you call them false pretenses? His design might have been better than Darrow's if he had had time to carry it out. It seems to me that Mr. Darrow must have felt this—must have felt that he owed his friend some compensation for the time he took from him. I can imagine nothing more natural than his wishing to make this return for your son's sacrifice."

She positively glowed with the force of her conviction, and Mrs. Peyton, for a strange instant, felt her own resistance wavering. She herself had never considered the question in that light—the light of Darrow's viewing his gift as a justifiable compensation. But the glimpse she caught of it drove her shuddering behind her retrenchments.

"That argument," she said coldly, "would naturally be more convincing to Darrow than to my son."

Miss Verney glanced up, struck by the change in Mrs. Peyton's voice.

"Ah, then you agree with him? You think it *would* be dishonest?"

Mrs. Peyton saw that she had slipped into self-betrayal. "My son and I have not spoken of the matter," she said evasively. She caught the flash of relief in Miss Verney's face.

"You haven't spoken? Then how do you know how he feels about it?"

"I only judge from—well, perhaps from his not speaking."

The girl drew a deep breath. "I see," she murmured. "That is the very reason that prevents his speaking."

"The reason?"

"Your knowing what he thinks—and his knowing that you know."

Mrs. Peyton was startled at her subtlety. "I assure you," she said rising, "that I have done nothing to influence him."

The girl gazed at her musingly. "No," she said with a faint smile, "nothing except to read his thoughts."

(To be concluded.)

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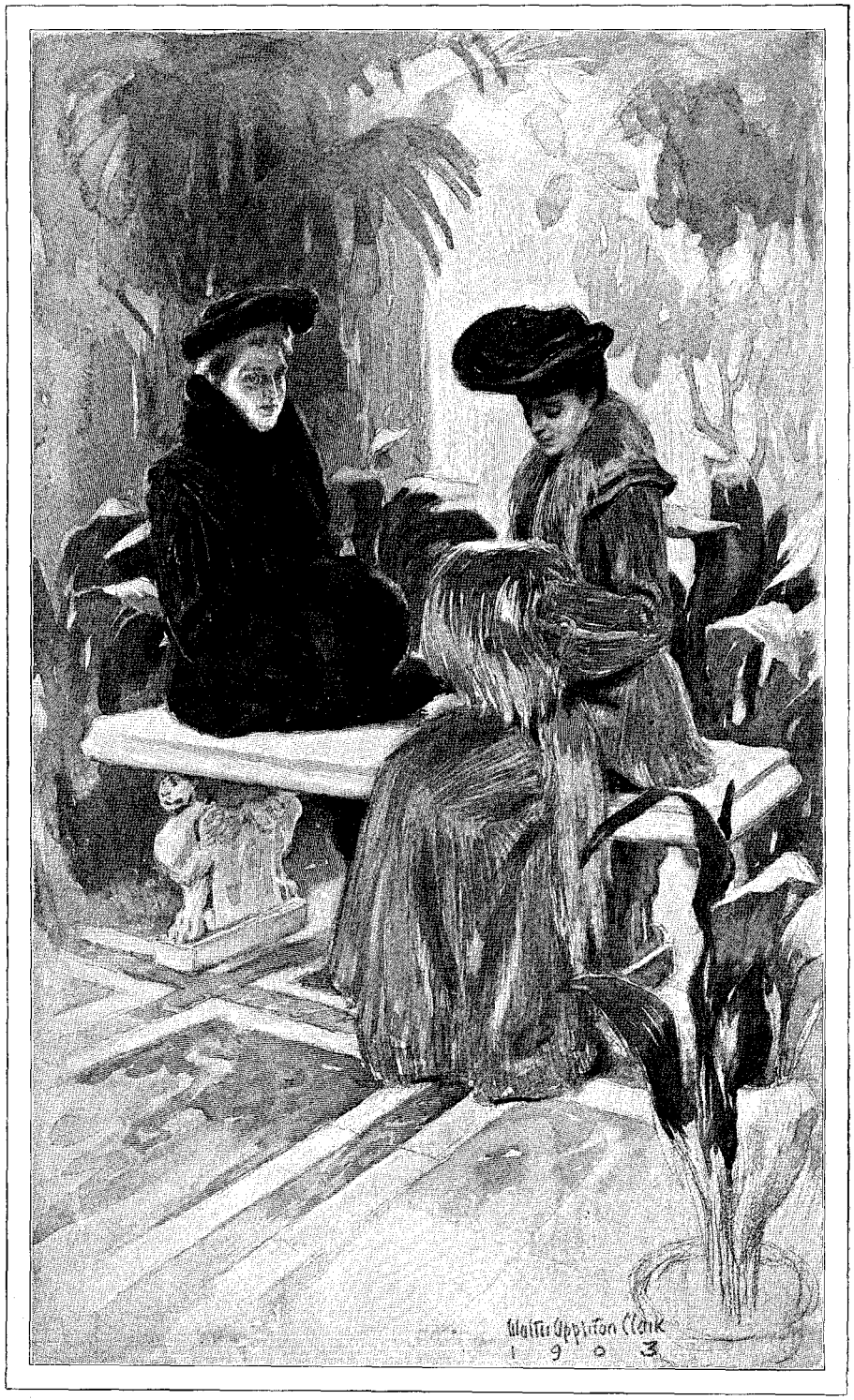

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Everything about her at the moment seemed rich and cold.—Page 444.

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MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

From a Miniature in the possession of
Mrs. Henry Parker Quincy, Boston.

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MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PARIS IN FEBRUARY, 1815

With an Introduction by Her Grandson,

Brooks Adams

LOUISA CATHERINE JOHNSON was born in London on February 12, 1775. Her father, Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, was then in business in England, but as the Johnson family took the patriotic side in the Revolution, Joshua settled at Nantes in France, where Louisa learned to speak French without accent.

At the peace Joshua returned to London, where he served as consul until 1797, and it was there, in 1794, that Miss Johnson, at nineteen years of age, met John Quincy Adams, who fell in love with her. They became engaged and were married at All Hallows Church on July 26, 1797.

At the time of his wedding Mr. Adams was on his way to Lisbon as minister to Portugal, but the government afterward commissioned him to Berlin, and there the young couple lived for four years, and formed many strong social ties.

In 1801 Mr. Adams returned to America, was elected to the Senate, resigned, and was appointed minister to Russia by President Madison in 1809. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Adams enjoyed St. Petersburg, but they lived there until April, 1814, when Mr. Adams was named one of the commissioners to treat for peace with Great Britain.

A decision had to be made forthwith. Europe was in confusion, the result of the negotiations doubtful, the journey long and fatiguing, and under the circumstances it was thought best that Mrs. Adams should stay behind. Mr. Adams sailed at once for Stockholm.

To her the next months proved excessively trying. She disliked St. Petersburg, she was alone with her son Charles Francis Adams, then only six, she shrank from responsibility, and she could form no plans for the future. Her health was delicate. Unexpectedly to Mr. Adams the treaty was signed on December 24, 1814, and on January 20, 1815, Mrs. Adams received a letter from her husband which contained this passage:

"I therefore now invite you to break up altogether our establishment at St. Petersburg, to dispose of all the furniture which you do not incline to keep, to have all the rest packed up carefully, and left in the charge of Mr. Harris to be sent next summer either to London or to Boston, and to come with Charles to me at Paris, where I shall be impatiently waiting for you. . . . I suppose you will not be able to make all the necessary arrangements to leave St. Petersburg sooner than the middle of February."

She replied: "Conceive the astonishment your letter caused me if you can. . . . I know not what to do about the selling of the goods and I fear I shall be much imposed upon. This is a heavy trial, but I must get through it at all risks, and if you receive me with the conviction that I have done my best I shall be amply rewarded. I am in so much confusion that it is hardly possible for me to write you, and my letter will be very disjointed. . . . I missed two posts . . . by . . . the idea of your being here before you could get my letters."

She afterward wrote for her family the following narrative of her journey.

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ON the 12th day of February of the ever memorable year 1815, at five o'clock in the evening of Sunday, I bade adieu to the splendid city of St. Petersburg, where I had resided upward of five years, in company with my son Charles Francis,* then little more than seven years old, a French nurse, who entered my service on that day, and two men servants, one of whom had lived a short time with Mr. Smith, the other a released prisoner from Napoleon's army. The weather was intensely cold. My carriage was on runners, and the two servants followed me in a kibitka. Everything had been done by the government that the kindest politeness and interest could suggest, in the way of passports; and the Minister of the Interior had even offered to me the services of a yager to accompany me through the Imperial dominions to make the journey easy, for which I felt truly grateful. To this attention I owed all the facilities which rendered the early part of my journey so easy and successful. Night and day we proceeded, until we arrived at Narva, where I stopped to rest at the best inn in the place. We had been there but a few minutes when a gentleman was announced who informed me that apartments had been prepared for me at the Governor's, and that the Governor proposed to wait on me in person to escort me to his House, as soon as convenient to me to receive him. Intending to proceed quite early in the morning, I declined the invitation, but received the visit of the Governor, and one from the Count de Bray, the Bavarian Minister at St. Petersburg, who was at that time on a visit with his wife at her father's. The Count also brought me a kind invitation from the family to pass a few days with them, which I also declined; being without my husband, I wished to be as short a time on the road as possible.

Very early in the morning we renewed our route to Riga, at which place I found tolerable lodgings. There we were overtaken by a thaw, and I was under the necessity of staying there four or five days to get my carriage fixed and to dispose of my kibitka; our provisions were all hard frozen long before we reached the city, and even the Madeira wine had become solid ice. There for the first time I had reason to doubt the honesty of my servant. A silver cup presented by the Baron de Bush Hunsfeldt, the Westphalian Minister, as a parting keepsake to my little boy, was stolen from the carriage; and there was but little doubt that he had made free with it. I was, however, under the necessity of overlooking the fact in consequence of the terms of his agreement, and I could not prove the robbery. We were barely settled in our lodgings, when the Governor of Riga called to invite me to his house, having been informed of my travel from St. Petersburg, and wishing me and my family to stay with him and his lady as long as I remained in Riga, and to offer me the use of his carriage while there. I declined the invitation to take up my abode with them; but accepted an invitation to dine and pass as much time as I could during the necessary sojourn in that city. This gentleman was an Italian, a great favorite of the Emperor Alexander, and one of the most friendly and agreeable old men I ever met with. The Marquis had married a German lady who spoke very little French, but who appeared to possess all the amiable and domestic qualities so full of *bonhomie* of persons of that nation. During my stay with them I was treated with almost parental kindness, and everything was done to promote my comfort and amusement by them both. All the most distinguished persons in the city were invited to meet me at dinner, and I was forced to call up all the German I could collect and could muster to answer to the kindness expressed for me by the guests.

After a detention of four or five days, we proceeded on our journey, and once or twice the carriage sank so deep into the snow in Courland that we had to ring up the inhabitants, who came out in numbers with pickaxe and shovel to dig us out. For this purpose the bells appeared to be commonly used, and our postilions appealed to them without hesitation, and the signal was immediately understood. Without accident or impediment of any other kind we arrived in safety at Mitau, the capital of Courland. There I stopped to rest for some hours, with a determination to proceed one stage

* Born August 18, 1807.

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more to sleep. The House was excellent, the best I had found. The people very civil, and everything very comfortable.

In about an hour after my arrival Countess Mengs, a lady of distinction with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance in St. Petersburg, called on me and gave me a most kind and urgent invitation to her house; entreating me to remain with her some days, she desiring to introduce me to a party of friends then at her house. Much flattered by this kind attention, I concluded, as my letters were urgent, that I should hasten on my journey with all diligence. I thought it my duty to decline an invitation which would have yielded me much pleasure, the Countess being a woman of polished manners, fine sense, and charming conversation. Immediately after my dinner was removed the master of the house entered, carefully shutting the door after him, and watchfully noting that no listeners were near, said he wished much to speak to me in private upon a matter which he considered of vital importance to me. He was a friend of the Countess Mengs, who had expressed herself much interested for me, he should feel very happy to render me a service. I expressed my thanks, and told him that I intended, if possible, to visit the Countess if I had time; begged him to be seated, and wondered to what all this great preparation was about to lead. He again examined the doors with an appearance of anxiety, and then sat down close to me, who felt not a little uncomfortable at all this apparently terrible mystery. I, however, assumed an air of great calmness. He began by informing me that the previous night a dreadful murder had been committed on the very road over which I was to pass, and to urge me to wait until the next morning before I determined to proceed. I answered very coolly and decidedly that the plan of my journey was fixed, and that, as I only intended to go four German miles farther that night, and was to start so early with two well-armed servants, I conceived that I had nothing to apprehend, as the postilion must know the road he was in the habit of travelling constantly, a very public one, and that I should certainly reach the post-house by nine or ten o'clock at the latest and without risk of danger. He shook his head very gravely, and said that he had mentioned this subject incidentally, and that he did not wish to alarm me. That he was an old man and had daughters of his own, and that he thought my situation such as to entitle him to advise me and to open my eyes to the danger of my position. He then informed me that the French servant who I had with me was well known at Mitau; that he had remained in that city two years, having been left a prisoner from Napoleon's army; that he was known to be a desperate villain of the very worst character, and that he did not think my life safe if I suffered him to continue in my service. At the same time he begged most vehemently that I would not discard him at Mitau, for fear he, the servant, should suspect his information, and that his house might be burned over his head. I told him that the man had behaved very well so far; that I had already mistrusted him and did not like him, but that it had been stipulated in his engagement and by a bond that he was to be taken to his own country, and that I was not to part with him unless he behaved improperly. That I had no pretence to part with him or to make any charge against him, as he had been particularly active in the management of my arrangements; and that the other man, though good and honest, was slow and timid. He remarked that the case was a very difficult one, and suggested to me that I had better appear to place unlimited confidence in him, to seem to rely on him in any emergency, and to accept his advice if any difficulty occurred, and then act as opportunity offered when I was among my friends. He apologized for the liberty he had taken, begged me not to believe that his desire to detain me was a mere innkeeper's wish to keep his company, but that his knowledge of the man-servant had been the real motive of his conduct, and entreated that not a word of this conversation should be whispered, as it would equally endanger us both. I promised a perfect silence, and said that I would willingly postpone my departure, but as the hour had arrived and the carriage would be announced immediately, I was fearful that a sudden change of purpose would excite suspicion, that I

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should adopt his kind advice, which I considered excellent. He rose to leave me, and I was immediately called to receive the Countess, who had left a gay party at her house about a mile from the town, and again urged me to change my mind, and to drive directly there, instead of pursuing my journey. All this I declined, I fear, from a proud and foolhardy spirit, and the conviction that, however retarded, the difficulties of my path must be conquered, and it was as well to face them at once. Finding me determined, she took a very kind leave of me, and I got into the carriage and began my ride under the most uneasy impressions. After riding about four miles the postilion suddenly stopped and informed us that he had missed the road; that the man who was accustomed to drive was sick; that he had never been that road before; and that he could not tell where he was. Until eleven o'clock at night we were jolted over hills, through swamps and holes, and into valleys into which no carriage had surely ever passed before; and my whole heart was filled with unspeakable terrors for the safety of my child. During this time my two servants were assiduous in their service, watchful and careful to prevent, by every possible caution, an overturn or an accident to the carriage. I consulted Baptiste frequently and took his advice as to the best mode of proceeding; and at twelve o'clock at night, the horses being utterly worn out, and scarce a twinkling star to teach of living light, we determined that Baptiste should ride one of the horses and endeavor to find a road through which we might be extricated from our perilous situation. He was absent about fifteen minutes when we heard the trampling of a horse and voices at a short distance. The palpitation of my heart increased until I thought it would have burst. My child lay sweetly sleeping on his little bed in the front of the carriage, unsusceptible of fear and utterly unconscious of danger. Baptiste rode hastily up to the carriage-door and informed me that he had found a house quite near. That he had awakened the family, and that a Russian officer had come to him, and, after inquiring what he wanted, had offered his services to take us into the road, as it required great skill to keep the carriage out of the gullies by which we were surrounded. He came up to me while Baptiste was speaking, and again I was obliged to tell my story in most execrable German, and, as well as I could, express my thanks for the proposed service. Lights were brought out; one of my men mounted the officer's horse and we proceeded at a foot-pace, and reached the inn in safety at about half-past one, where I ordered refreshments for the gentlemen, and coffee for ourselves. He accepted a handsome present, made many polite speeches, and took leave, recommending the innkeeper to be attentive, and to see that horses should be ready at any hour that I might want them, and departed. The house was very indifferent in its accommodations; I therefore expressed my satisfaction to my domestics for the prudence and discretion which they had shown through this singular accident, and bade them be ready at an early hour with the carriage and horses. After thanking most devoutly the Almighty for His protection through this hour of trial, I sought repose with renewed confidence in the persons attached to my service, and determined not to listen to any more bugbears to alarm my nerves and weaken my understanding. I had contrived to conceal the bags of gold and silver, which I carried in such a manner that neither of my men-servants supposed that I possessed any; and, as I carried letters with me which I displayed, it was believed I took up only as much as I wanted at one town until I reached another. I was likewise furnished with a letter from the government recommending me to the protection of all whom I called on; and, that any complaint should immediately be attended to, I was authorized to give information to the Minister of the Interior throughout the Russian territory forming that portion of my journey. Nothing but the fanfaronade stories of the murder, etc., which I had heard before the event, and immediately after our relief from this fearful and harassing anxiety, could have given an extraordinary interest to so trifling an incident.

We proceeded on our journey early in the morning and no event of consequence occurred until we crossed the Vistula. It was four o'clock in the evening, and the

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ice was in so critical a state I could with difficulty procure men and horses to go over. They informed me that I should have to make a very long and tedious detour, if I could not cross; that the passage over would be attended with great risk, if not danger. If I had courage to attempt it, as there was no accommodation near, they would take long poles with hooks and attach the horses to the extreme end of the pole of the carriage and get over as well as they could. At five o'clock we started, the men going forward and sounding with their poles first to find the firmest path; we got over and reached the other side of the river in safety, although the ice had given way on the border, and it required a violent effort in the horses to prevent the coach from upsetting on the bank. I have forgotten the name of the town, but we crossed from a small corner of Poland which lay on my route, and where I saw the most filthy and beggarly village that I ever had beheld in any country. At this town to which we had crossed, I remained a short time and proceeded with the same horses to the next stage; and no other incident occurred worth notice until we reached the frontier of Prussia. Here I had to wait three hours for horses, and the people were so inclined to be impudent I was obliged to produce my letter, and to inform the master of the house that I should write immediately to the Minister of the Interior and complain of his conduct. The entrance into Prussia was about three or four miles farther on. The man appeared to be much alarmed, made a great many apologies, and said the horses should be ready immediately and very politely obliged me to take a couple more than the usual complement, as he thought the carriage very heavy. This is an exaction to which travellers were constantly exposed, and to pay the tax was an absolute necessity, if you wished to avoid delay. At the Prussian gate I was obliged to go through the formality of showing my passports and answering all the customary questions too tedious to enumerate. We came suddenly upon a view of the sea, and were apparently driving into it, when Charles became dreadfully alarmed, and, turning as white as a sheet, asked me if we were going into that *great water*. The postilions did not seem pleased to cross the Hartz, and said there was a house that I could stop at until morning. I inquired if there was any particular difficulty, but found the principal objection was that it would be dark before we should get across, and that it was a dreadful gloomy road. I asked them at what time they expected to get in. They told me at about five o'clock in the evening, and I immediately decided upon pursuing our route as fast as we could. With much grumbling we again set forward, and as the evening closed in I began to repent my determination, for everything around us looked blank and dreary, and the *terrible*, without knowing why or wherefore, seemed to take its abiding place in our thoughts.

The season of the year at which I travelled, when earth was chained in solid fetters of ice, did not admit of flourishing description, but the ways were rendered deeply interesting by the fearful remnants of men's fury. Houses half burnt, a very thin population, women unprotected, and that dreary look of forlorn desertion which sheds its gloom around on all the objects, announcing devastation and despair. Onward we travelled until we arrived at Königsberg, where we stopped a day. I delivered my letter of credit and made arrangements to proceed; also some trifling purchases of amber, and should have gone to the theatre if I had not been unprotected by a gentleman. The next morning it rained so much I was detained until three o'clock in the afternoon; when we renewed our journey toward Berlin. Baptiste, I believe that was his name, began to assume a tone, not by any means agreeable, and I began to be somewhat anxious. I intimated to him that he might leave me as soon as he pleased, as I was in a country where I was very well known, as I had lived four years in Berlin and was acquainted with the King and all the royal family. He said his great desire was to return to his own country and that he did not wish to leave me, that he understood I had agreed to take him the whole way. I told him the performance of this agreement depended on his good behavior, and that if he was diligent and attentive I should have no wish to part with him. This conversa-

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tion had a good effect and he resumed his first tone, and was much more respectful; but there was something threatening in his look that did not please me, but I was afraid to notice it. My other servant was evidently much afraid of him and avoided everything that could put him out of humor. We had gone about seven miles when the fore wheel of my carriage fell to pieces and we were more than a mile from any assistance. The postilions said they could not return, neither could they proceed. The evening was setting in, and they advised that one of them should go to a small place that we had passed on the road and get some conveyance for me, as the road was in such a state it was impossible to walk. To this plan I assented, and after waiting a considerable time, the man returned with a miserable common cart, into which we got, and, accompanied by Baptiste, turned our steps toward the place. It was little more than a hovel, consisting of two rooms and a blacksmith's shop. One woman made her appearance, dirty, ugly, and ill-natured; and there were two or three very surly, ill-looking men, whose manners were far from prepossessing or kindly. Baptiste explained our dilemma and inquired if by any contrivance they could convey us back to the city. They answered doggedly that they could do no such thing, but if we chose to stay there they could make a wheel so that we could go on in the morning. I consulted with the servants and they both thought it a pity to return to the city. It would be midnight before I could procure a carriage to take me there. They were armed, and one could keep watch at the door of my chamber, and the other would sleep in the carriage, and this would prevent any accident. According to this plan, I had my little boy's bed brought in, and while he slept soundly my woman and I sat up, neither of us feeling very secure in the agreeable nest into which we had fallen. As I always had provisions in the carriage we made out to eat something before we started, and the next stage we took our coffee. Our wheel was very clumsy and not painted, but it answered all the purpose to carry us through the famous road which had been begun by Bonaparte from Kustrin, a fortress which we reached with much difficulty. On our way we met a travelling carriage laboring through the mud. The servant stopped our driver to ask concerning the desperate state of the road; and the gentleman inside inquired very politely of me how many times I had been upset? informing me that he had seven times been exposed to this accident. I could not help laughing at his doleful account, and told him, as I had not yet been so roughly dealt with, I hoped to escape the pleasure altogether. He informed me he was Count somebody, I do not remember what, and that he was on his way to St. Petersburg. I wished him better luck and we parted. At Kustrin we found a tolerable house, but were not allowed to go within the fort. To my utter astonishment I heard nothing but the praises of the gallantry of Napoleon and his officers, and great regret at the damage done to this beautiful fortress; and learnt that from thence I should travel over the most beautiful road in the world which had been completed by his order, and that it would all have been finished in the same way if the Allies had not driven him away. The desolation of this spot was unutterably dismal; and the guarded tone of the conversation, the suppressed sighs, the significant shrug, were all painful indications of the miseries of war, with all its train of horrors. The Cossacks! the dire Cossacks! were the perpetual theme, and the cheeks of the women blanched at the very name. We left Kustrin to pursue our journey, after the usual process of passports, etc., jogged on without any incident worth notice, excepting that one of the postilions pointed out to us the small house where that most lovely and interesting Queen Louisa of Prussia had stayed with her sick baby on their retreat from Berlin after the French had taken possession of that city. My heart thrilled with emotion for the sufferings of one whom I had so dearly loved, and I could not refrain from tears at the recital of her sufferings. We arrived safely at Berlin and I drove to the Hôtel de Russie and established myself there for a week. The carriage needed repairs and our clumsy wheel to be painted and Berlin was attractive to me. After an absence of fourteen years, I entered

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Berlin with the pleasant recollections of the past, and youth seemed again to be decked with rosy smiles and glad anticipation. I wrote a note immediately to one of my old friends, with a request to see her if disengaged, and waited with no little agitation to see one who had first known me as a young and blooming bride and who now perhaps might have lost all traces of the writer. And now I must make a digression and return to St. Petersburg to relate a singular circumstance which occurred the night but one before I started on my journey. I went by invitation to the Countess Colombe's to take tea with her and bid her farewell. We had been very intimate—she was a charming woman and was apparently attached both to my sister and myself. Much to her discomfort, I found a Russian lady there who had, uninvited, come to pass two or three days. Countess Apraxin was a fat, coarse woman, very talkative, full of scandal and full of the everlasting amusement so fashionable in Russian society, the *bonne aventure*. After tea she took the cards, and insisted, as I was going on a journey, that I should choose a Queen and let her read my destiny. I had never seen the woman before, and had never even heard her name until introduced to her that evening. I assented and she began. She rather reproachfully said it seemed that I was rejoiced to quit St. Petersburg; that I should soon meet those from whom I had long been separated, etc., etc.; that when I had achieved about half of my journey I should be much alarmed by a great change in the political world, in consequence of some extraordinary movement of a great character, which would produce utter consternation and set all Europe into violent commotion; that this circumstance which I should hear of on the road would necessitate a change in my plan, cause me great inconvenience, and render my journey very difficult, but that after all I should find my husband well, and that we should have a joyous meeting after so long an absence. I laughed and thanked her, and assured her that, notwithstanding her skill, I had no fear of the possibility of such an occurrence, as I was too insignificant, and the arrangements for my journey too simple to attract notice; and I was quite satisfied that I should accomplish it if I escaped accidents without meeting any obstacles of the kind predicted, more especially as it was a time of peace; and we were all very merry and in admiration of the skill which had inspired her with such a string of absurdities. I took my leave, the Countesses mutually expressing the kindest wishes for my happiness, and the fortune-teller desiring me to remember what she had predicted, to which I responded I could never forget her. I note this because it was an amusing and an undoubted fact, and I was forced by circumstances to remember it every moment during the latter part of my journey.

Countess Pauline de Neale flew to meet me with all the friendly affection which she had formerly shown me. We made arrangements to visit the Princesses Ferdinand and Louise Radziwill, and also some of my old friends. We did not part until late, with a mutual agreement that she would pass as much time as possible with me while I stayed at Berlin. After a night of refreshing sleep I arose and prepared to visit my friends, ordering a carriage to be ready at the proper hour, and gave all the necessary directions for the repairs of my own berline to be despatched as quickly as possible so as not to delay me in that city where my inclination prompted me too much to loiter. Everything in the city looked much as I had left it fourteen years before, excepting the manners and dress of the people. All the nationality of the costume had disappeared, and French was almost universally spoken. It was the same city that I had left in all its bearings. The beautiful Linden Strasse, the fine Brandenburg gates, the bridges, the palaces, all spoke of former times; but yet it was cold and flat and dull, and there was a foreign air about it which damped the pleasure I felt in revisiting the scenes of my youth. The perfect stillness seemed to cast a gloom over all the scenes which had once been so gay and brilliant, while gladdened by the smiles of affability of the young Queen Louisa, who won all hearts by her lovely manners and extraordinary beauty. She was gone, but her image was associated in my mind with every surrounding object, contrasting with vivid sadness the

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present and the past. According to appointment, we waited on the Princesses, who received me with all their wonted kindness. The Princess Ferdinand invited me to dine and the Princess Louisa invited me to pass every evening at her palace while I stayed in Berlin when it did not interfere with other engagements. She laughingly said that though she could not entertain me as she used to do, she would give me two dishes for my supper, and a hearty welcome; no toilet was necessary, and she would show me her daughter, a lovely little creature and an only one; her husband and sons were at Vienna with the King, and that the great of Berlin had suffered so much from the war that there was no pretension of state among them, and they were glad to see their friends socially. I expressed my thanks for this flattering kindness shown me by her invitation, of which I should avail myself; and at the same time expressed my regret for the absence of the King and Prince, to whom I should have been happy to have paid my respects, and to have returned my thanks for much kindness received from them during my residence in that city, for which I retained a most grateful sense. I made my *congé* and departed, to meet again in the evening. The Princess was as little altered as possible considering that time had not strewed roses in her path, but though the thorns had left some trace of wounds, they had also left traces of a softer shade of character on her face than that which she possessed in the brilliancy of youth and the appanage of splendid royalty. My friends greeted me with the most unaffected warmth and my reception was that of a separated and beloved sister. Each vied with the other in marks of attachment, making my stay a succession of delights. I saw all that was worthy of visiting, but the object of most interest was the mausoleum of the Queen at Charlottenburg in all its beauty, decorated with greenhouse plants embowering the statue of the Queen, which, though beautiful, did not at all convey the idea of the exquisite original. The lovely shrubs were tastefully arranged and the unfading emblems spoke of the undying love and respect of her subjects. How many interesting anecdotes I heard from the lips of the Princess concerning the war! more especially of the famed retreat of the too ambitious and suffering French. She rejoiced in their defeat, but she felt as a Christian, and she would permit no harsh and degrading language to be used in her presence; for the really great had fallen, and their punishment had overtaken them in all the horrors that unmitigated suffering could inflict, in addition to mortification and disgrace beyond the power of language to describe. She told me that one day she received a note on a dirty bit of paper entreating her most earnestly to admit a person in great distress. That if she granted his petition she must see him alone, and with the greatest secrecy, as his life depended on his not being known. At first she hesitated, but, learning from sad experience how much misery lurked abroad, she inquired where the person was and was told that a lady who appeared in much trouble was waiting for admission. In a few minutes the person was introduced, veiled and dressed in a blue satin pelisse, who, immediately after she had dismissed her attendants, fell at her feet, and implored her assistance, as he was almost famished, had no clothes to his back but the dress which he wore, given to him in charity by a lady, I believe, at Vilna, as a disguise in which to save his life. It was the Count de Narbone, with whom she had been most intimate when Minister at Berlin some years before, who was flying from the armies in this utter and abject misery, who had thrown himself upon her mercy to obtain the means of reaching Magdeburg. Prussia had not yet become the avowed enemy of Napoleon, and she gave him money and clothes and food and took leave of him forever. He was one of the Master Diplomatists of the age, famed for his dress and the elegance of his manners. He was killed at Torgau by a fall from his horse. One evening she invited the Princess Wilhelm with a small party. I was introduced. She was very handsome. We sat around the table with our work, chatting, when the Princess Louisa asked me if I did not think the color of her gown was very gay? I acquiesced and admired the richness of the silk. She laughed and observed that she was rather too old to wear a bright couleur de rose; but she loved the

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dress and must wear it, as it was a present from her son, who had purchased it with the first money which he had ever owned and been allowed to spend independently; and he had immediately, on his arrival at Paris, gone to a mercer's and chosen it himself as a first offering to a mother he adored. Of my visit to Berlin I could write a volume. The Bruhls, the De Neales, the Leinertzs, De Bergs, Hardenbergs, Hadzfeldts, Bischoffwerders, Colofkins, and many, many more are names never to be forgotten by me, but always spoken with affection and respect.

Count Caraman gave me a new passport, as I was not satisfied with the one given to me by the Count de Noailles, the Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and I again prepared to sally forth on my journey, having settled my accounts with Mr. Sheikler, and engaged the sympathy of the De Neales in favor of Captain Norman, an American whom I had found dying of a fever in the upper story of the hotel for want of care and attention. Early in the morning I left the city of Berlin for the last time with feelings of gratitude and regret. There I had felt at home; all the softer sympathies of humanity had been reawakened in my heart into life and animation, and the sterile heartlessness of a Russian residence of icy coldness was thawed into joyous satisfaction and melted into affection by the kind testimonials of friends by whom I had believed myself long since forgotten. In St. Petersburg upward of five years I had lived as a stranger to all but the kind regards of the Imperial family; and I quitted its gaudy loneliness without a sigh.

The roads were through deep sands amid pine barren woods. We proceeded quietly on our route, occasionally meeting small straggling parties of disbanded soldiers loitering home, which meetings were by no means relished by any of us. In the evening after dark I used to put on my son's military cap and tall feather, and lay his sword across the window of the carriage; as I had been told that anything that looked military escaped from insult. My two servants rode on the box armed, and I was always careful to put away my insignia before I came to any house. My friends in Berlin had advised me to avoid Leipsic, as I should have to cross the battle-field so celebrated a year before; and we took the route, I think, to Eisenach, a fortified town, once probably strong, but now in ruins, miserably conditioned, but guarded at its dilapidated gates by soldiers. Being much fatigued, I passed the night there, and was exceedingly astonished to learn from the master of the house that a "rumor had just arrived of the return of Napoleon from Elba to France; which he said created many jokes, as he was known to be very securely imprisoned on the island!" "But such a rumor was abroad, and in everybody's mouth!" I started with astonishment. True or false, the coincidence was strange, and the fortune-telling of Countess Apraxin, in spite of reason, recurred for the first time to my mind and startled my imagination. I went to bed quite exhausted, and for the first time left my purse with gold and silver in it on the table. My child's nurse, who had proved perfectly honest, slept in the same chamber with me and my boy. She had lived thirty years with Madame Colombi, and had some property with which she wished to return to her relations in Paris and spend it among them. She had carefully locked the doors on our going to bed, but when I rose in the morning the lamp was gone out of the chamber with the gold, but the purse laid empty where I had left it. I ordered the carriage immediately and again we pursued our route toward Frankfort-on-the-Main, to which place my banker at Berlin had urged me strongly to go, and had given me letters of introduction to two or three families of his friends. Wherever we stopped to change horses we heard of the return of Napoleon, and when we arrived at Hanau we found that it was received with less doubt, and measures were already supposed to be adopted for calling together the disbanded troops. About a mile before we reached the town I had observed several small mounds marked with crosses on the sides of the road, like graves. We entered on a wide extended plain, over which, as far as the eye could reach, were scattered remnants of boots, clothes, and hats or caps, with an immense quantity of bones bleaching in all directions in a field which appeared to have been newly ploughed. My heart throbbed and

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I felt a sensation of deadly sickness with a fear that I should faint, guessing where I was, when the postilions pointed to a board indicating that this was the famous battle where the Bavarians had turned upon Napoleon, and 10,000 men were left upon the ensanguined plain. Conceive my horror at the loathing sight of such a butchery! My spirit sank within me and I asked, Lord, what is man that he should thus destroy? as fancy realized the tortures, suffering, and anguish thus forced upon my eyes with all the ghastly relics of the dead exposed with savage barbarity to the view. At Hanau, a strongly fortified town, the news of the return of Napoleon was confirmed, and I was closely questioned, and could with difficulty procure horses, for which I was delayed three or four hours. During this time my hosts were very civil and attentive. They spoke French fluently, and took great pains to point out to me the wonders that had been performed by Napoleon and the remnant of his army—three times they were beaten back while attempting to cross the river, but at last succeeded, I believe, by fording the river, the bridge having been burnt, and obtained possession of the town. They showed me where their house had been struck by three cannon-balls during the action, and although evident sufferers by these dreadful exploits, boasted that the French officers quartered there; a fact of which they seemed very proud. One of the most remarkable things attending this journey: my ears were constantly saluted with the praises of the French, and but little of the allied armies. There is in human nature a moral antipathy to treachery even against our worst enemies; and, however we may be led into the support of it by artificial excitement, in moments of quiet and deliberation we are revolted by its atrocity. Suffering and devastation had followed their steps; but the far renowned horrors and cruelties of the ruffian Cossacks had traced every line with blood, and, in the blackness of their infernal deeds, whitewashed all minor crimes from their minds—friends and foes suffered alike from these ruthless miscreants and they were always mentioned with whispered execrations.

At this place I observed that my servants began to be anxious and restless, and frequently talked about conscripts and a renewal of the war, for which neither of them appeared to have any taste.

Soldiers were mustering in every direction, and there was a life and animation altogether different from the dull monotony of the former part of my journey, which had hitherto rendered my travel uninteresting. Feeling anxious and uneasy, I pushed on with all the celerity that tolerable roads and good horses would permit, six of which were always forced on me by the postmasters, and should have found many agreeable objects to attract my attention if my mind had been more at ease. I arrived safely at Frankfort-on-the-Main and sent my letters to my banker, a new dilemma of a very serious nature having occurred which was likely to terminate my journey for some time. My two servants requested to speak to me, and informed me that circumstances having entirely changed since they entered into their engagement to attend me to Paris, in consequence of Napoleon's return, they must quit my service. They preferred to remain at Frankfort to going any farther, as they should there find it more easy to obtain a service. I could not compel them to stay with me. No bribe could induce them to go on in their panic, and I was under the necessity of asking them to wait before they came to a final conclusion until I had seen my banker, with whom I would talk upon the subject. He came to see me almost immediately after the receipt of my letter, and I informed him of my difficulty. He was very polite, and urged me very strongly to remain at Frankfort for a few days and he would endeavor to make suitable arrangements for me. He said the consternation was universal; that it would be very difficult to find substitutes for the servants who were determined to leave me, and that my position was so peculiarly unpleasant he thought it required great prudence in my arrangements. I insisted that it would be better for me to get to France as soon as possible before the armies could be prepared to move, as I should possibly meet my husband on the frontier, and every moment would add to the difficulty should I delay. At present the panic itself would prove advan-

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tageous, as it would require time for the different governments to form plans and ascertain events or take any decisive measures. He agreed with me in my opinion, but said that troops would immediately be assembled and ordered to the frontier directly by way of precaution. As most of them had been disbanded, it would require time to collect them, but that there was always danger from stragglers. He advised on the whole that it would be best to proceed, but thought I should entirely change my route for one more circuitous but safer, and more likely to prove quiet, for which he would give me a plan, and he would seek for some person to accompany me. I was to start in the afternoon of the ensuing day. When he came again he brought a Prussian lad of fourteen, the only creature he could find willing to go, and, after arranging my money matters, he put me into the carriage and directed the postilions as to the route which we were to take, and parted with me with the kindest wishes. All went on very well. The boy proved very smart and active, but I thought it more prudent to take him inside the carriage for fear of indiscretion. He had, though so young, been in the recent Russian campaign as servant to a Russian officer, and told me a great many anecdotes concerning Napoleon during the retreat. Of his sitting on the bare ground among his soldiers to warm himself. Of his partaking of their poor miserable soup when they had any. His inexhaustible kindness to his men, etc., etc., in their misery. At the same time he expressed the greatest hatred of the man, with all the petulance of boyish passion. It was singular and amusing to watch the workings of this young mind, swayed equally by admiration and detestation uttered in the strong language of natural feeling.

At Carlsruhe I stopped at a very good house, intending to visit Princess Amalia of Baden and Miss Bode. I sent to the palace to inquire if I could see them. The servant returned and informed me that the Empress of Russia and her sister had left Carlsruhe the day before for Munich, and the Grand Duchess of Baden was the only person at Court. As I had no one to introduce me, I ordered my dinner, and concluded to prosecute my journey in the afternoon. I was cruelly disappointed, as I hoped to obtain both information and protection which would have been profitable on the road. While I was at table the master of the inn came in and informed us that a courier had brought the news that Napoleon had been taken prisoner and immediately shot. He said the news might be relied on, for it was brought express to the palace. I heard an exclamation of horror, and turning round saw the boy whom I had hired pale and half fainting. He looked piteously at me, crying, "O, that great man! I did not expect that!" Fortunately the innkeeper had left the room, or he might have supposed me some violent Bonapartist, and the report would have been very unfavorable to my proceedings. At four o'clock I was again on my way, and pursued my course through the Duchy of Baden without interruption or accident. Wagons of every description full of soldiers were continually rushing toward the frontier, roaring national songs, and apparently in great glee at the idea of a renewal of hostilities. When I retrace my movements through this long and really arduous journey, I cannot humble myself too much in thankful adoration to the Providence which shielded me from all dangers and inspired me with that unswerving faith which teaches to seek for protection from above. Thus far not a word or look had been unpleasant, and could I have divested myself of that restless anxiety for the future which pervades all mankind, I should have enjoyed the perpetual varieties and changes constantly offered to my view. As it is, I can only give a brief sketch of the road, and I fear very often with a defective geography.

We reached the Fortress of Kiel, opposite to Strasburg on the Rhine, and here I was questioned and troubled, and after some delay permitted to cross, which we accomplished with success, and landed in safety. Here again I was stopped; my passports demanded, my baggage taken off, etc. The officer in command recommended me to an excellent hotel, and politely told me he would wait on me there. The house was excellent; and the master of it came immediately to me

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to receive my directions, etc. I requested him to dismiss the horses and drivers and that if he was at leisure I should be glad to consult him. He was a very respectable man of fifty years old or upward, and in manner very gentlemanly. He told me the officer would probably ask for letters and papers; and that as the moment was very critical, I had better cut the seals before they took them, and in that state they would not read them, but suffer me to retain them. Here I found the passports furnished me by Count Caraman of the greatest service, as his name was popular and well known. That of Mons. de Noaille being just the reverse. The officer came and informed me that my baggage would be allowed to pass and that my passports would be indorsed, etc., and returned to me in the proper form. He said the country was in a very unsettled state and that it would require great prudence and caution in the pursuit of my journey to Paris. Strasburg was very quiet, but it was impossible to foresee how long it would continue. The Emperor had certainly returned and was then on his way to the capital. I thanked him for his politeness; informed him it was my intention to remain at Strasburg for a day at least before I prosecuted my journey. The master of the hotel then came to me, and I represented to him the great difficulty I should find to travel without a man-servant, and urged him to seek a respectable and confidential person to go with me as far as Paris. That I would remunerate him handsomely and pay his expenses back, as the moment I met my husband, I should have no occasion for his services; that I must rely entirely upon the discretion of this person in the management and arrangement of my route, and should depend on him for advice and assistance. He said such a person would be very difficult to find, but that he had such a man in view, that he would see him directly and prevail upon him to undertake the charge. After dinner I took a walk with my son. The town is very pretty and I have sometimes thought that Worcester in Massachusetts looks a little like it. In the evening the master of the house (I have forgotten his name) introduced a most respectable-looking person, the man he had recommended, and we immediately entered into engagements. I requested him to see that the carriage was in order, and told him that on the next morning but one I intended to depart for Paris, and to go on with as much rapidity as possible. He said he would be ready at the appointed time, and asked if the boy was to proceed with me, and I had him up to know if he would not prefer to be discharged there and to return home. He said no! his object was to find his old master in Paris, and that he would rather go on. As he had rendered me good service I could not refuse this, and a condition was made by Dupin, that he was not to talk at any of the houses where we might stay, and that he was either to be under my eye or his at all times, to which he readily agreed. The woman who attended me was a quiet and respectable person, upward of fifty and very plain in person and manners and very steady. In the former part of my journey she was of great use to me; but as she spoke no German, she could not be troublesome now. The day at Strasburg was very tedious. My health was dreadful and the excessive desire which I felt to terminate this long and arduous journey absolutely made me sick. I had been absent a year from my husband and five long, long years and a half from my two eldest-born sons, whom I had left in America with their grandparents. War had intervened and free communication, in addition to the accustomed impediments from the climate, had conduced to add to my anxieties. Every letter had brought me accounts of the loss of near and dear relatives whom I never more should see, had made me timid; and nothing but the buoyant hope of soon embracing those long separated and loved, sustained me through the fatigue and excitement to which I was necessarily exposed.

We pursued our course without impediment until one o'clock in the morning, when the postilions insisted on my stopping at a homely house, to which proposition I acceded very unwillingly. My servant made me a sign, and said he thought it would be advisable to wait there until daylight, and I could procure some refreshment for myself and my son. We drove up to a miserable place, evi-

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dently unused to good company, and were ushered into a long, narrow, dirty room, with a dirty deal table extending the length of it nearly, at which were sitting on wooden benches several ill-looking surly men. Here I was obliged to sit while they procured us a little milk, the only thing we could get. Charles seemed very much frightened as these men asked him several questions and I was obliged to tell them that the child was too sleepy to talk. Dupin took the opportunity to ask if I could have some chamber where I could put the child to bed, and a door was opened into an adjoining room, if possible more uncomfortable than the one we had left. In this chamber my maid and I passed the night, without going to bed and heard the threatening conversation of our neighbors, and the boasts of what Napoleon was to do now that he had arrived to drive out Louis XVIII. and his beggarly crew. Our postilions were vociferous in their exclamations; and there were many bitter anathemas against the Allied Sovereigns and the horrible Cossacks. I rejoiced when day broke and I found myself once more safely seated in my carriage, and we renewed our journey with fresh spirits. I was much pleased with the conduct of Dupin, who appeared to me to be a very judicious person, possessing all the tact requisite to avoid threatened trouble, with a calm smoothness of manner which enforced respect and defied suspicion. At Nancy we stopped only to change horses. The square was full of troops, who were mustering to make preparations for joining the Emperor. Dupin told me that if we made good speed, we should keep in advance of them all the way, as it would require some hours for their preparation, and that we should reach Paris with ease before they could get half way there. On we drove and at night lodged at Château Thierry. We got good beds and comfortable lodgings; but poor Charles was much annoyed by a gendarme, who told him he must be a very good boy and not speak a word on the road, for that little children of his age often did much mischief. He was very inquisitive, expressed great astonishment at my travelling to Paris in such a state of things, and seemed by no means satisfied with my answers, which were very simple.

The next morning we again set forward; the weather fine, everything quiet, the roads good and all of us in renewed strength and spirits; everything seemed propitious. We thought we would stop to dine at Épernay. There I was very comfortable; we had a capital dinner and the waiter insisted on bringing me a bottle of champagne, as this was the Champagne country, and he was sure I could not get such in Paris. He would take no denial, and at last I consented to taste it, and it certainly was superior to any I have ever tasted, before or since. In less than an hour we were again on our way. He told me that the people of the town did not expect the troops to pass until the next day and that I need not hurry. We had gone about a mile and a half when we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of the Imperial Guards, who were on their way to meet the Emperor. The first notice I had of my danger was hearing the most horrid curses and dreadful language from a number of women, who appeared to be following the troops. Madame Babet was as pale as death and trembled excessively. Presently I heard these wretches cry out: "Tear them out of the carriage, they are Russians, take them out, kill them." At this moment a party of the soldiers seized hold of the horses and turned their guns against the drivers. I sat in agony of apprehension, but had presence of mind enough to take out my passports. A general officer, with his staff, consisting of four or five, immediately rode up to the carriage and addressed me. I presented my passports and he called out that I was an American lady going to meet her husband in Paris, at which the soldiers shouted "vive les Americains"—and desired that I should cry "Vive Napoléon!" which I did, waving my handkerchief; they repeated their first cry, adding "ils sont nos amis." A number of soldiers were ordered to march before the horses, and if we attempted to push on out of a walk, the order was to fire on us directly. The General and his suite rode on each side of the carriage. He told me my situation was a very precarious one; the army was totally undisciplined, that they would not obey a single order;

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that I must appear perfectly easy and unconcerned; and whenever they shouted I must repeat the "Vives." That when we arrived at the post house he would use his influence with the lady of the house to admit me to pass the night, and advised that the next morning I should delay my departure until the troops had all passed, and then take a circuitous route to Paris; as the whole army would be in motion to greet the Emperor.

I thanked him sincerely for his kind attention, and assured him I was ready to follow his advice. He complimented me on my manner of speaking French, and said that my perfect knowledge of the language would contribute much to my safety, as no one would believe me to be a foreigner. My poor boy seemed to be absolutely petrified, and sat by my side like a marble statue. God in His great mercy seemed to give me strength in this trying emergency; for excepting a heightened and glowing color in my cheeks there was no evidence of fear or trepidation; yet my heart might have been heard to beat, as its convulsive throbbings heaved against my side. In this way we journeyed; the soldiers presenting their bayonets at my people with loud and brutal threats every half hour. The road lined on each side for miles with intoxicated men, rife for every species of villainy, shouting and vociferating: "À bas Louis dix huit! vive Napoléon!" At twelve o'clock at night we reached the Post-house — General Michell (or, Michaux, I think was his name) spoke to the lady of the house and she refused to take me in. At length he awakened her sympathy, and she consented provided I would agree to remain in a dark room, have my people concealed, and my offending Russian coach hid in some place where it would be unsuspected. To all this I gladly assented, how thankfully may readily be conceived. I was almost exhausted by the exertions of the day to master my feelings, and could not have borne up much longer. I was put into a comfortable room, a good fire was made up, the shutters were closely barred, and a very kind old gentleman came and encouraged me with the hopes that we should get through the night without further molestation. The General had gone on with the troops, whose great object was to reach Toul, where Victor the Duc de Bellune was in command. The cause of my detention was the fear that, if he had information of their march, he would close the gates of the fortress against them, he having refused to sustain the Emperor on his landing. I was very ill all night. Headache and sickness made it impossible to sleep could I have divested myself of fear, which was out of the question, as the soldiers were crowding into the house all night, drinking and swearing, and making the most uproarious noises. The lady of the house came to my chamber followed by a woman with coffee and refreshments; expressed her regret at the necessity of depriving me of lights and at the impossibility of her remaining with me—but the moment was so critical—she had had some casks of wine broached, and brought out to amuse the soldiers, and she must be there to "debiter des plaisanteries," to joke with them, or else she feared they might plunder her house. She was a comely, fresh-looking woman of forty, of an assured and prompt spirit, and full of the sprightly vivacity and readiness of playful wit which gives such a charm to French manners. Charles had fallen asleep, but Madame Babet, the nurse, really appeared to have lost her senses. She clasped her hands continually while the tears rolled down her cheeks, crying out that the Revolution was begun again, and that this was only the beginning of the renewal of its horrors. During my stay in my chamber, these ferocious creatures had attacked the poor boy who was in my service with a bayonet, and forced him to burn his Prussian military cap, and it was with great difficulty his life was saved by the dexterity of the hostess. Until five o'clock in the morning it was utterly impossible to feel a moment of ease or safety. After that time the doors were barred, and although stragglers frequently roared for admission and thundered at the door, no notice was taken, and we at last obtained some repose. At nine o'clock I ordered preparations to be made for our departure. The master of the house recommending me to go to Châtillon-sur-Marne, and when there I could make suitable arrangements for the remainder of the jour-

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ney. I endeavored as well as I could to express the deep sense I entertained of the obligation conferred on me, to which he replied very handsomely, declaring that they felt a deep interest for me, and kindly insisting that I should prolong my stay for two or three days. They did not keep a house of entertainment, but would be happy to receive me as a visitor. With the most heartfelt thanks I assured them of my gratitude for their very considerate kindness, and after taking an excellent breakfast, sat out once more on our journey, which, according to the old adage, proved that "the longest way round was the shortest way home." We took our route to Châtillon, where we arrived in the evening. Here some passengers in the diligence informed me that I had better not go on to Paris, as there were 40,000 men before the gates and a battle was expected. This news startled me very much, but on cool reflection I thought it best to persevere. I was travelling at great expense, a thing quite unsuitable to the paltry salary of an American Minister, and I was sure that if there was any danger Mr. Adams would have come to meet me, or by some means conveyed intelligence to guide my route. Still, as I had been under the necessity of changing my road, I could not be sure that he had heard from me at Strasburg. I consulted with Dupin, and he suggested the best plan, which was to push on to the environs of Paris, and if the difficulty occurred I should be within the means of communication. He told me that in consequence of my being the only traveller going to Paris, and my being compelled to use six horses, a whisper was abroad that I was one of Napoleon's sisters, Princess Stephanie, hastening to meet him, and that this idea was so favorable to the promotion of my success, that he was very mysterious, and only shrugged his shoulders and smiled at the suggestion. My six horses contributed somewhat to this notion and proved very advantageous. It rained heavily and the place was gloomy. On we went again the day following to Sens, and from thence to Meaux, where I arrived the 21st of March. Here I dined. The mistress of the house told me the most dismal tales of the atrocities of the Cossacks. The furniture of the house was almost in ruins, and she showed me the graves of six of the most beautiful young girls of the place, who had fallen victims to the murderous horrors of savage and desolating war, with all its detestable concomitants. They were laid side by side.

I was again on my way to Paris when I observed a man on horseback a little behind us, who appeared to be making prodigious haste and violent efforts to overtake us. With a mind already in some measure prepared for some catastrophe, and in the forest of Bondy, so celebrated for banditti, it was natural that I should anticipate some disagreeable adventure. My courage was fast oozing out, when by some accident the postilions slackened their pace, and my imaginary highwayman came up very politely and informed me that "for the last half hour he had been apprehensive that we should be overset, as the hind wheel of my carriage was nearly off." We thanked him for his timely notice and he rode off. Dupin examined into the thing, and the only resource was to fasten it as well as they could and to turn back to get it repaired. The necessary repairs were achieved, and notwithstanding it was late in the evening, we again penetrated through what was once the wild forest of Bondy, and arrived in perfect safety at the gates of Paris, and were soon after eleven o'clock set down at the Hôtel du Nord, Rue de Richelieu. My husband was perfectly astonished at my adventures, as everything was quiet in Paris, and he had never realized the consequences of the general panic in any other place. My poor waiting-woman went to her friends the next morning. The fright she had undergone was too severe, and she was laid up with brain fever, from which two months after, when I left Paris, she had not recovered. I am almost ashamed of the egotism of this detailed narrative, but a traveller cannot avoid speaking in the first person while relating his own history—and this must plead my apology. I was carried through my journey and trials by the mercy of a kind Providence, and by the conviction that weakness, either of body or mind, would only render my difficulties greater and make matters worse.

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THE WITNESSES

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION BY B. R. CAMPBELL

THE old clergyman sighed and closed the volume of "Browne on The Thirty-nine Articles," and pushed it from him on the table. He could not tell what the words meant; he could not keep his mind tense enough to follow an argument of three sentences. It must be that he was very tired. He looked into the fire, which was burning badly, and about the bare, little, dusty study, and realized suddenly that he was tired all the way through, body and soul. And swiftly, by way of the leak which that admission made in the sea-wall of his courage, rushed in an ocean of depression. It had been a hard, bad day. Two people had given up their pews in the little church which needed so urgently every ounce of support that held it. And the junior warden, the one rich man of the parish, had come in before service in the afternoon to complain of the music. If that knife-edged soprano did not go, he said, he was afraid he should have to go himself; it was impossible to have his nerves scraped to the raw every Sunday.

The old clergyman knew very little about music, but he remembered that his ear had been uncomfortably jarred by sounds from the choir, and that he had turned once and looked at them, and wondered if someone had made a mistake, and who it was. It must be, then, that dear Miss Barlow, who had sung so faithfully in St. John's for twenty-five years, was perhaps growing old. But how could he tell her so; how could he deal such a blow to her kind heart, her simple pride and interest in her work? He was growing old, too.

His sensitive mouth curved downward as he stared into the smoldering fire, and let himself, for this one time out of many times he had resisted, face the facts. It was not Miss Barlow and the poor music; it was not that the church was badly heated, as one of the ex-pewholders had said, nor that it was badly situated, as another had claimed; it was something of deeper, wider significance, a broken foundation, that made the ugly, widening crack all through the height of the tower. It was his own inefficiency. The church was going steadily down, and he was powerless to lift it. His old enthusiasm, devotion, confidence—what had become of them? They seemed to have slipped by slow degrees, through the unsuccessful years, out of his soul, and in their place was a dull distrust of himself; almost—God forgive him—distrust in God's kindness. He had worked with his might all the years of his life, and what he had to show for it was a poor, lukewarm parish, a diminished congregation, debt—to put it in one dreadful word, failure!

By the pitiless searchlight of hopelessness, he saw himself for the first time as he was—surely devoted and sincere, but narrow, limited, a man lacking outward expression of inward and spiritual grace. He had never had the gift to win hearts. That had not troubled him much, earlier, but lately he had longed for a little appreciation, a little human love, some sign that he had not worked always in vain. He remembered the few times that people had stopped after service to praise his sermons, and to-night he remembered not so much the glow at his heart that the kind words had brought, as the fact that those times had been very few. He did not preach good sermons; he faced that now, unflinchingly. He was not broad minded; new thoughts were unattractive, hard for him to assimilate; he had championed always theories that were going out of fashion, and the half-consciousness of it put him ever on the defensive; when most he wished to be gentle, there was something in his manner which antagonized. As he looked back over his colorless, conscientious past, it seemed to him that his life was a failure. The souls he had reached, the work he had done with

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such infinite effort—it might all have been done better and easily by another man. He would not begrudge his strength and his years burned freely in the sacred fire, if he might know that the flame had shone even faintly in dark places, that the heat had warmed but a little the hearts of men. But—he smiled grimly at the logs in front of him, in the small, cheap, black marble fireplace—his influence was much like that, he thought, cold, dull, ugly with uncertain smoke. He, who was not worthy, had dared to consecrate himself to a high service, and it was his reasonable punishment that his life had been useless.

Like a stab came back the thought of the junior warden, of the two more empty pews, and then the thought, in irresistible self-pity, of how hard he had tried, how well he had meant, how much he had given up, and he felt his eyes filling with a man's painful, bitter tears. There had been so little beauty, reward, in his whole past. Once, thirty years before, he had gone abroad for six weeks, and he remembered the trip with a thrill of wonder that anything so lovely could have come into his sombre life—the voyage, the bit of travel, the new countries, the old cities, the expansion, broadening of mind he had felt for a time as its result. More than all, the delight of the people whom he had met, the unused experience of being understood at once, of light touch and easy flexibility, possible, as he had not known before, with good and serious qualities. One man, above all, he had never forgotten. It had been a pleasant memory always to have known him, to have been friends with him even, for he had felt to his own surprise and joy, that something in him attracted this man of men. He had followed the other's career, a career full of success unabused, of power grandly used, of responsibility lifted with a will. He stood over thousands and ruled rightly—a true prince among men. Somewhat too broad, too free in his thinking—the old clergyman deplored that fault—yet a man might not be perfect. It was pleasant to know that this strong and good soul was in the world and was happy; he had seen him once with his son, and the boy's fine, sensitive face, his honest eyes, and pretty deference of manner, his pride, too, in his distinguished father, were surely a guaranty of happiness. The old man felt a sudden generous gladness that if some lives must be wasted, yet some might be, like this man's whom he had once known, full of beauty and service. It would be good if he might add a drop to the cup of happiness which meant happiness to so many—and then he smiled at his foolish thought. That he should think of helping that other—a man of so little importance to help a man of so much! And suddenly again he felt tears that welled up hotly.

He put his gray head, with its scanty, carefully brushed hair, back against the support of the worn arm-chair, and shut his eyes to keep them back. He would try not to be cowardly. Then, with the closing of the soul-windows, mental and physical fatigue brought their own gentle healing, and in the cold, little study, bare, even, of many books, with the fire smoldering cheerlessly before him, he fell asleep.

. . . . . .

A few miles away, in a suburb of the same great city, in a large library peopled with books, luxurious with pictures and soft-toned rugs and carved dark furniture, a man sat staring into the fire. The six-foot logs crackled and roared up the chimney, and the blaze lighted the wide, dignified room. From the high chimney-piece, that had been the feature of a great hall in Florence two centuries before, grotesque heads of black oak looked down with a gaze which seemed weighted with age-old wisdom and cynicism, at the man's sad face. The glow of the lamp, shining like a huge gray-green jewel, lighted unobtrusively the generous sweep of table at his right hand, and on it were books whose presence meant the thought of a scholar and the broad interests of a man of affairs. Each detail of the great room, if there had been an observer of its quiet perfection, had an importance of its own, yet each exquisite belonging fell swiftly into the dimness of the background of a picture when one saw the man who was the master. Among a thousand picked men, his face and figure would have been distinguished. People did not call him old, for the alertness and force of youth radiated from him, and his gray eyes were clear and his color fresh, yet the face was lined heavily, and the thick thatch of hair shone in the firelight

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silvery white. Face and figure were full of character and breeding, of life lived to its utmost, of will, responsibility, success. Yet to-night the spring of the mechanism seemed broken, and the noble head lay back against the brown leather of his deep chair as listlessly as a tired girl's. He watched the dry wood of the fire as it blazed and fell apart and blazed up brightly again, yet his eyes did not seem to see it—their absorbed gaze was inward.

The distant door of the room swung open, but the man did not hear, and, his head and face shining clear cut like a cameo against the dark leather, hands stretched nervelessly along the arms of the chair, eyes gazing gloomily into the heart of the flame, he was still. A young man, brilliant with strength, yet with a worn air about him, and deep circles under his eyes, stood inside the room and looked at him a long minute—those two in the silence. The fire crackled cheerfully and the old man sighed.

"Father!" said the young fellow by the door, quickly.

In a second the man's whole pose changed, and he sat intense, staring, while the son came toward him and stood across the rug, against the dark wood of the Florentine fireplace, a picture of young manhood which any father would be proud to own.

"Of course, I don't know if you want me, father," he said, "but I've come to tell you that I'll be a good boy, if you do."

The gentle, half-joking manner was very winning, and the play of his words was trembling with earnest. The older man's face shone as if lamps were lighted behind his eyes.

"If I want you, Ted!" he said, and held out his hand.

With a quick step forward the lad caught it, and then, with pretty impulsiveness, as if his childhood came back to him on the flood of feeling unashamed, bent down and kissed him. As he stood erect again he laughed a little, but the muscles of his face were working, and there were tears in his eyes. With a swift movement he had drawn a chair, and the two sat quiet a moment, looking at each other in deep and silent content to be there so, together.

"Yesterday I thought I'd never see you again this way," said the boy; and his father only smiled at him, satisfied as yet without words. The son went on, his eager, stirred feelings crowding to his lips. "There isn't any question great enough, there isn't any quarrel big enough, to keep us apart, I think, father. I found that out this afternoon. When a chap has a father like you, who has given him a childhood and a youth like mine——" The young voice stopped, trembling. In a moment he had mastered himself. "I'll probably never be able to talk to you like this again, so I want to say it all now. I want to say that I know, beyond doubt, that you would never decide anything, as I would, on impulse, or prejudice, or from any motives but the highest. I know how well-balanced you are, and how firmly your reason holds your feelings. So it's a question between your judgment and mine—and I'm going to trust yours. You may know me better than I know myself, and anyway you're more to me than any career, though I did think—but we won't discuss it again. It would have been a tremendous risk, of course, and it shall be as you say. I found out this afternoon how much of my life you were," he repeated.

The older man kept his eyes fixed on the dark, sensitive glowing young face, as if they were thirsty for the sight. "What do you mean by finding it out this afternoon, Ted? Did anything happen to you?"

The young fellow turned his eyes, that were still a bit wet with the tears, to his father's face, and they shone like brown stars. "It was a queer thing," he said, earnestly. "It was the sort of thing you read in stories—almost like," he hesitated, "like Providence, you know. I'll tell you about it; see if you don't think so. Two days ago, when I—when I left you, father—I caught a train to the city and went straight to the club, from habit, I suppose, and because I was too dazed and wretched to think. Of course, I found a grist of men there, and they wouldn't let me go. I told them I was ill, but they laughed at me. I don't remember just what I did, for I was in a bad dream, but I was about with them, and more men I knew kept turning up—I couldn't seem to escape my friends. Even if I stayed in my room, they hunted me up. So this morning I shifted to the Oriental, and shut myself up in my room there, and tried to think and plan. But I felt pretty rotten, and I couldn't see daylight, so I went down to

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lunch, and who should be at the next table but the Dangerfields, the whole outfit, just back from England and bursting with cheerfulness! They made me lunch with them, and it was ghastly to rattle along feeling as I did, but I got away as soon as I decently could—rather sooner, I think—and went for a walk, hoping the air would clear my head. I tramped miles—oh, a long time, but it seemed not to do any good; I felt deadlier and more hopeless than ever—I haven't been very comfortable fighting you." He stopped a minute, and his tired face turned to his father's with a smile of very winning gentleness.

The father tried to speak, but his voice caught harshly. Then, "We'll make it up, Ted," he said, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

The young fellow, as if that touch had silenced him, gazed into the fire thoughtfully, and the big room was very still for a long minute. Then he looked up brightly.

"I want to tell you the rest. I came back from my tramp by the river drive, and suddenly I saw Griswold on his horse trotting up the bridle-path toward me. I drew the line at seeing any more men, and Griswold is the worst of the lot for wanting to do things, so I turned into a side-street and ran. I had an idea he had seen me, so when I came to a little church with the doors open, in the first half-block, I shot in. Being Lent, you know, there was service going on, and I dropped quietly into a seat at the back, and it came to me in a minute, that I was in fit shape to say my prayers, so—I said 'em. It quieted me a bit, the old words of the service. They're fine English, of course, and I think words get a hold on you when they're associated with every turn of your life. So I felt a little less like a wild beast, by the time the clergyman began his sermon. He was a pathetic old fellow, thin and ascetic and sad, with a narrow forehead and a little white hair, and an underfed look about him. The whole place seemed poor and badly kept. As he walked across the chancel, he stumbled on a hole in the carpet. I stared at him, and suddenly it struck me that he must be about your age, and it was like a knife in me, father, to see him trip. No two men were ever more of a contrast, but through that very fact he seemed to be standing there as a living message from you. So when he opened his mouth to give out his text I fell back as if he had struck me, for the words he said were, 'I will arise and go to my father.' "

The boy's tones, in the press and rush of his little story, were dramatic, swift, and when he brought out its climax, the older man, though his tense muscles were still, drew a sudden startled breath, as if he, too, had felt a blow. But he said nothing, and the eager young voice went on.

"The skies might have opened and the Lord's finger pointed at me, and I couldn't have felt more shocked. The sermon was mostly tommy-rot, you know—platitudes. You could see that the man wasn't clever—had no grasp—old-fashioned ideas—didn't seem to have read at all. There was really nothing in it, and after a few sentences I didn't listen particularly. But there were two things about it I shall never forget, never, if I live to a hundred. First, all through, at every tone of his voice, there was the thought that the broken-hearted look in the eyes of this man, such a contrast to you in every way possible, might be the very look in your eyes after a while, if I left you. I think I'm not vain to know I make a lot of difference to you, father—considering we two are all alone." There was a questioning inflection, but he smiled, as if he knew.

"You make all the difference. You are the foundation of my life. All the rest counts for nothing beside you." The father's voice was slow and very quiet.

"That thought haunted me," went on the young man, a bit unsteadily, "and the contrast of the old clergyman and you made it seem as if you were there beside me. It sounds unreasonable, but it was so. I looked at him, old, poor, unsuccessful, narrow-minded, with hardly even the dignity of age, and I couldn't help seeing a vision of you, every year of your life a glory to you, with your splendid mind, and your splendid body, and all the power and honor and luxury that seem a natural and fitting background to you. Proud as I am of you, it seemed cruel, and then it came to my mind like a stab that perhaps without me, your only son, all of that would—well, what you said just now. Would count for nothing—that you would be practically, some day, just a lonely and pathetic old man like that other."

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The hand on the boy's shoulder stirred a little. "You thought right, Ted."

"That was one impression the clergyman's sermon made, and the other was simply his beautiful goodness. It shone from him at every syllable, uninspired and uninteresting as they were. You couldn't help knowing that his soul was white as an angel's. Such sincerity, devotion, purity as his couldn't be mistaken. As I realized it, it transfigured the whole poor place. It made me feel that if that quality—just goodness—could so glorify all the defects of his look and mind and manner, it must be worth while, and I would like to have it. So I knew what was right in my heart—I think you can always know what's right if you want to know—and I just threw my pride and my stubbornness into the street, and—and I caught the 7:35 train."

The light of renunciation, the exhaustion of wrenching effort, the trembling triumph of hard-won victory, were in the boy's face, and the father thought, as he looked at it, dear and familiar in every shadow, that he had never seen spirit shine through clay more transparently. Never in their lives had the two been as close, never had the son so unveiled his soul before. And, as he had said, in all probability never would it be again. To the depth where they stood words could not reach, and again for minutes, only the friendly undertone of the crackling fire stirred the silence of the great room. The sound brought steadiness to the two who sat there, the old hand on the young shoulder yet. After a time, the older man's low and strong tones, a little uneven, a little hard with the effort to be commonplace, which is the first readjustment from deep feeling, seemed to catch the music of the homely accompaniment of the fire.

"It is a queer thing, Ted," he said, "but once, when I was not much older than you, just such an unexpected chance influence made a crisis in my life. I was crossing to England with the deliberate intention of doing something which I knew was wrong. I thought it meant happiness, but I know now it would have meant misery. On the boat was a young clergyman of about my own age making his first, very likely his only, trip abroad. I was thrown with him—we sat next each other at table, and our cabins faced—and something in the man attracted me, a quality such as you speak of in this other, of pure and uncommon goodness. He was much the same sort as your old man, I fancy, not particularly winning, rather narrow, rather limited in brains and in advantages, with a natural distrust of progress and breadth. We talked together often, and one day, I saw, by accident, into the depths of his soul, and knew what he had sacrificed to become a clergyman—it was what meant to him happiness and advancement in life. It had been a desperate effort, that was plain, but it was plain, too, that from the moment he saw what he thought was the right, there had been no hesitation in his mind. And I, with all my wider mental training, my greater breadth—as I looked at it—was going, with my eyes open, to do a wrong because I wished to do it. You and I must be built something alike, Ted, for a touch in the right spot seems to penetrate to the core of us—the one and the other. This man's simple and intense flame of right living, right doing, all unconsciously to himself, burned into me, and all that I had planned to do seemed scorched in that fire—turned to ashes and bitterness. Of course it was not so simple as it sounds. I went through a great deal. But the steady influence for good was beside me through that long passage—we were two weeks—the stronger because it was unconscious, the stronger, I think, too, that it rested on no intellectual basis, but was wholly and purely spiritual—as the confidence of a child might hold a man to his duty where the arguments of a sophist would have no effect. As I say, I went through a great deal. My mind was a battle-field for the powers of good and evil during those two weeks, but the man who was leading the forces of the right never knew it. The outcome was that as soon as I landed I took my passage back on the next boat, which sailed at once. Within a year, within a month almost, I knew that the decision I made then was a turning-point, that to have done otherwise would have meant ruin in more than one way. I tremble now to think how close I was to shipwreck. All that I am, all that I have, I owe more or less directly to that man's unknown influence. The measure of a life is its service. Much opportunity for that, much power has been in my hands, and I have tried to

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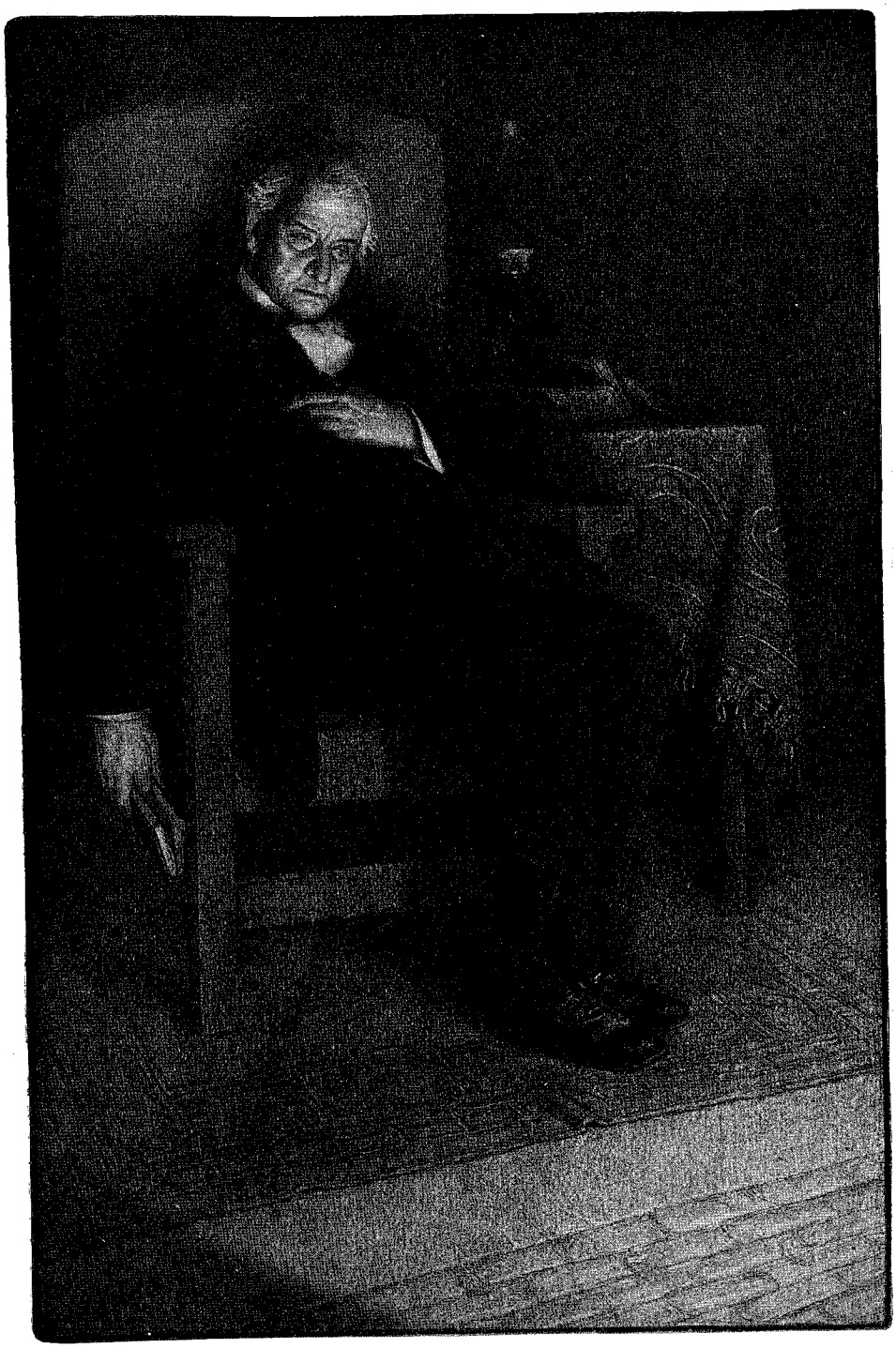

Drawn by B. R. Campbell.

He stared into the smoldering fire.—Page 464.

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hold it humbly and reverently, remembering that time. I have thought of myself many times as merely the instrument, fitted to its special use, of that consecrated soul."

The voice stopped, and the boy, his wide, shining eyes fixed on his father's face, drew a long breath. In a moment he spoke, and the father knew, as well as if he had said it, how little of his feeling he could put into words.

"It makes you shiver, doesn't it," he said, "to think what effect you may be having on people, and never know it? Both you and I, father—our lives changed, saved—by the influence of two strangers, who hadn't the least idea what they were doing. It frightens you."

"I think it makes you know," said the older man, slowly, "that not your least thought is unimportant; that the radiance of your character shines for good or evil where you go. Our thoughts, our influences, are like birds that fly from us as we walk along the road; one by one, we open our hands and loose them, and they are gone and forgotten, but surely there will be a day when they will come back on white wings or dark like a cloud of witnesses——"

The man stopped, his voice died away softly, and he stared into the blaze with solemn eyes, as if he saw a vision. The boy, suddenly aware again of the strong hand on his shoulder, leaned against it lovingly, and the fire, talking unconcernedly on, was for a long time the only sound in the warmth and stillness and luxury of the great room which held two souls at peace.

. . . . . .

At that hour, with the volume of Browne under his outstretched hand, his thin gray hair resting against the worn cloth of the chair, in the bare little study, the old clergyman slept. And as he slept, a wonderful dream came to him. He thought that he had gone from this familiar, hard world, and stood, in his old clothes, with his old discouraged soul, in the light of the infinitely glorious Presence, where he must surely stand at last. And the question was asked him, wordlessly, solemnly:

"Child of mine, what have you made of the life given you?" And he looked down humbly at his shabby self, and answered:

"Lord, nothing. My life is a failure. I worked all day in God's garden, and my plants were twisted and my roses never bloomed. For all my fighting, the weeds grew thicker. I could not learn to make the good things grow. I tried to work rightly, Lord, my Master, but I must have done it all wrong."

And as he stood sorrowful, with no harvest sheaves to offer as witnesses for his toiling, suddenly back of him he heard a marvellous, many-toned, soft whirring, as of innumerable light wings, and over his head flew a countless crowd of silver-white birds, and floated in the air beyond. And as he gazed, surprised, at their loveliness, without speech again it was said to him:

"My child, these are your witnesses. These are the thoughts and the influences which have gone from your mind to other minds through the years of your life." And they were all pure white.

And it was borne in upon him, as if a bandage had been lifted from his eyes, that character was what mattered in the great end; that success, riches, environment, intellect, even, were but the tools the master gave into his servants' hands, and that the honesty of the work was all they must answer for. And again he lifted his eyes to the hovering white birds, and with a great thrill of joy it came to him that he had his offering, too, he had this lovely multitude for a gift to the Master; and, as if the thought had clothed him with glory, he saw his poor black clothes suddenly transfigured to shining garments, and, with a shock, he felt the rush of a long-forgotten feeling, the feeling of youth and strength, beating in a warm glow through his veins. With a sigh of deep happiness, the old man awoke.

A log had fallen, and turning as it fell, the new surface had caught life from the half-dead ashes, and had blazed up brightly, and the warmth was penetrating gratefully through him. The old clergyman smiled, and held his thin hands to the flame as he gazed into the fire, but the wonder and awe of his dream were in his eyes.

"My beautiful white birds!" he said, aloud, but softly. "Mine! They were out of sight, but they were there all the time. Surely the dream was sent from Heaven—surely the Lord means me to believe that my life has been of service after all." And as he still gazed, with rapt face, into his study fire, he whispered, gently, reverently: "Angels came and ministered unto him."

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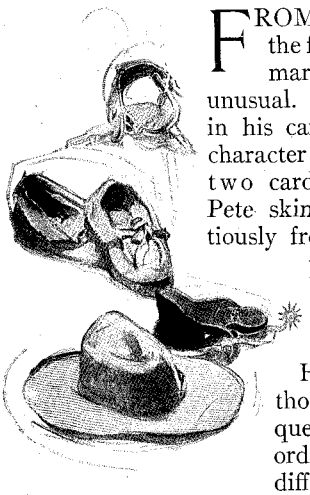
KENO: A CAYUSE KNOWN TO FAME

By Sewell Ford

Illustrations by Karl Anderson



FROM the very beginning the fates seemed to have marked Keno for the unusual. The first real crisis in his career turned on the character and complexion of two cards which Arkansas Pete skinned quite ostentatiously from the top of the pack and slid across a barrel-head to the expectant fingers of Sokalee Smith.

Had either one of those cards been the queen of clubs this record might have been far different; in fact, might never have seen the light. But neither was. A measly little tray of hearts was one, the other an utterly futile ace of spades. Yet Sokalee Smith, with a grunt of satisfaction intended to deceive, slipped them both into the royal company of the three queens which had come in the deal and bet his hand just as if it contained the coveted quartette. Something told him that Arkansas Pete was backing two pairs. Instinct, you know, is a poor mentor when the game is draw and the cards are running against you. It was in this case. But Sokalee Smith had lost seven dollars silver, he had lost his rifle, he had lost his fringed buckskin shirt, he had lost his embroidered moccasins. Now Arkansas Pete had signified his willingness to bet the whole outfit against Sokalee's sole remaining possession, which was Keno, the pinto-marked hunting pony tied to the horse-rail over in front of the Agency office.

Sokalee looked out through the dingy windows of the Palace Hotel and scowled. Then he looked longingly at his lost property, all piled carelessly on the floor by the gun-hand side of Arkansas Pete. His gaze also included the neat little pile of silver dollars on Pete's side of the barrel-head, and—well, Sokalee put his trust in that incomplete quartette, whereupon Keno, his pinto hunting pony, was to him irretrievably, irrevocably lost.

You may, lacking judgment, credit a Crow Indian with as many fine feelings and tender sentiments as you please. There's no law against it, east of the Big Muddy. But even a Beacon Hill humanitarian should know that a mixed-blood, such as Sokalee Smith, made up of three-quarters laziness to one-quarter vice, has within him no room for other traits. Still, something very like remorse troubled Sokalee Smith during his sober moments for days afterward.

As for Keno, if he did not welcome the change of owners, he was utterly indifferent. True, he owed to Sokalee his training. That was no slight thing, either; for, in a country of horsemen born and bred to the business, there was none better than this same Sokalee Smith. It was the one useful thing he could do well. So, when at the age of two, the scraggly, long-legged, unpromising pinto cayuse came into the possession of Sokalee, there was begun for the colt the most thorough course in horse education that a Crow can give.

Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, Keno was manœuvred over the Reservation until he reached that acme of wisdom at which he understood, merely from the pressure of the rider's knees on his withers, when to break into a gallop, which way to swerve and when to come to a full stop. Mere bridle wisdom he despised. With not even a rawhide throat-strap and no sign of bridle or girth, he would tear through the Reservation village at top speed; on his back, Sokalee, sitting in all sorts of reckless attitudes, wasting good cartridges on the empty air, and between salvos proclaiming in maudlin tones his utter wickedness and unmatched courage.

It is no nice thing to say of him, but Keno liked it all. So far as he could, lacking the savage dare-deviltry and the

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alcoholic inspiration, the scraggly cayuse entered into the spirit of these unholy revels. With neck stretched out, ears flattened, nostrils belled, he would of his own accord put every ounce of muscle, lavish all his energy, on one of these spectacular dashes, at which the startled squaws looked askance and with mutterings as they scuttled for safety.

The long hunting trips up among the buttes, after red deer and antelope, Keno liked well, too. He had no fault to find with the hard rides to and from the Agency, when he sometimes carried his hulking master as many as seventy miles in a single day. It was better than being a squaw-horse, dragging a lot of laden poles about.

And for service such as this Keno got no other recompense than the privilege of finding his own fodder. In summer this was not difficult, for the buffalo grass grew rich and juicy in the swales. In winter, of course, one never did get enough. One must paw and nose away the snow to crop the hardy bunch grass underneath. If the snow was deep, one took food and drink

Sokalee put his trust in that incomplete quartette.—Page 471.

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He owed to Sokalee his training.—Page 471.

at the same time. For want of anything else, one could always browse cottonwood twigs. Keno had made many a meal on them. It was not a sustaining diet, and it puckered the mouth, but it was far better than nothing.

Of currying and stabling Keno had absolutely no knowledge. He slept in the open, wherever he was picketed. In blizzard weather Indian ponies learn to forget all enmities and make common cause by crowding into a close bunch, head to head, until the Norther has passed. To be sure, you are terribly cold and often most woefully empty before it is safe to stir about. But what else is to be done? One winter of this sort, of course, would finish a stable-bred horse. Keno, while he did not grow fat on it, developed into a well-muscled little beast, sound of wind, with well-sloped shoulders, finely arched ribs, but otherwise as disreputable to look at as one could imagine. For one thing, his pinto markings, small oval splotches of reddish-brown on a white background, did not make a color pleasing to the eye. A white jaw blaze that straggled down one side of his throat was no beauty mark.

But Arkansas Pete was no connoisseur of horse coats. He had heard that Sokalee Smith owned the fastest cayuse on the Reservation, and, in his sinful way, he was glad the pony was now his. No time did he lose in taking possession of his new mount. In less than half an hour after Sokalee had made that fruitless two-card

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draw, Keno, a heavy Mexican saddle on his back, and Arkansas Pete's one hundred and eighty pounds on top of that, was loping south at his best gait, his colt days behind him and all his surprising future ahead.

Without dwelling on the details of the ensuing months, it may be mentioned that Keno found them varied and full of diverse activities. Also he knew numerous owners, for the luck of Arkansas Pete did not abide. Keno's next engagement was on the X bar C ranch. There he learned the use of the noosed rope, the ways of cow-punchers and the vagaries of herded long-horns. There, for the first and only period of his life, Keno was a useful member of society.

But his very proficiency as a cow-pony brought a change of condition that landed Keno, with some dozen other short horses, on a big ranch down in the Panhandle country.

Here began a new and curious existence. For many days Keno could not figure it out at all. There were no steers to rope, no work to be done. Yet every morning he was saddled and ridden out on a smooth field with a lot of other ponies. At first they did nothing but canter aimlessly about, sometimes in circling squads, again scattering to different quarters only to be whirled suddenly and rushed together in one confused clump.

Next the riders brought out long-handled mallets and began to knock a small wooden ball about. It seemed very silly to Keno. Why couldn't they get up a race? After three or four days of this nonsense the ponies were one morning lined up in two squads before some tall poles at opposite ends of the field. A bell was rung and someone tossed out a ball. There was a grand rush. Keno found himself in the van. Just as they were about to meet the opposing squad, Keno felt his rider swing in the saddle and strike the ball. After the bounding sphere he was urged, slam through the ruck of pivoting, snorting, shying ponies.

At last Keno knew what it was all about. The ball was, as you might put it, a steer to be cut out. Your business was to follow it so that your rider could whack it with his stick. Good! There was something in that. Keno began to watch the ball. In a few days he understood that the scheme was to drive the ball between those opposite posts and to keep the other riders from driving it back.

Certainly it was novel work. There was fun in it, too. Of course, the sticks sometimes rapped your shins, but you didn't mind that when once you were interested in the game. Nor did you mind the crowding and jostling after you got used to it. One learned to turn almost in one's tracks at the slightest tug on the bits, to dash off at top speed when you were given free rein, and to swerve to right or left with the swaying of your rider's body.

Very quickly did Keno pick up knowledge of these things, partly because of the early training he had received from Sokalee Smith, partly because of his experience as a cutting-out pony. It was not so with all the horses, however. Some of them stubbornly refused to be forced into a skirmish, some never seemed to understand the importance of following the ball.

Reward for Keno's aptitude came one April day when, with his shaggy coat clipped until you could see every ridged muscle of his lithe legs, his tail banged to a scant fourteen inches, and his mane and forelock hogged to most artistic brevity, he was led into San Antonio and shipped North in a palace stock-car with others of his kind, to fill a rush order from Myopia and Meadowbrook clubmen. For Keno, the shaggy cayuse that Sokalee Smith had put up to back his faith in three queens, was now become one of those sporty equine aristocrats, a polo pony.

When he was taken out for his first big game, no one who had known Keno as an Indian cayuse, or as a cow-pony, would have recognized him, unless by the peculiar throat blaze or the pinto markings. Keno hardly knew himself. On his fore-legs were elastic knee boots, on his back was a lightweight English saddle, and thrown over his shoulders, a gaudy field blanket with monograms in the corners.

With high disdain Keno regarded his new master. That slim-legged, smooth-faced, dandified chap ride? Keno guessed not. It would take about three jumps to send that fellow flying. Keno was used to a full-grown man rider, he was; a man with whiskers on his face, a red bandanna knotted about his throat, and sheepskin chaps

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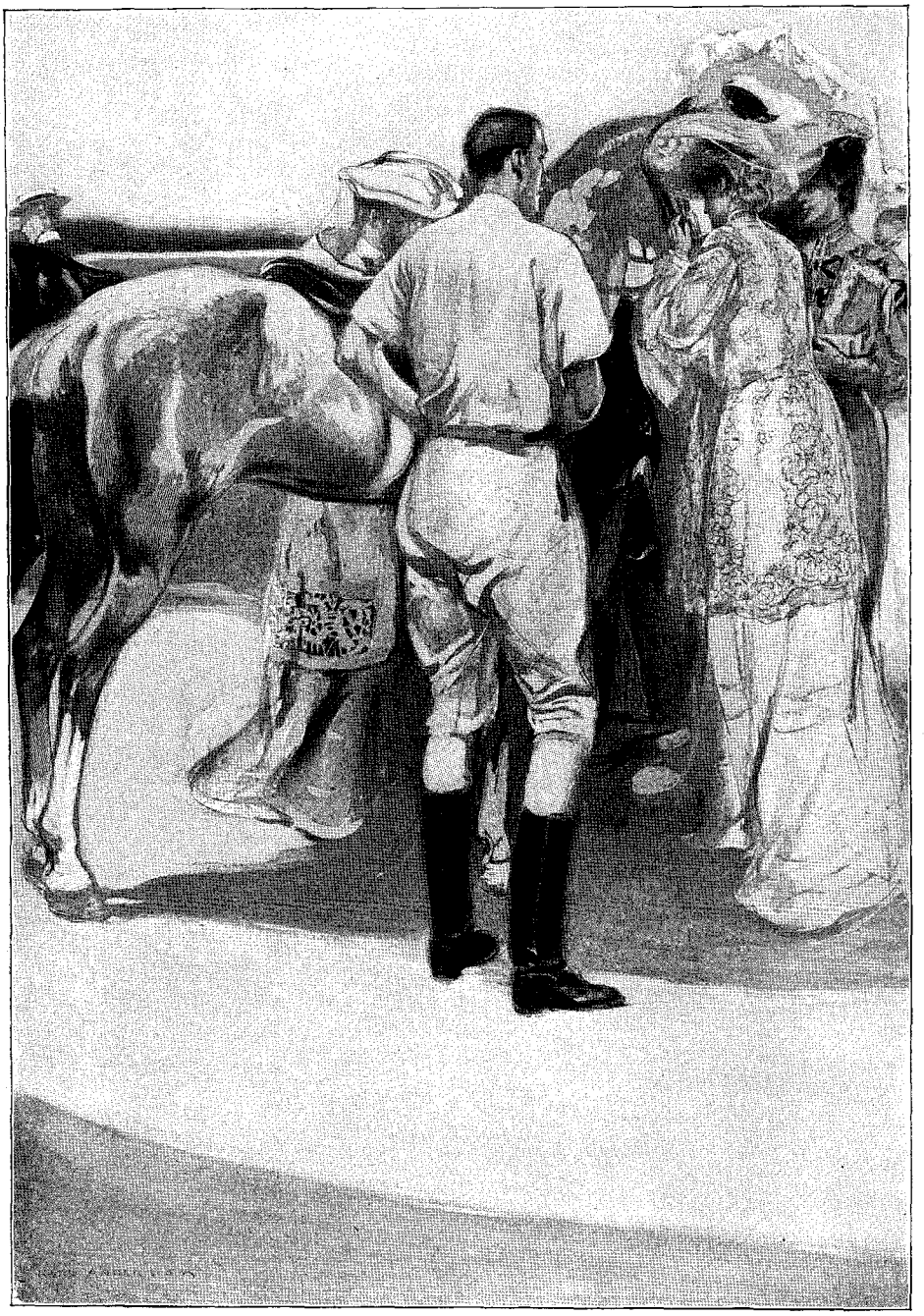

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

"He looks just as though he could talk if he wanted to."—Page 478.

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He would edge toward the centre of the stage.—Page 478.

on his legs. Look at those yellow boots, and those tight trousers, and that French flannel shirt! That fellow play polo? Keno snorted derisively.

Pricking his ears forward at every new sight and sound, Keno stood dazed and bewildered. Suddenly, from the far-end of the field, came a crash of music that set him dancing at such a rate that the groom who held his bridle called for help. It was

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Keno's first introduction to a band, and it moved him to action.

When the music stopped, a bugle was blown and two sets of ponies were ridden prancingly into the field. The united efforts of three stable-boys kept Keno from jumping that whitewashed boundary. He saw the goal flags snapping, he saw the sticks, he watched the line-up, and he knew what was coming. He wanted to be in it. They had another seance with him when the gong was rung, and the ball was put in play.

"Hi say, Ennery, 'e knows the gyme, orl right," commented a groom who had watched Keno's antics.

"Too bloomin' well," answered the perspiring stable-boy at Keno's head.

An age it seemed, but at last Keno's turn came. Sliding from a knee-barked, lathered, wind-blown mount, the slim-legged man jerked a thumb toward the pinto pony.

"I'll try the green one next period. Have him ready."

Barely had the new master touched the pigskin before Keno began to jump stiff-legged. The man was still in the saddle after the third jump, so Keno concluded that he could ride. Inside of five minutes Keno had decided that his new master could play polo. And such playing! Keno would not have believed the fellow had it in him. Back-hand strokes on the off or nearside, dribbling on the jump; clean, fair smashes for goal; close, hot work in scrimmage—why, the man played like a fiend. No cow-puncher down on the Texas ranch could handle a mallet like that, no, sir! Nor could one of them hit a ball so far or so true.

Keno found himself straining every nerve to know and do the will of his new master. Never before had he handled his legs so neatly, never had he shown such bursts of speed. There was one long run down the boards, with the whole field tearing behind, that fairly set Keno wild, and when his rider, with a quick forehand drive, sent the ball flying between the posts, Keno knew that he had found a worthy master.

And at the finish of the game, as Keno watched him stride off to the tea-house to be congratulated on winning six straight goals, he was prouder of him than he had been of Sokalee Smith when Sokalee "shot up" the Agency, even prouder than he had been when he helped "Buck" Masters win a steer-roping match down at the Albuquerque fair.

Also, Keno was proud of himself. Did a cow-pony ever fall into such luck before? Why, he was overwhelmed with luxuries and attentions. How good it was to be washed and scraped and rubbed and polished after a hard-fought game. How thoroughly comfortable one felt, covered with warm blankets and standing in a light, roomy box-stall, carpeted with clean straw. Rich clover hay, a whole measure of oats, and a bucket of clear water—it was fare fit for a king of horses! There was even a piece of rock-salt in his feed-box. It all seemed too good to be true. Surely, it could not last.

But last it did; not months merely, but years. And in those years Keno learned the game of polo, learned all its ins and outs, its tricks of skill, its feats of daring; learned it as few ponies, before or since, have done. For was not his master the crack No. 2 man of America's best team, and was not Keno the pick of his master's stables? Was it not Keno who was carefully rounded into form for the big tournaments, and was he not saved for the critical periods? Did he not have a hand in winning nearly a score of cups? And last, was not Keno one of the select few taken clear across the ocean to try for a Hurlingham trophy against the flower of all England? To be sure, they did not get the cup, but they did compel the respect of the Britishers, and Keno had the personal satisfaction of beating out, in a run for the ball, a half-blood Arab mare that had fetched two hundred guineas on the block at Tattersalls?

In the ordinary course of events Keno would have rusted out, gone stale, or broken a leg-bone in stopping a hard-swung mallet. But it was the extraordinary which the Fates seemed to have allotted to Keno. Thus it happened that, at the very climax of his polo career, Keno left the turfed arena for the public boards.

It all came about as the result of an impromptu reception given to Keno at the end of a big game in which he had distinguished himself. Some two dozen elaborately dressed ladies patted various parts

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of Keno's shining coat and asked each other unanimously: "Isn't he a dear?" One of the ladies, who wore a striking green and white gown, and who talked in soft, gurgling, musical tones, went still farther. She rubbed her cheek against Keno's blazed nose, smoothed his ears, looked into his big, keen eyes, and declared him to be the most intelligent horse she had ever seen.

"He looks just as though he could talk if he wanted to," she gurgled. "Oh, if only I had such a horse for my new piece; there's to be a horse in it, you know."

"Allow me to present Keno," said the pinto's gallant owner.

"Oh, really, I couldn't think——"

"I shall feel hurt if you don't accept."

Thus it was settled. No more did Keno follow the flying ball. Instead, he was taken off to a city boarding-stable where he remained in fretful idleness until the rehearsals began. Then, in a curious, big, barnlike place, from which one looked out on an immense sweep of cloth-draped seats, Keno was drilled for his part.

It was not much that he had to do. All that was expected of him was to stand around while a lot of folks talked until, at the proper moment, the gurgling-voiced lady made a rush for him, climbed more or less gracefully on his back and exclaimed: "Now to the rescue!" Then Keno would dash some forty feet across the stage, run up a twenty-foot incline, turn sharply around the corner of a canvas mountain peak—and it was all over.

Keno regarded it as the most absurd performance in which he had ever figured. After the opening night, however, Keno was somewhat better satisfied. When he was allowed to walk out on the stage he was surprised to find the great building, which he had always seen dark and empty, ablaze with light and crowded to the doors. There was music, too. Keno heard a hum of surprise and admiration as he showed himself. And when his mistress, with her "Now to the rescue!" flung herself into the saddle and he made his brief run up the incline, there broke loose such a storm of applause that Keno wondered what could have happened.

It was not long before he understood that the noise was all in his honor. He came to look forward to the moment when, by merely appearing from behind the wings, he could rouse that appreciative hum, and the thrill which he felt when he heard the storm of applause rising from the galleries, was something very fine, indeed. As for petting and coddling, Keno never dreamed that a pony could get so much of it. In the boarding-stable he was a privileged character, a personage.

"That's Miss Allstar's pony," the stablemen would say to visitors. "Yes, he's the one she uses in the show. Seen him do his act? Clever little beast he is, and knowing—say, there ain't a thing that little devil don't know."

The stage folks, from the soubrette to the first old lady, rendered to Keno unceasing homage. They brought him apples and peanuts and high-priced confectionery. They even offered him bunches of cut roses to browse. He came to have a nice discrimination in the quality of chocolate bonbons and fruits glacé. His bits were of solid silver. He wore a silken girth strap. Fresh ribbon rosettes dangled under each ear.

Little by little the fame of Keno spread abroad. His name figured in the cast of characters. His photograph was displayed in the lobby. The manager had made for him a three-sheet poster. Perhaps this appealed strongest to Keno. Miss Allstar had one pasted in his box-stall, where he could see, at any time of day, the flattering presentment of himself. She declared that Keno would gaze admiringly at it for hours on end.

"But I know how it is," she confessed. "I did the same with the first lithograph of myself; and a most wretched wood-cut it was, too."

Did the vanity of Keno grow with his fame? They say it did. Miss Allstar is most positive, and she knew him best. He was no longer content to await his cue half hidden in the wings. Gradually he would edge toward the centre of the stage. You could see him prick forward his ears, as if to listen for that murmur of appreciation which he knew was his due. When the house was light and the applause thin, he would sulk for hours afterward; but a holiday audience, with its big crowd of noisy children, put him in angelic humor.

Perhaps the high tide of his glory came when, at a reception given in his honor at Miss Allstar's city home, he was presented

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to all the great personages of the stage. It was Keno's first appearance in a drawing-room, but you would never have guessed it. He behaved as if he had attended afternoon teas all his life. Sokalee Smith would have stared his eyes out could he have seen his pinto cayuse in that company. Under a bower of roses and smilax stood Keno, with a Daghestan rug under his hoofs. Occasionally he nibbled at a huge bunch of sweet clover set in a Satsuma vase. Considering that it was mid-winter, the clover represented more or less luxury. Miss Allstar had sent to Florida for it.

But Keno betrayed no ill-bred astonishment at anything, taking it all as a matter of course. With polite condescension he allowed a managerial autocrat to feed him sugar plums, and for a prima donna he drank Russian tea from a Haviland cup. To be sure, he frightened a Swiss maid almost into convulsions by chewing one of her apron strings, and he disturbed the haughty dignity of the English butler by sniffing the white-stockinged calves of that sedate individual. Otherwise, Keno acted very much as matinee idols usually do on such occasions, and trotted back to his stable, after it was all over, with high held head.

Could this pampered, blasé, finicky pony be Keno, the Indian cayuse, that had roamed the Reservation, that had worked with the X bar C outfit, that had taken delight in the wild scrimmages of the polo field? No one would have guessed as much.

But the higher one climbs, you know, the greater one's pride, the more disastrous the fall. With the end of January it was concluded that Miss Allstar's piece had about finished its Broadway run. Rehearsals for a new one were started.

"Oh, dear," pouted Miss Allstar, when she had finished reading her new lines, "you haven't made a part for my darling Keno."

The great playwright shrugged his shoulders and scowled.

"Couldn't you write him in somewhere?" she pleaded.

"No, madam, I could not," snapped the G. P., wrathfully. "I'm not constructing a zoo."

Then Miss Allstar wept. She indulged in tragedy business. She appealed to the manager, threatened to throw up her part, to break her contract.

"It *is* a shame; but just think of the gorgeous gowns you are to wear. It's going to cost me a fortune to dress your part," suggested the manager. He was a diplomat, of course. If he hadn't been he would have been in other business.

Miss Allstar did think of the gorgeous gowns. And she forgot the slight to Keno. So, when the old piece was finally taken off and the new one put on, Keno was sent from the expensive city stable to Miss Allstar's country house, where he had for human company an Irish stableman who held in contempt all things theatrical, and a Cockney groom who drank gin.

Why he should be thus banished, Keno could not at all comprehend. Never in all his varied career had he known such isolated monotony. One day was exactly like another, and each was an age long. The only break came in the forenoon, when he was trotted up and down the road by the Cockney groom for a half-hour's exercise. The rest of the day was spent in stall-standing, wearily looking out of a little grated window, waiting, waiting, waiting—for what?

During the first week or two Keno kept hoping that it was merely a temporary rest. To-morrow, perhaps, he would be sent for. Then he would know again the hum of the theatre, sniff the excitement of the play, hear once more the thunders of applause. But week after week dragged on and no such summons came. Keno had left the public boards forever. He had been put on the shelf. Already his name was forgotten.

Keno began to refuse the oats and hay which were put in his crib. His ribs began to show through his once nicely rounded barrel. His quarters lost their plumpness. If you had watched him, as he stood there, alone, in the still, empty stable, you might have seen great salty drops slip from the corners of his big, sad, intelligent eyes. Was it grief, or was it only a touch of influenza?

One night in April, when the end of the show-season was in sight, a telegram was brought to Miss Allstar in her dressing-room. It was signed, "Murphy," and read: "Your pony bad off. Shall I get horse-doctor?"

With the best veterinary surgeon to be found in the city Miss Allstar hurried to the stall where Keno, a sorry shadow of his

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former self, lay with drooping head and a look of mournful reproach in his dull eyes. The learned V. S. used all his skill. He hoisted the limp, wasted form in slings, he forced hot mixtures down Keno's throat, he wound bandages and applied poultices.

But he had come too late. All his work was in vain. With that reproachful look still in his big eyes, the vital spark that had once burned so brightly in the noble little pony, flickered feebly for a time, and then went out.

"Mighty curious, too," said the puzzled veterinary. "Wasn't anything particular ailing with him, that I could see; he just didn't seem to have any spirit left."

Miss Allstar was sobbing into the folds of a horse blanket. "It—it's (sniff) a-all (snuffle) m-m-my fault. Po-o-o-or Keno! I b-b-bub-broke your heart, didn't I?"

Whereupon the heartless veterinary surgeon muttered something about "fool women," packed up his bottles and left. Miss Allstar heard, but she said she didn't care. To this day she declares that Keno died from a broken heart and from nothing else, and that the great playwright who was really to blame, is a sinful, soulless wretch!

FAITH

By George Cabot Lodge

THERE'S a star overseas like a dew-drop new-hung on a bud that uncloses,
There's a fire in the turrets of heaven, there's a flush on the breast of the sea,
And the gates of the sunrise are filled with a flame as of myriad roses
That kindles ineffable vistas, a world recreated for me.

There's a hill in its vestment of dew-fall that kneels like a priest to the altar,
Low bird-cries resound in the silence, frail tendrils reach forth to the light,
The fields, flower-breasted, are fragrant and fresh the faint breezes that falter—
Life's faith in the future is perfect, Life's dream of eternity bright!

If ours were the faith of the petals unfolding, the nest and its treasure,
The faith all revealed and illumined, the faith that alone makes us free,
What divine understanding were ours of the sunlight that flows without measure,
Of the silver of moonlight that rings down the resonant floor of the sea!

What divine understanding for life, for the world what ineffable meaning;
What truths by the roadside; in martyrdom, poverty, pain what delight!
What poems in the midnight, what visions revealed that the darkness was screening,
As like fire-tinged incense the dawn-mists flush deep round the knees of the night!

Wake, O Wake! The small safety we cherish is false! We are blind! We are soothless!
Have we learned why the fields are made fruitful? Do we live for Life's ultimate goal?—
O for faith to accept for our lives not an ecstacy less, not a truth less
Than the world and the senses afford us, than are sphered in the scope of the soul!

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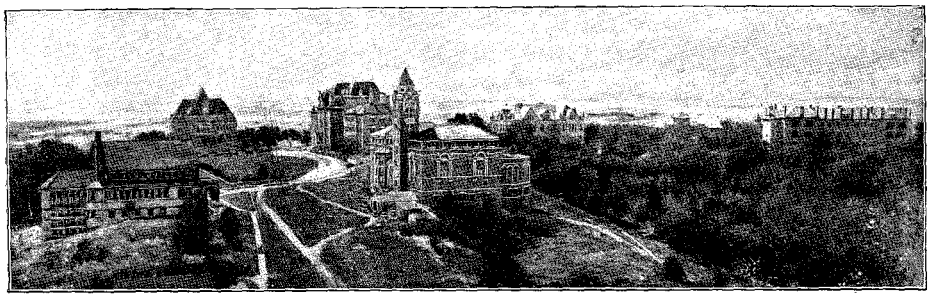

Campus, University of Kansas.

STATE UNIVERSITIES

By W. S. Harwood

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY C. M. RELYEA

THE State universities of America are the crown and summit of public educational life. As compared with the millions of students in the public schools, the number in the State universities is relatively very small—though it nevertheless comprises nearly, if not quite, one-half of all college and university students in America; but the influence which extends from these universities is not to be measured by numbers.

The State universities are a notable triumph of democracy, and also a proof of the stability and poise of the nation, but they may not be considered as a new feature of the educational life of the world. They have their variations from the parent stock, but they are rooted in the past, they are adaptations of the great universities of the old world: they are Leyden, or Berlin, or Oxford, or Paris, refitted to the needs of Michigan, or North Carolina, or Wisconsin, or California.

We may find many enactments by the legislatures of the various States for the benefit of these universities; we may see the influence of Federal aid in the acts of Congress by which grants of land, and, as in the case of the agricultural college departments of the universities, direct appropriations have been made; we may trace the history of the State university back to the Ordinance of 1787, which provided for the reservation by the Ohio Company of two townships for the support of "a literary institution, to be applied to the intended object by the legislators of the State"; we shall, indeed, note some splendid examples of private beneficence; but, after all, in none of these do we find the secret of their power: it lies in the desire of the American people for education. In spite of the influx of the foreign illiterate, in spite of the dense ignorance of the black belt, the national advance has not been checked, and the American of to-day, the thorough-going, every-day American, not only has a keen thirst for education himself, but he has a well-nigh sacred regard for the educational future of his children.

There are forty-one institutions coming under the head of State universities in addition to a number of universities which, from time to time, have been subject to national aid, but which are now practically private institutions. Some of these State universities are of recent origin in newer States, some are more than a century old; some are among the largest and most powerful universities in the United States. Many millions of dollars are represented in the buildings and equipment. They have productive funds amounting to nearly twenty-five millions of dollars. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually appropriated by the State legislatures for main-

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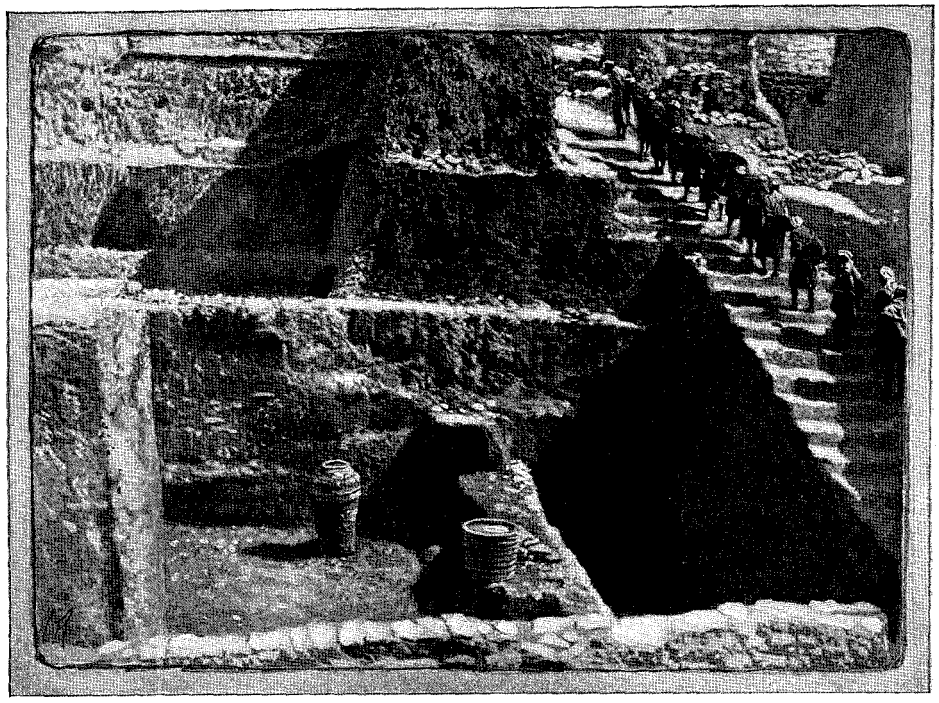
tenance, equipment, or new buildings. The annual income reaches the total of eight millions of dollars. It is of interest to note in this relation that the largest sum paid out by any nation in the world save the United States for higher education is, as shown by the report of the Commissioner of Education, a little over eight millions of dollars, while the eight millions of dollars paid out annually for these State universities does not represent one-half of the amount annually expended in the United States for higher education. England and Germany lead Europe in this respect, although each one expends only a trifle more each year than is paid out in the United States for the State universities alone.

In passing, it is also of interest to note that, according to the report referred to, the amount paid out in the United States per capita for higher education, inclusive of the secondary or preparatory schools which are in direct affiliation with the universities and colleges, is thirty-five cents, while for Switzerland it is 21.8 cents; Great Britain, 21.7; Germany, 14.3; Belgium, 11.4; Austria, 11.3; Norway, 8.3; Hungary, 7.1; Italy, 7; Greece, 4.3; while Russia falls to 3.7 cents per capita, and Spain to 2.8 cents. In case the affiliated preparatory schools are excluded, the United States still leads with 22 cents. It should be noted, however, in the case of Germany, that many of the colleges or gymnasia not included under the term higher education are yet so far advanced as to include a part of the work done in the universities of other countries.



Temple of Bêl, Nippur, 4500 B. C. Excavations made by University of Pennsylvania.

In January, 1903, there were 42,500 students at work in these State universities, about 10,000 of whom were young women. During the decennial period—1890–1900—the young women receiving higher education in the United States increased by 148.7 per cent., while the number of young men increased by 60.6 per cent. There are over 4,000 instructors in these universities, among them many who are the very pick and flower of the graduates of the great eastern colleges and universities, as well as many from well-known European universities. The libraries of the

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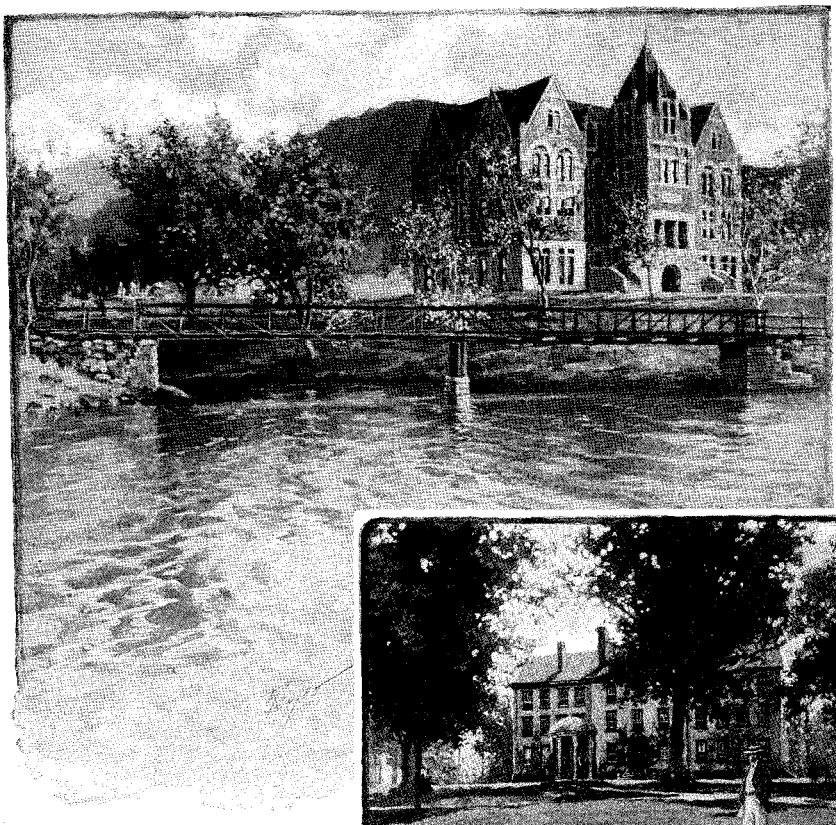

Science Hall, University of Colorado.

On the campus, State University of North Carolina.

State universities contain about 1,500,000 volumes.

Usually these universities present from five to seven colleges, or even more—colleges of liberal arts, engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, and the like, each leading to a degree. The general administration is vested in a board of regents or trustees, sometimes appointed by the governor of the State, sometimes chosen by direct vote of the people. The immediate control lies with the president or chancellor and with the faculties.

In recent years an effort has been made to bring the universities into immediate coordination with the high schools, making the grade schools, the high schools, and the university articulate into one symmetrical whole. Substantial progress has been made. In order that the requisite standard may be maintained, the high schools are subjected to rigid scrutiny, sometimes by members of the university faculty, sometimes by a regularly appointed university examiner. The object is to allow no high school to come into entrance affiliation which has not reached a certain high standard. Certificates of graduation from high schools which have come up to the standard are received in lieu of entrance examinations.

As regards the standard of efficiency established by the various universities, private and State, some significant facts were developed in a series of letters received by the writer from presidents of the State universities. One acting president of one of the larger universities frankly says that, so far as he knows, there is not a State university in the Middle West in which the standard

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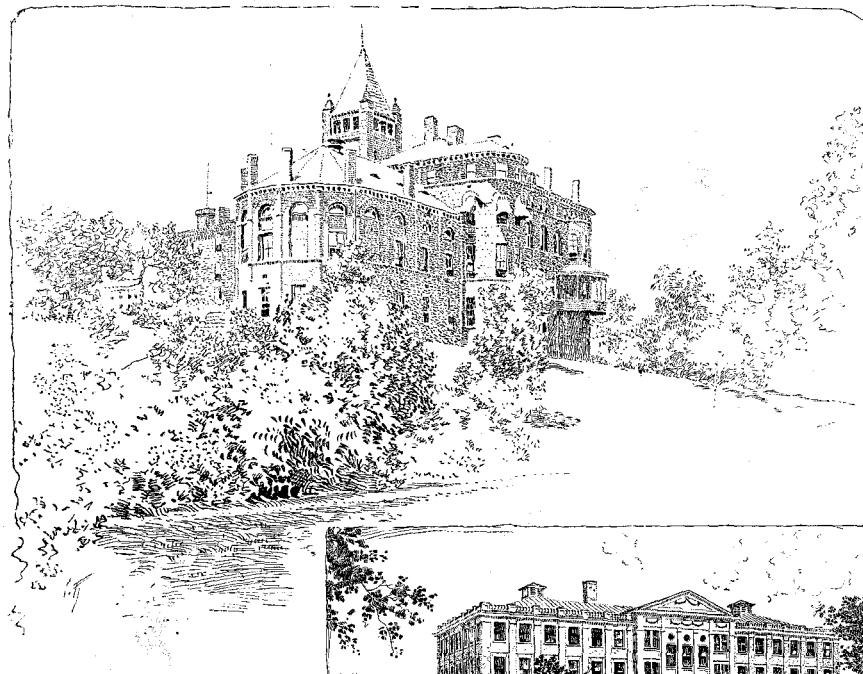
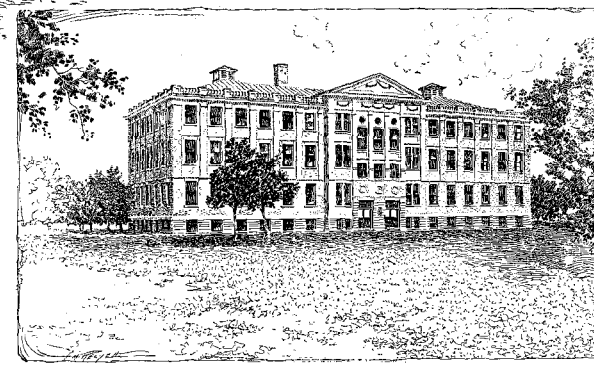
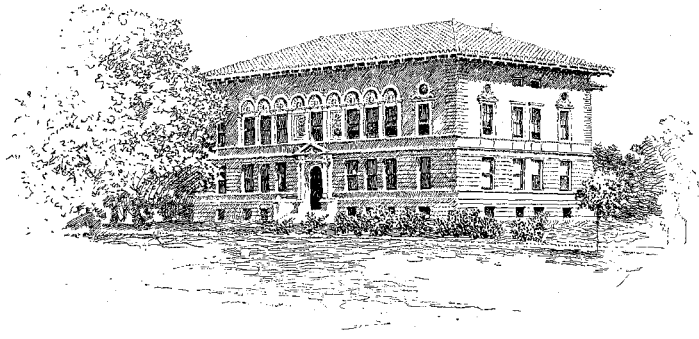


Science Hall (rear view), State University of Tennessee.



Science Hall, University of South Dakota.

of entrance is as high as that of Harvard, Princeton, or Yale, while other presidents maintain vigorously that the standard in their institutions is as high, in one or two instances higher. Other presidents state



Biological Hall, University of Ohio.

as plainly that their standard is not as high as that of these eastern institutions, but that the entrance requirements are steadily rising, with a time approaching when they will apply as rigid scholarship tests as any. It is interesting to note the claim of several that, though the entrance requirements are not so high as those of the eastern universities, it is harder to get on with the studies and keep up than in the East. It seems fair to say that there are at least a half-dozen State universities whose standard of entrance requirements is as high as that of any college or university in the United States.

From the foundation of the republic, those who have been leaders in the noblest

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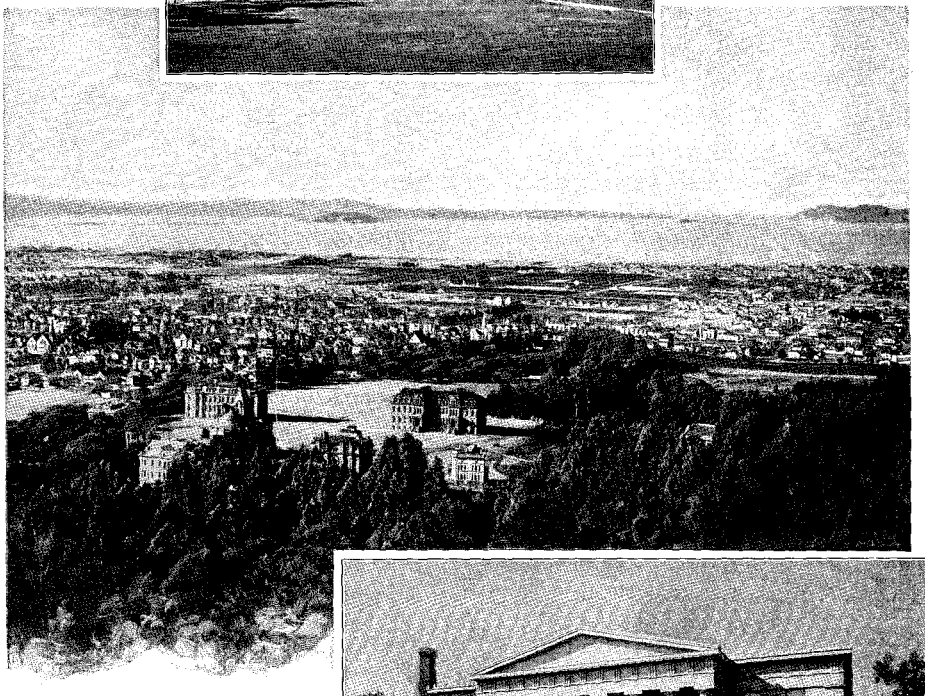
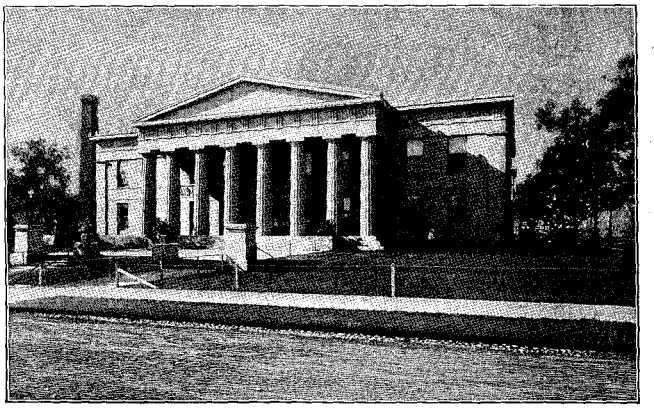
University Hall,
State University of Wisconsin.



Looking down upon the State University of California, Bay of San Francisco.

In front, San Francisco, and Golden Gate at horizon.



Library, University of Minnesota.

sense have had a deep concern for the educational future of the State. Washington, in his Farewell Address—"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge"; Jefferson, in his plan for an elementary school in every district, and a high school in every county, leading to a State university, where "youths of the best genius" should be trained to the highest service—these, and many other statesmen of the earlier times, looked eagerly forward to a day which has indeed now dawned, when primary, secondary, and university education should be administered by the State. The Ordinance of 1787 for the

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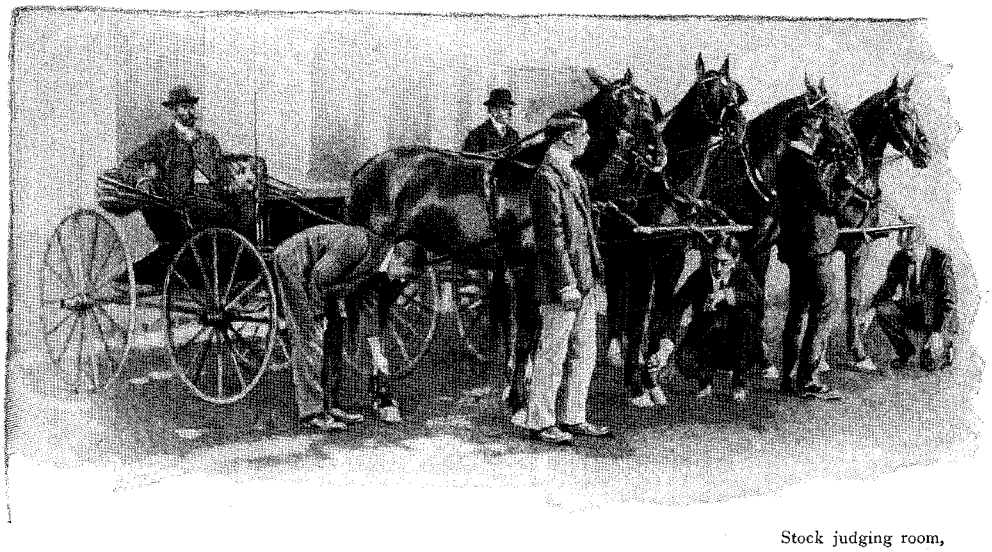

Stock judging room,

government of the vast Northwest Territory provided means for the higher education of the people in the new States to be carved out of that region. In 1803 Congress granted to the States of the Mississippi Territory one entire township for the support of "a seminary of learning," though in the admission of the States each secured at least two townships. During the century and more since 1787, nearly two millions of acres of land have thus been granted to the several States and Territories exclusively for seminaries or universities. In 1862 Congress passed an act granting to each State 30,000 acres of land for each senator and representative to which the States were respectively entitled by the census of 1860, for the purpose of founding colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts—many of which institutions are now incorporated with the universities as distinct colleges. By means of this act more than ten millions of acres of land have been secured. In 1850, an act of Congress granted to the several States the disposal of certain swamp lands, many portions of which have since become very valuable, and much of the revenue from which the States have applied to university education. In 1890, another act made a grant of funds arising from the sale of public lands, amounting to $20,000 per annum, to each State and Territory, irrespective of population, and $15,000 annually is given by the National Government to each experiment station for special investigations, the State university being, in many cases, directly affiliated with the station.

The individual States have earnestly supplemented the aid of the nation. They support the universities by a direct mill tax levied upon the assessed valuation of the State; by fixed annual appropriations; by special appropriations for maintenance, new buildings, and equipment; by interest on funds derived from the sale of lands; and by fees from students. The abolition of all fees in all departments of all State universities is yet to be accomplished: no university for the people, supported by the public, can reach its full stature with this handicap.

The ring of the heroic is in the acts of those men of the long ago who sacrificed their most precious personal belongings—"a great silver salt," "a silver beer-bowl," "one silver fruit-dish," "a pewter flagon," "corn and meat," "thirty ewe sheep and their lambs"—sacrifices in order that the first struggling institution of American learning might not die. Truly the torch has been passed on, and the same initial devotion which made possible the Harvard of to-day, though manifested in different form, now marks the individual States in their loyal support of their universities. I do not know of any more significant illustration of this devotion than that shown in the case of one of the western universities, that of Minnesota. In the earlier days,

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University of Illinois.

when the university was a feeble institution, the governor of the State, the late John S. Pillsbury, a man of the scantiest common school education, came to the assistance of the university, gave liberally to it from his private fortune; gave, indeed, what was still more valuable, his immediate personal aid and counsel. For forty years this man, one of the great millers of America, devoted one-third of his entire time day by day and year by year to the university, with no return whatever save the satisfaction of helping to provide for others that which had been denied to himself. The splendid gifts of money from private fortunes which have been made to other State universities are illustrations of this same devotion to higher state education.

The undergraduate life of these universities while, in many instances, lacking the fine charm of the atmosphere surrounding the old colleges and universities, and while, in many cases, the universities are not only very new, but very large, so that the student loses some of the intimate delights of college life in a smaller institution—this undergraduate life is deeply interesting. It throbs with the buoyant energy of American youth, it is rich in subtle comradeship, knit by the steel-wrought bands of the fraternities, brimming over with devotion to athletics, on fire with the inspiration of high scholarship, loyal to the last drop of student blood to every interest of the university itself.

The subject of the joint education of the sexes is open to elaborate discussion. If one is to accept, however, the opinions of the many State university presidents from whom the writer has heard upon this subject, one must come to the conclusion that, in their experience, at least—and they have supervision of some ten thousand young women students now being educated alongside of young men—joint education of the sexes is not only practicable, but desirable, alike aidful to each sex in promoting the largest degree of success.

A description of what has been accomplished in these institutions through the medium of the highest function of the university—original research—could not be compassed in a volume. The remarkably successful investigations carried on at the State experiment stations, mainly under university supervision; the expeditions to Egypt and Peru by the University of California, and the studies by the same institution in the languages, traditions, and customs of the Pacific Coast Indians (the richest aboriginal material on the continent, where, in the one State of California, more Indian tongues are spoken than in all the rest of America), with the notable contributions to astronomical science through the medium of the Lick Observatory; the scientific investigations and discoveries of the University of Wisconsin—notably the discovery of Dr. Babcock in the testing of milk to show the per cent. of cream, by

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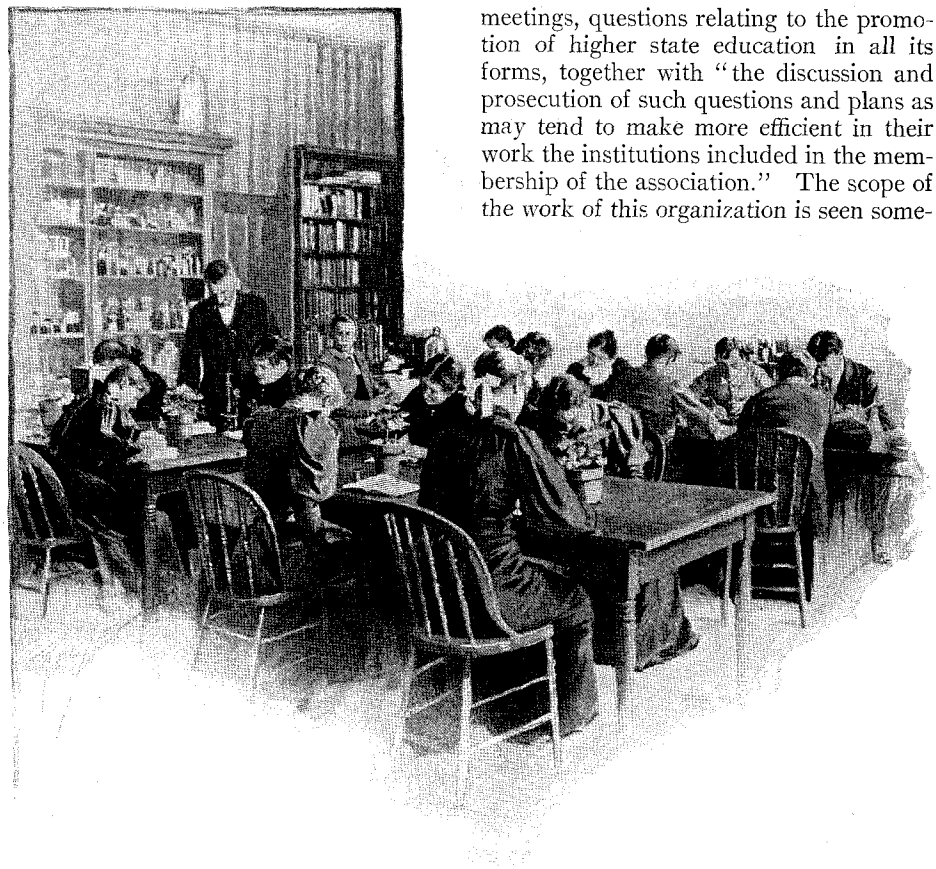

Botanical work, University of Wyoming.

means of which the dairy methods of the world have been revolutionized; the establishment of a marine botanical station on the Pacific coast by the University of Minnesota; the researches of the University of Pennsylvania in Central Babylonia, exhuming the ancient city of Nippur, and bringing to life the fascinating story of that far day—these suggest something of what has already been accomplished by these universities in the higher realm of research, something of the output of the future when these institutions shall become still more adequately equipped for service.

Seven years ago, after a number of conferences between presidents of the universities, a general organization was effected known as the National Association of State Universities, of which President Fulton, of the University of Mississippi, has for several years been the president. The object of this association is to consider, in annual meetings, questions relating to the promotion of higher state education in all its forms, together with "the discussion and prosecution of such questions and plans as may tend to make more efficient in their work the institutions included in the membership of the association." The scope of the work of this organization is seen somewhat in a partial list of topics for discussion at the meeting of the association in the city of Washington in the current year: "How Should Attendance on Religious Exercises in State Universities Be Regulated?" "Should Intercollegiate Athletics Be Under Official University Control?" "How May the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships Be Made Most Useful in the United States?" "Methods of Correcting or Eliminating Idle or Unprofitable University Students."

These topics suggest the wide range of the association. Forty-one institutions are entitled to membership.

A great national university has been the dream of many an advocate of higher education by the State, an institution which should be a university in the broadest possible sense, where men should be trained in even wider fields than those of the present-day university, where the open door of

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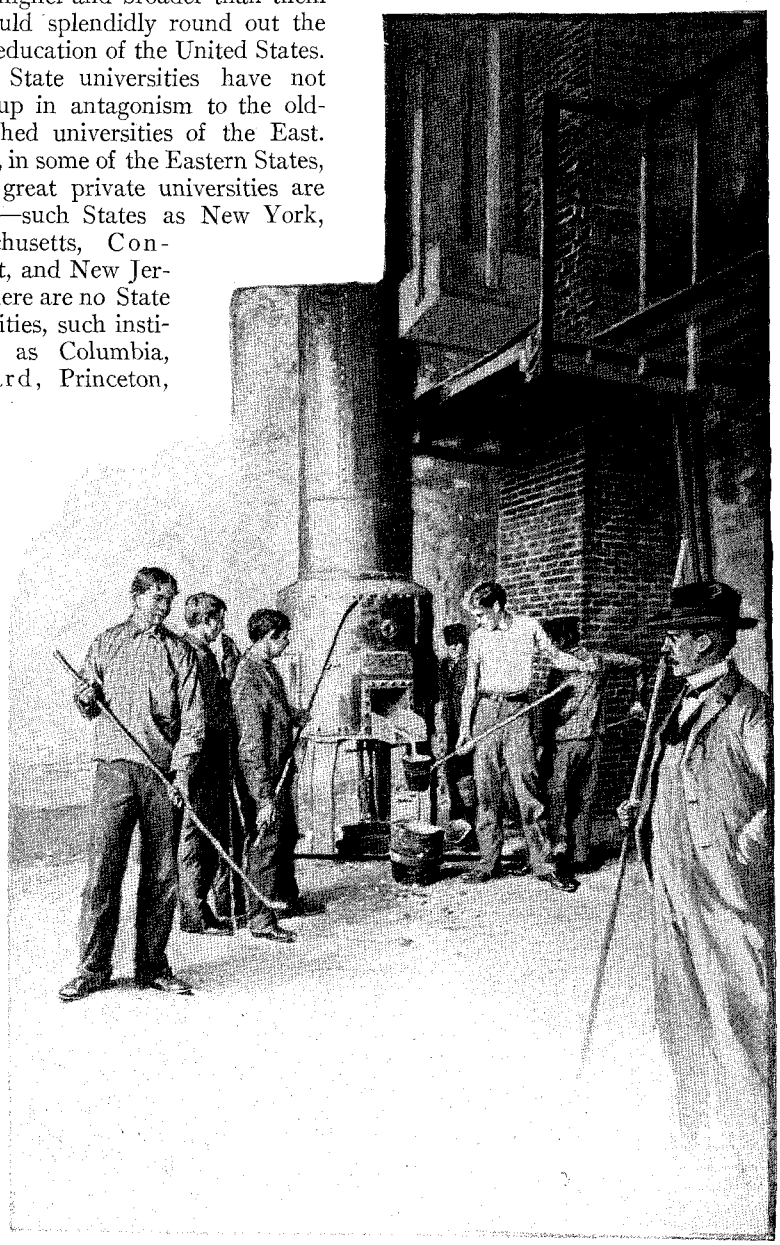
national departments should lead to the largest possible opportunity. Since President Washington first broached the establishment of such a university, the subject has been brought to the attention of Congress and the public in general very many times. While vast progress has been made by American universities, a national institution, higher and broader than them all, would splendidly round out the public education of the United States.

The State universities have not grown up in antagonism to the old-established universities of the East. Indeed, in some of the Eastern States, where great private universities are located—such States as New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey—there are no State universities, such institutions as Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale rendering State universities quite unnecessary. And, apparently, the State universities in other commonwealths have advanced without regard to the private universities, though the latter seem to have lost nothing in prestige or influence because of the coming in of the State institutions. No doubt the smaller college has suffered,



In the foundry room, Mechanical Department, University of Wyoming.

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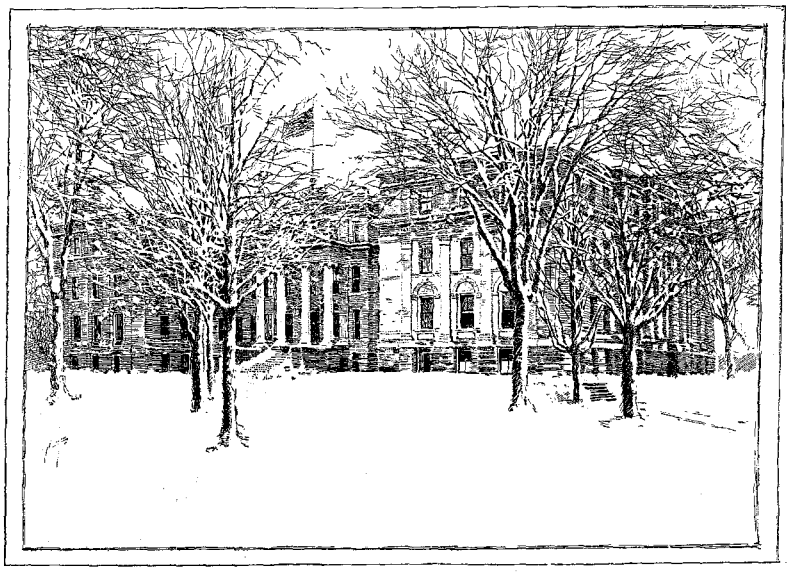
has been chilled, even hopelessly stunted sometimes, in the shadow of the State university; but even here the charge of unfairness does not lie at the door of the latter: the State university exists not to destroy but to construct; exists because of the demand for it, a demand which no other institution may supply.

But the fact should not be lost sight of that very many of these State universities are in an indirect, but none the less definite, sense, the product of the East. All the State and national aid so lavishly bestowed would have been largely unavailing if it had not been for the culture, the knowledge, indeed, the passion, for education of the professors and the presidents who have been drawn to the West from the graduate body of the colleges and universities of the East. In the blood of the older East was the seed of the newer West.

These universities have changed the entire life of the West. They have clarified its atmosphere, driven the wildness from its veins, shown it its weakness and its strength; they have inwrapped their very life into the fabric of Western progress. They have been a safeguard—almost a safety-valve—to this rapidly increasing people, helping them forward in citizenship and political strength. They have helped to redeem from the curse of cranks. They have steadied the States in commerce and trade. They have been of inestimable value in raising the general standard of intellectual life.



Hall of Liberal Arts, State University of Iowa.

Not many students in the public schools of America, as compared with the whole vast throng, will ever be graduated from the high schools; far smaller the number to take their university degree. Not ninety thousand have been graduated from all the State universities of America in over a century. There are over sixteen million students in this country to-day receiving education at the hands of the State. Of this vast number only a slight fraction, less than one-fourth of 1 per cent., are students of the State universities. Yet the influence of this body is of tremendous significance, in any survey of the forces which have been marshalled upon the field of national endeavor to win the position now held by the larger America.

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JIM'S SECOND FORGERY

By Jessie L. Schulten

ILLUSTRATION BY KARL ANDERSON

THE office of the prison was very quiet. It was never quite like other offices; the hum and bustle of hope and achievement were ever lacking; but to-day the flies droned lazily on the window-pane and there was no other sound save the scratch of a pen on a ledger and the click of a typewriter.

Jim sat by the window. A bundle of outgoing letters from the prisoners, which he had been going over, lay forgotten in his hand, and his thoughts were far away from the grim stone pile which held so many aching hearts, so many cropped heads bending over a work they loathed, giving the State their most unwilling labor. Even the genial warden could not make it home to them, but it was home to Jim.

Jim's whole heart had gone out to the warden when he had first been kind to him in the old days when, with shaved head, and plaid suit, Jim had been thrust into the colony of the lock-step. When his friends had turned from him, the warden had let him hope for better things; and when Jim had served his term he had found the world an alien spot and out of tune, and he had come back to the prison as better men would seek a cloister. He had put behind him the world and its temptations, and the warden, who knew men, had looked deep into his appealing dog-like eyes, and had given him light work in the office. He had now been made usher.

He showed curious, tip-toeing visitors over the prison, he proudly conducted dressy women, who held their skirts high from contamination, and men of irreproachable business integrity, through the rooms of dogged workers, once his fellows. When there were no visitors, Jim opened the prisoners' mail. The papers he glanced at to make sure they were not upon the black-list of forbidden publications, and that they contained no writing; the letters he read carefully and dispassionately, and folding them the opposite way to prove that they had been examined, stamped them and threw them into the pile of accepted mail, diligently recording each in a ledger —address, date, place, and superscription.

Some of the officers had laughed when Jim came into this position, and had suggested that he was well fitted to copy the signatures in the writer's own hand. Jim laughed, too, and often copied them so, just for a joke. There are many strange jokes in a state's prison, but a sexton, they say, comes to laugh at tombstones.

The prison colony learns to see things with new eyes. All the horror, the loathing of the place had long since vanished from Jim's mind. He had forgotten the cold drops which once stood out upon his forehead when he awoke in the black night and realized where he was. All that was over, now. To him the forbidding-looking building offered shelter from an over-strained world, he loved the long, clean, silent corridors, the military organization, the regular hours. Outside, right and wrong were in confusion, and Jim had come to look out upon the noisy, struggling, money-getting world with something of the same fear and shuddering with which the world looked in.

Out there men's selfish brutality was uncurbed, here all natures were under restraint. There, if a man stood balanced on the edge of a precipice, a dozen hands went out to thrust him over, and two dozen clutched at the goods he left behind. Men's passions were writ large upon their faces. Perhaps in his weakness, Jim was artistic, and the portrayal of strong feeling offended him in nature as it had the Greeks in art; at all events, he had fled from the hurly-burly of a life of business or of social dissipation, back to this clean life, where he became once more a part of the State's great throbbing, human machine. Here men came and went, and if strong feeling ebbed and surged beneath the stolid faces, no one knew.

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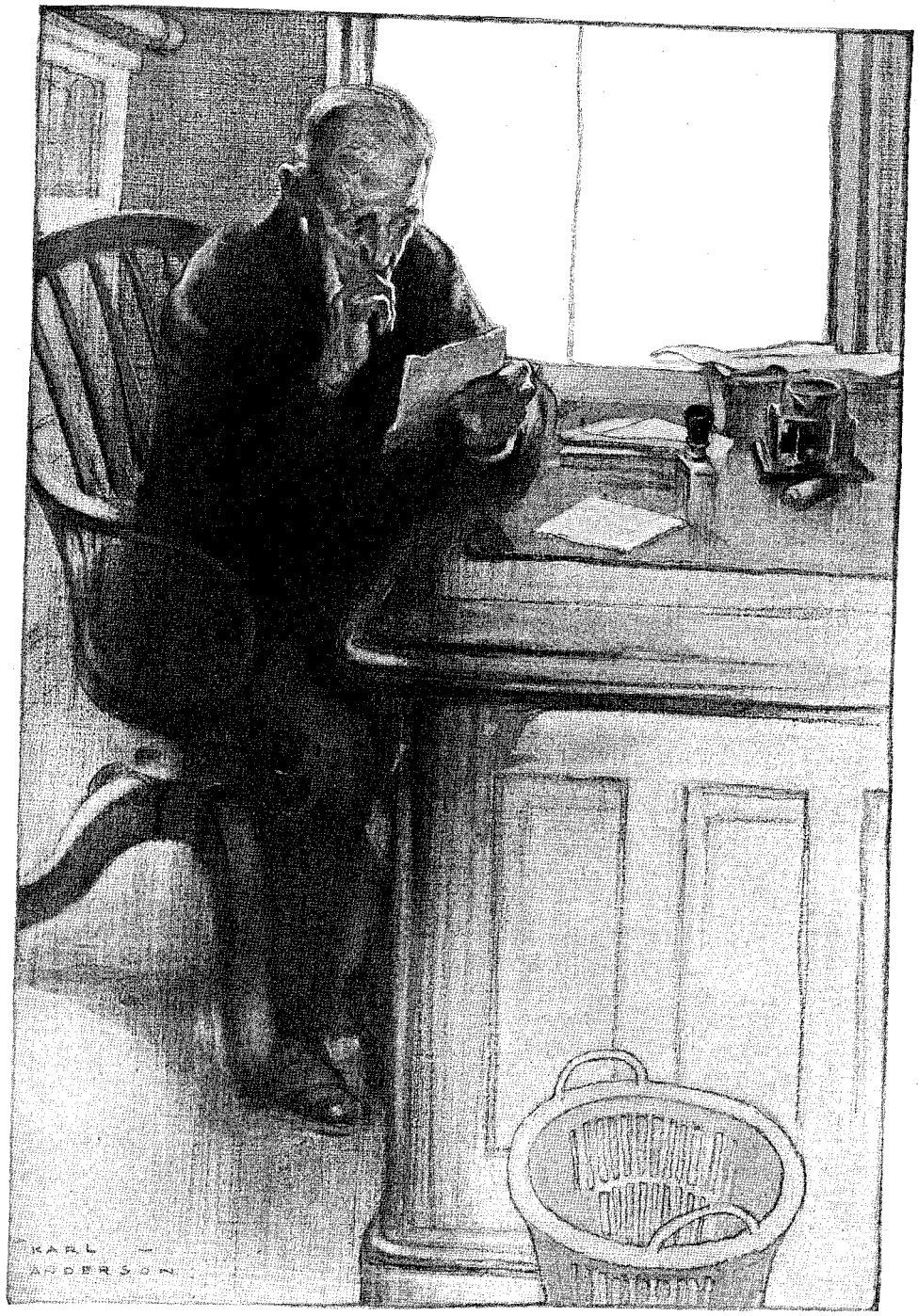

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

Jim held the man's answer in his hand.—Page 494.

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As the long lines clanked down the corridors, no man could tell who or what his neighbor was, how long he had been there, or how long he was to tarry, save when the new ones behaved strangely and seemed nervous, or when the old ones began to grow beard or mustache, in token of a coming liberation.

Jim examined their mail and probed into their inner lives in the same disinterested way that a biologist vivisects, one for the State, the other for Science. Jim prided himself upon being the watch-dog of the prison. He read everything, but noted only that which concerned him as an officer. At least this had been his attitude, but nine months ago, a little, blue, broken-hearted note had stirred something within him which had slumbered since the time when the iron bars had first shut upon him and his own disgrace. He had stamped it and passed it in, but the memory of a girlish, tear-stained face had lingered, and he found himself singling out G. S., number 765, from the other parts of the great machine, and wondering who he was, and if the note had touched him.

He was thinking of all this to-day, as the flies buzzed on the window and the prisoners' letters lay unopened on his desk. He was fingering one letter thoughtfully. It was from G. S., number 765, to Miss Mamie Gray. From him to her. The last chapter had come, and Jim fumbled the letter nervously, almost afraid to open it, just as a devoted reader hesitates before beginning the closing scene of a much-loved novel, feeling that it must end well—it must, and holding his breath in fear that it will not.

The little blue note had been followed at regular intervals by others in the same hand; letters so full of a deep womanly sympathy, so keen to search out a crumb of comfort and lay it alluringly before the man she sorrowed for and with, that Jim's heart ached for her, and he almost envied the man who had such a hand stretched out to help him, such a memory to look back upon, even though he must look wistfully and through prison bars. As time passed, Jim noticed that the keen edge of the disgrace was less sharp. The wound was healing. She seemed less sensitive, better able to cope with the people and things of an everyday life. She sent him bits of news. Sometimes her letters seemed almost happy, as her buoyant, girlish nature asserted itself; but beneath it all was the undercurrent that told of deep waters, and one could not forget that when the man first went down she had gone with him, and for his sake had sounded the depths of woe, and grovelled in the sands of utter despair and disillusionment. All this Jim realized, and even when her letters seemed to dance on the crest, he knew that the sound of the black waters still rang in her ears, and he wondered if G. S., 765, knew too.

Her letters were never answered. They came as a free gift from a heart that could not forget. On the days upon which G. S., 765, was allowed to write his bi-monthly letter, Jim searched in vain for a word to her, it never came. The man wrote to friends, relatives, lawyers, alert, practical letters, seeking means by which he might be freed. They were letters which pulled wires, made promises, and sometimes threatened revenge. They were cold business letters, and they were never to her. Jim could not understand.

She had written less frequently herself, of late, and her words came less directly from the heart, he fancied; her hopes were no longer living, breathing hopes, they were dead things, as though she wrote with a conscious effort.

Last week a letter, THE letter had come. Jim could never forget the day he read it; never had he been so much a man, so little an officer. He forgot G. S., 765, he forgot the capacity in which it was his duty to examine the letter, he forgot everything but the burning words before him, everything save the woman pleading for life and happiness, and through it all trying by word and phrase to make cruel truths seem kind.

After he had stamped it with the sign manual of approval, and passed it in, Jim had felt utterly unfit for duty. His pulse beat fast with excitement. G. S., 765, could not write for nine days, he would have nine days to think it over, surely his better self would conquer and he would set her free! She had asked what most women would have claimed as a right. She had told him how the first shock had broken her, how the whole universe had seemed to crash and quiver, and how in spirit she had gone willingly with him to a life of bitter humiliation, glad only that

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she could comfort him and help, hopeful only that she could make his future less hard. But the gifts she had to give had meant little to him; she had not heard from him, and what she had heard of him had made her doubt, and doubt is a great love-destroyer. Then out of the chaos of his making she had been led by kind hands back to the free air, back to a life of ideals and possibilities; and though at first her lips smiled while her heart ached, she had come to feel some of the old gladness, some of the old joy of living—and she asked him for her freedom.

She offered him friendship, help such as she could give, everything but herself. She did not reproach him for a black past, but she asked him for exemption from a black future. Was it right, she asked, since she could not raise him up, that he should drag her down? Could she in honor smirch her family's name with dishonor and force her friends to cast her off? Should a promise given in all faith in the blind days of long ago stand now between her and a new happiness, which had crept into her life and softly, gently, led her through the deep waters until she had come to see that life was not over, and that youth, and love, and joy, still were?

To-day Jim held the man's answer in his hand. Fearfully he opened it—and read. When he had finished he involuntarily crumpled the cringing, crawling thing in his hand with the instinct which has come down to us strong from Eden to smite the creeping things which Heaven declared accursed.

"The snake!" he muttered.

For the letter had cried out to her for mercy, had pleaded with her not to withdraw his one hope, his one hold on life. Every word leaned on her and sapped her strength. He claimed her with memories of a fond past, he claimed her by right of need, by right of promise, and last, he told her that the deed he had done, the act which wrecked his life, had been done for her sake—for her sake, and that his burden by moral right was partly hers.

"The snake!" Jim hissed again.

The flies buzzed on, the typewriter clicked, and the pen scratched on the ledger.

Jim was thinking hard, and into his mind came persistently the memory of an odd conceit which had come to him in the first dark days of his own trouble, as he sat on his bench and lasted shoes. Of all the raw material that came in to be cut, and slashed, and remodelled, nearly all of it was destined to be sent out in a shape fit for some sphere of usefulness; but now and then some piece of wood or leather was too weak to stand the test, and broken and torn, was cast out as quite useless. At the time Jim had resolved that he would be good leather, and he had been, but to-day, when the figure recurred to him, he knew in his heart that G. S., 765, was destined for the scrap heap, that he would never make a good shoe.

"And if the little girl tries to wear him," he thought, "he'll pinch her, and he'll tear and give way when she ain't expecting it."

Jim's brows were knit, his mouth worked, but his eyes were steady. Deliberately he spread out the letter and carefully studied the writing, then he took a fresh sheet of prison paper and wrote rapidly for a few minutes, adding the scratch of his own pen to the few noises of the sultry afternoon. With a flourish he signed it, the full name of G. S., number 765, then he folded it hastily, enclosed it in the original envelope, and thrust it among the outgoing mail.

He had set her free. But he had not been heroic enough about it to rouse her admiration. He had whined a little, he had been weak and selfish; there was a suggestion that he was doing it for his own good, not hers; there was almost a note of relief in the dismissal. It was a masterpiece.

The flies were still buzzing. Jim tried to bring his mind back to his work. "There is only one hell, anyway," he told himself, "and if forgery leads there, I reckon I'm trekking that trail already." Then he opened another letter. "And the little girl will be so happy," he murmured.

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SOME PHASES OF TRADE UNIONISM

By Walter A. Wyckoff

THE meaning of trade unionism has only begun to make itself known. Now, that its history is being written, there is a dawning sense of its significance. But there are few, even among its members, who fully realize its nature and its possible relation to a future development of society. Even its present ends and aims are but feebly understood within its circles. There are those among unionists who do understand, and the mass of the membership is permeated by great ideas, vaguely held as ideas, but believed in and acted upon with tremendous force in relation to certain concrete facts. The very absence of self-consciousness in growth is itself evidence of vitality.

When the local trade clubs, which sprang up in England during the eighteenth century, began to coalesce into national organizations, simultaneously with the growth of the business unit in point of capital and organization, no one dreamt that the course of industrial progress was being outlined. Everyone sees it clearly to-day. Nothing could be more obvious than the fact, in the business world, that the centralization and organization of capital have been paralleled by a centralization and organization of labor. And nothing could be farther from the truth than to suppose that this process of centralization is evidence of hostility on the part of either form of organization for the other. One is essentially an organization for peace and not for war. The centralization of capital has been effected largely for the purpose of doing away with the war-like features of competition, and so increasing the productiveness of industry by putting an end to the waste of war. It would be difficult to prove that labor has ever suffered seriously or permanently from organization on the part of capital, and it would be easy to show that it has already benefited greatly, and is likely to realize increasingly great benefits in the future.

The organization of labor does not imply a necessary hostility to capital; it does imply a readiness to make use of organized power to secure certain ends and to retain them, but its main purpose is to maintain the standard of life among its members; and one has only to analyze this purpose to see that it also results in increased productiveness; for a well-nourished, well-housed body of wage-earners is thoroughly established as a prime factor in industrial efficiency.

By no means is it true that a desire for greater productive power has been the ruling motive impelling to either form of organization. Here is one of the anomalies of long standing in the world. Industrial organization is not begun or continued in the spirit of service, but in that of gain. Incidentally the world is served; for those who fail to make money at business soon lose the chance of serving the world in that particular way.

Both types of organization have been essentially natural and inevitable. Once begun under conditions which admitted of their development, it became impossible to forecast the results; local organization of both capital and labor might spread to national boundaries and even become international in scope.

The naturalness and inevitability have, however, not always been apparent. Both forms of organization have had to make way against enormous obstacles. The difficulties which beset the early trades unions in industrial countries are now nearly incredible. They would be entirely so but for the fact that there are still persons to whom trade unionism has something of the sound of a conspiracy against society, and for whom the right of working people to combine in their own interests is still an open question.

There is much that is legendary and much that is apocryphal in the traditions of the persecutions of the early trade unions, but there remains a sufficient body of truth to make clear that trade unionism

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had, in the latter half of the eighteenth century and in the first quarter of the nineteenth, a fierce struggle for existence. This was not a struggle for continued existence on the part of old institutions that, for centuries, had embodied the organization of labor, while feudalism lasted, and long after. The craft guilds had served their purpose; some of them had grown to great wealth and power, and some of them survive as institutions of commanding influence. It is true that there were among the new trade clubs, those that bore a resemblance to the old guilds; but it was a new type that was the significant one, and this new type was so far removed from the old in all the essentials of constitution and aims, that it marks an epoch in the history of labor. There is nothing here of mere newness, a reformation which was inspired by some great leader among the working people of that day; the movement was new because it grew out of conditions that had been revolutionized by changes in the most fundamental relations of the workers to their work. There is here one of those changes which seem to be peculiar to the history of the race and which gives to it something of the catastrophic character that formerly was thought to mark the stages of all development. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century is a case in point. The methods of production that were in use at the middle of that century, the various processes of farming and manufacturing and mining, and of the transportation of goods, resembled more closely the methods of a thousand years before than they did those of even the early years of the nineteenth century. And when one considers only the most essential of the new mechanical appliances by which the revolution was effected (the employment of steam as a motive power and the use of steam-driven machinery), it is fair to say that the essence of the change was in operation within a period of less than half a century. The vastly greater changes in degree that have followed have been the logical sequence of events. Relatively, it was a little thing to have increased the productive power of labor a few hundred, or even many thousand fold, but, actually, it was a fact of immeasurable consequence that the factory system had taken the place of the household system of production, and that there was rapidly forming, as one result of the change, a wage-earning class, which was separated from all ownership in the instruments with which they worked and the goods which were the products of their labor.

This simple fact lies at the root of the industrial problem of to-day. But precisely what is meant by a divorce between the wage-earners on the one hand and the instruments of their work and the products of their labor on the other? When one considers the vast scale of present-day production with its infinite division and subdivision of labor, it is amazing to recall how short is the step back to a time when there prevailed quite another order of things. There are multitudes of men still living whose lives reach back into that other order, and whose memories can reconstruct it out of materials which belong to their own experiences. Even for those who must imagine much of it, its essential features are not difficult to reconstruct—a village community, self-sufficing for the most part, and without any very active communication with the outside world. We easily imagine the mill and the village store, the blacksmith's shop, and the printer's, the cabinet-maker's, and the shoemaker's, the butcher's, and half a score more. The simplicity of it all, in contrast with the complexity which has replaced it, heightens the marvel that it should have been the typical condition of a time so little removed from the present.

There were certain features common to all its industries. They were on a small scale and were owned and operated by the workers themselves. Little was known of the borrowing of capital for production on an increasing scale, or of the functions of the *entrepreneur*. The miller, for example, owned his mill and worked it himself with the help of apprentices, as did the printer, the cabinet-maker and shoemaker in relation to their respective shops. These were men who owned the raw materials of their craft, and the simple tools with which they worked, and the finished products when the work was done. There was no separation yet between the workers and the materials of their work. And such a worker controlled his time as well. There

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was no question of a day of twelve working hours or of ten or eight; the shopman made his hours of work as many or as few as he chose. There were helpers in the shops, hired hands, who occupied quite another condition. They worked in the master's shop and used his tools. They owned nothing of the raw material nor of the finished product. They worked for certain hours and at a definite wage. But they were not a class of wage-earners destined to remain wage-earners all their lives. They worked as apprentices or journeymen until they could open shops of their own; and it was quite the normal thing for such workmen to open eventually their own shops, when they had thoroughly mastered the trade and laid by enough capital for an independent venture. Nor could anything bring out clearer the contrast between their situation and that of the wage-earners of the present. There was relatively a long time in America when eventual independence—independent enterprise—must have been the rule for the workers, they, in turn, becoming the employers of laborers, who were constantly being matriculated as apprentices and graduated as employers. The guild system itself does not furnish a better illustration of this natural progress from industrial dependence to independence when no insuperable barrier of capital blocks the way of the wage-earner. It is true that the normal progress in the craft guilds was from apprentice to journeyman and from journeyman to master-craftsman; and there were times, certainly, in some of the guilds, when this progress was realized by many, perhaps most, of the members. But the guilds were always jealous of increasing their numbers and of recruiting from outside their own circles, and promotion to mastership was not, infrequently, a thing reserved for the master's son. Moreover, it is doubtful whether there was ever a time, under the guild system in England, for example, that there was not, in many trades, a more or less permanent body of wage-earners. In certain trades there were certainly workers destined to remain wage-earners all their lives, for whom, as a body, there existed no possibility of independent enterprise. But this was far from being characteristic of the guild system. As a system (apart from agriculture) it approximated a complete organization of industry—of capital as well as labor, very primitive in its organization of capital, but admitting of a union between capital and labor so complete that the master craftsmen owned their capital and worked, not for wages, but for the profits derived from selling the finished products.

This fact separates the guilds from the modern trade unions so completely that there is no possibility of connecting them historically. Labor was organized in craft guilds during the Middle Ages and down to a time very near the present; now, in large part, it is organized in trade unions, but the modern trade union is far from being the craft guild under another name. It is something fundamentally different, and the difference consists chiefly in the fact that the typical modern workman owns nothing of the raw materials of his craft nor of the tools, the machines, which he uses, nor of the finished product when his work is done. He works for wages. While the typical worker of the guild system was the master-craftsman (for the apprentices and journeymen were but on the way to being master-workmen) and he, as we have seen, was owner of the raw materials and tools and finished products, as well as being master of his time.

There were more or less sporadic organizations among journeymen in the guilds, organizations that rose and fell with the varying fortunes of their members, being strongest when journeymen were most oppressed, and weakest when they prospered most, but never acquiring great strength, for the reason that their strongest members were drawn away from clubs of journeymen as they, themselves, rose to mastership in their crafts. It was these clubs, however, weak and sporadic as they were, that were the real forerunners of modern trade unions.

Guilds and unions, although touching and overlapping in point of time, are really products of widely different sets of conditions. There is a physical cleavage between them wrought by steam-driven machinery and showing itself with clearest significance in the fact that the modern worker owns nothing of the raw materials or of the instruments of his work.

One turns naturally to England for examples of this change, for England is the

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typical industrial country of the present. It was there that the industrial revolution first worked itself out, and England's long industrial supremacy was due to her having had so clear a start, in point of time, of other nations. Most of the mechanical inventions which caused the revolution were first made and applied there; and one can study there, to best effect, the operation of the guild system, and perhaps, even the relations of trade unionism to modern industry. And yet there is no better example of the change, no more thorough example, than one finds in America, where craft guilds have practically never existed; but where industrialism is working its way out to definite ends with greater rapidity than in any other country.

In the progress of industrialism toward ends which it is impossible to foresee, it is easy to see that an increasing organization of capital and of labor are its plainest present features and that both forms of organization are the natural and quite inevitable outcome of existing conditions. When the advantages of combining small competing capitals into a single business became apparent, the development of the trust was assured; and in the case of labor, when it was seen that a collective bargain made by all of the local workmen of one trade with their employers was more to their interest than a system of individual higgling for wages, the modern trade union arose. And now it would be quite as reasonable to expect the present organization of industry with its high productivity to revert to the forms of household production with primitive tools, as to expect trade unionism to go back to the organization of the guilds. The thing is impossible, because the conditions which caused the guilds and which made possible the simplicity of the industries of early America, for example, have disappeared, and in their place have come those which make trusts and trade unions inevitable.

The economic advantages of the trust as an instrument of production are clear enough. If a number of concerns are spending heavily in a competitive struggle for control of the same market, it is conceivable that there might be a saving effected in a consolidation which would bring them under one administration. All unnecessary duplication of plants and the reduplication of administrative machinery would be saved, besides the expenses of competing corps of travelling salesmen and the costs of merely competitive advertising. There is a further economic advantage, and a great one, in consolidation, in that, in controlling the market, the combination is able to manufacture with some certainty with reference to the probable demand, and has little or no temptation to go beyond this point, so that the danger of "over-production" tends to disappear. The economies of consolidation have resulted in so considerable a reduction of the costs of production that the prices of finished products have not infrequently ranged lower under trust manufacture than under that of competitive enterprise. No trust is ever formed for the purpose of lowering prices, and none is ever formed with the sole intention of raising them. The chief end of every trust is to make money; but, generally speaking, more money is to be made by lowering prices below the former standard set by competition than by raising them above it. This is a fact to which no trust is long blind. Blindness here is fatal; for an attempt to force prices to an artificial level and keep them there, if it does not defeat its own ends by cutting off the demand, is nearly sure to do so by creating a field for investment, made so alluring by excessive profits as to almost certainly draw into it a great fund of capital seeking investment.

Not only cut-throat competition, but a certain speculative element in business tends to disappear with the development of the trust. Competing enterprises are producing for the same market and struggling with one another for its control. They may each have a tolerably accurate knowledge of the probable demand for their commodity, but none will know exactly how much of the market it will capture, and all will be producing with a view to capturing as much as possible. A curious, anomalous over-production, such as has plagued the world periodically, and especially since the industrial revolution, is sure to follow with attendant evils of depression and loss of confidence, and business failure and utter stagnation for a time. Centralized capital may produce all the evils of business crises in enhanced form by the way of over-capitalization, and is exceedingly likely to

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do so unless checked by some practicable system of regulation; but when centralization has gone far enough, capital, so organized, has little temptation to speculation in ways which lead to over-production. So far organized capital does society a certain negative service. A positive service to wage-earners would be proved in this connection by the facts of greater stability of employment at wages at least not lower than those paid under competitive production. That this would be made clear by a comparison between regularity of work and rates of wages in a large number of industries before and after consolidation there can be little doubt. It is highly likely that the facts would show results of organization greatly to the interests of wage-earners.

While one of these might prove to be a greater stability of employment, yet for any initial improvement in wages one must look not to the organization of capital as a cause, but to the organization of labor. There are individual instances in abundance in which the economic advantages of high wages have been recognized by the brains behind organized capital; but, as a matter of history, labor has secured a better wage as the result of long struggle; and the most effective instrument of the struggle has been the trade union. In England it had first to fight against a legal disability and endure much persecution besides, for it was not until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century that combinations of workingmen were made lawful there. When this disability had been removed and workingmen had gained the legal right to combine, unionism was forced to take up the fight against opposition in a subtler form, which has lasted to our own day, and has been shared by unionism in America. It is not often that abstract doctrines which have been given a practical turn by their authors become deeply impressed on the public mind; and yet this rare thing occurred to defeat the ends of trade unionism. Some of the economists were teaching, and some of them continued to teach, down to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that combination among working people was powerless to improve their condition, because of the operation of a principle to which they gave the name of the Wage-Fund Theory. They explained its operation by saying that there was at any given time a fixed amount of capital to be distributed as wages, and that the average wage depended upon the number of working people among whom the whole sum must be divided; so that if any section of wage-earners succeeded by means of combination in getting more than their share, they inevitably did so at the expense of some other section of their class. Any improvement in the condition of wage-earners as a whole was impossible; and if it were possible to evade the wage fund principle, there was another "natural law" whose inevitable co-operation with it was certain to produce in the end the same result. What was known as the Principle of Population provided against any permanent improvement in the condition of wage-earners; for, let them secure a higher wage, and the natural increase of their numbers following upon bettered conditions would soon bring wages back again to the level of bare subsistence. So general was the adoption of these ideas that it was an accepted conviction among the educated classes throughout a great part of the nineteenth century that wage-earners were irretrievably hedged in by the wage fund and by the fact of an increase in their numbers in response to any improvement in their conditions. An advance in wages at any point was supposed to measure to a farthing a loss of wages at some other point, and a conceivable general increase of the wage fund from the sources of profits and interest would inevitably be followed by an increasing birth-rate among the workers until the average wage was back again at the level of bare subsistence. Trade unionism was looked upon at the best as a blind and futile struggle against fate; and working people were plainly told that the only possible means within their power of improving their condition lay in a voluntary restriction of their numbers.

The marvellous growth of organized labor beginning in the small democracies of isolated trade clubs, curiously similar in certain respects to the town meetings of early New England, and expanding as the growth of industrial democracy, working out in an unconscious evolution the practical problem of "the combination of administrative efficiency and popular con-

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trol,"* had first to fight with flesh and blood in the forms of unrelenting persecution and the tyrannies of irresponsible capital, which place the years of the early development of capitalism among the ghastliest of human history—until the legal right of combination had been secured as well as factory legislation which insured to wage-earners some protection from an anarchical condition which had been sweeping them by thousands out of existence.

Having fought with beasts at Ephesus, trade unionism had then to take up a fight against intellectual blindness in high places. It is difficult to conceive of a more desperate struggle. The whole movement was relatively new, an outcome of industrial conditions which were the results of a comparatively sudden revolution of industry. There was dense ignorance within and much unregulated passion, expressing itself in violent hatreds and suspicions among its own members, while without was an apparently impenetrable and insurmountable barrier of educated public opinion which had crystallized into the conviction that all efforts toward permanent improvement in the common lot of wage-earners were as futile as though they were attempts to prevent the natural sequence of the seasons.

It is only fair to the economists of the middle of the nineteenth century to say that not all of them taught the doctrines of the wage fund and of population in the then commonly accepted forms; and that with those who did so teach them, they were matters quite secondary to the economists' great concern in educating public opinion to the point of freeing industry from artificial trammels which bound it. It is only fair to add also that none were readier than the economists to accept the demonstration of the falseness of their earlier doctrine and to recant publicly, as in the notable instance of John Stuart Mill in his review in 1869 of W. T. Thornton's exposure of the fallacy. The present science of economics, reasoning not deductively, but from the facts of life, teaches emphatically that trades-union action may and does raise wages without resulting in any corresponding loss, either in the present or future, to wages or to the accumulation of capital, and that an improved condition among wage-earners, far from being followed by increasing numbers to recreate a pressure upon the limits of subsistence, has actually been followed in certain instances by a rise in the average age of marriage and a fall in the number of marriages, with an altogether alarming decline in the birth-rate. A further scientific investigation of this subject would probably prove decisively that it is under conditions of greatest poverty that there is to be found the most ill-regulated birth-rate, and that the increasing comfort of modern life among wage-earners, as well as among wealthier classes, has resulted in a condition of the question of population which calls for earnest advocacy of the obligations of the family and of wholesome citizenship, rather than any preaching to healthy and normal citizens of the duty of "prudential restraint."

Modern industrialism, as we have been regarding it, presents as its most characteristic feature a progressive development in a simultaneous organization of capital and of labor. The world awoke a hundred and fifty years ago to a new industrial life, which is without parallel in the history of the race. Its only conceivable parallel is in some prehistoric period, when a habit of utilization was adopted by primitive man in the place of an earlier one of destruction; when, in other words, he began to domesticate certain of the plants and animals about him instead of devouring them at once, and when his captive taken in war became his slave, instead of his dinner.

The new industrial life to which the revolution gave birth, had in it the capacity of a growth of miraculous rapidity. The productive power of labor, working with steam-driven machinery, began to increase by leaps and bounds. Presently a handful of operatives, using the new appliances, could produce in a day what the trained working population of an entire county could not have produced in the same time by means of the old methods. Obviously, it was not that the strength and skill of the individual workers had increased many thousand fold. Most of them had lost the skill of their craft in becoming machine-tenders, and strength was never a con-

* "Industrial Democracy," Vol. I, p. 38. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. . . . The reader interested in a scientific and eminently enlightening investigation of Trade Unionism is referred to this work, and to "The History of Trade Unionism," by the same writers.

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spicuous characteristic of the half-starved, overworked mill-hands of the early factory system. It was that brain power which is always the creative factor in industry had placed in the hands of the operatives instruments of production so specialized and so effective, and had so organized the various processes in relation to one another, that the possible productive power of society began to be practically without limit. The industrial problem of the past had been largely the question of how, with hand-work and primitive tools, to produce enough for the relatively simple needs of men. But with the development of steam-driven machinery and of the modern facilities of transportation and communication, and with the application of scientific principles to mining and to agriculture, it begins to be clear that the problem of the production of goods is in a sense solved, for it is difficult to place limits to the possible wealth-creating power of modern industry. The difficulty now shifts itself to the question of how to distribute among the factors of production the goods which they have co-operated in producing, so as to call out their maximum usefulness and conserve the best interests of society as a whole. The industrial problem of the past was the problem of production. That has been so far solved that for civilized nations it no longer stands in the way. Certainly they, at least, have it within their power to produce enough so that none among them, because of actual lack of the simplest necessities, need be without food and clothing and shelter. The industrial problem of the present is the problem of distribution. Here we have a far more complex question, for it involves the whole structure of modern society, bringing within its scope all the subtle personal relations not only of industry but of individual and family and collective life. Who will venture to say that there is any ready-made solution? Thanks to the progress made in the scientific study of social phenomena, the day of panaceas is ended, or is fast ending, and it is beginning to be seen that the first duty is not to reform society, but to understand it; and that the only possible effective reforms will be those which are the outcome, not of class hatreds, but of dispassionate and honest search for the truth in a spirit of sympathy and of service.

It was Robert Owen who first pointed out in a striking manner certain of the economic effects of the industrial revolution. He had under his personal supervision in the small manufacturing village of New Lanark, early in the nineteenth century, a community of twenty-five hundred working people organized in accordance with his ideas of co-operative production. He called attention to the fact that these twenty-five hundred operatives, working under an effective system of the division and coördination of labor, and with the then new labor-saving machinery, were producing of finished goods as much as *six hundred thousand* operatives could have produced with the methods and under the organization of only fifty years before. In the face of this fact he asked significantly what becomes of the difference between the share of the total product which fell to the six hundred thousand under the old system and that which goes as wages to the twenty-five hundred under the new. There was here no shallow implication to the effect that all wealth is created by manual labor, and, therefore, belongs to manual laborers. As a captain of industry and a highly successful business organizer, none knew better than Owen that brain power is the creative factor both in the coördination of production and in the improvement of the productive processes. But all about him were glaring evidences of the fact that, with the miraculously increasing power of society to produce goods, the vast majority of the actual workers, so far from having any share in the added abundance, were compelled, under an irresponsible and unregulated factory system and in the absence of any effective organization among themselves, to compete with one another for the wages of bare subsistence. They had been craftsmen, and the factories had turned them into machine-tenders; they had been masters and men living and working together under human relations, and the factories had turned them into wage-slaves, struggling with one another for the work that yielded the bare necessaries of life. Not only they, but their women and children were seized upon and worked to exhaustion or to death and cast aside for new victims by an anarchical industry which was making fortunes by the thousands per cent. out of the bodies and souls of the workers.

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The critical reader who fancies that it may be possible to exaggerate the facts of tyranny and degradation during this period unregulated by trade unionism and factory legislation is referred to the reports of the Parliamentary Commissions as they appear in the Blue Books. They form the basis of the factory acts in England, which have become in turn the guide to much factory legislation in America.

The guild system, with all that it implied, had disappeared before the expansive power of modern industry. It was a feature of a feudal order of society which had no place under industrialism. The characteristic workers of the new order were those who brought neither raw materials nor tools to the processes of production; merely their capacities for work, which, under the pressure of immediate need, they were obliged to sell without a "reserve price." For such men, in their newly ordered labor, the human relations of the craft guilds were gone. As workers they were known to their capitalist masters as "hands," and were bound to them only by "the nexus of cash payment." To the overwhelming mass of them who would have risen naturally in the guilds and in many of the domestic industries to mastership in the crafts, the prospect of independent enterprise by a way blocked now by costly machinery was the merest chimera. As certainly as that the rank and file of an army necessarily remain the rank and file, must these men be wage-earners all their days.

Looking impartially at the position of wage-earners under the new conditions created by the industrial revolution, we find the vast majority in the condition of a "landless" and "lordless" proletariat. Their legal rights in the land and their legal claims upon the landlords had disappeared with the decay of feudalism; the craft guilds had crumbled under them, and they were defenceless against the relentless play of supply and demand in an unregulated labor market. It is true that they had been freed from the galling restrictions of feudalism, but to most of them their freedom meant at best a choice between starvation and inhuman work under inhuman conditions. It was out of such necessities as these that trade unionism arose, and in its rise and progress it has been the most logical and necessary and effective form of "self-help" at the command of modern wage-earners. By a law of its nature as an institution it began to work instinctively for an improvement among them of the standard of life. This was its *raison d' être*, and it must achieve this result or fail completely. As contributing to the result, there were certain definite objects to be gained: an increase in wages, a reduction in the then unregulated hours of labor, and a bettering of the conditions under which work was to be performed. Slowly there evolved within the local trade clubs, which grew gradually to trade unions of national organization, practicable methods of gaining the needed ends. A system of collective bargaining, with the establishment of a minimum rate of wages, began to be substituted for the individual higgling which exposed every worker to a competitive struggle for the scantiest living. Pressure was brought to bear to secure legislation which would regulate the hours of labor and the employment of women and children, and some of the general physical conditions under which work was to be done.

A movement more inevitable than trade unionism has never arisen. In its form and aims it is an exact expression of the instinct of self-preservation and of self-help among wage-earners under the conditions of industrialism. As an institution, however, it is to be judged in its total effect upon society as a whole, precisely as its analogous and parallel development, the organization of capital, must be judged. The production of goods is significant only in the creation of wealth, and wealth means, not goods, but well-being: the use of goods and services which yields the greatest returns in healthy and moral living.

Narrowing our view to the specific aims of trade unionism, we see that they have a common end in the maintenance of the highest possible standard of life among wage-earners. We owe the expression to the Ricardian school of economists. It taught that, among working people, there is a varying standard of life, very low among the unskilled laborers, but rising in the ranks of skilled workers until it reaches its highest level among craftsmen of greatest skill.

This changing standard was supposed to indicate among the orders of working

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people a varying level of bare subsistence, and wages were supposed to obey a law which made possible to each order the maintaining of its normal standard. A fall in wages at any level would result in a decrease of numbers which would stimulate demand and bring wages up again. In like manner a rise in wages would have the effect of increasing numbers until increased supply had forced wages back to the level of bare subsistence.

Trade unionism practically accepted this teaching of the economists and began to build upon it. If wages must inevitably approximate to the level of subsistence, there yet was hope in the fact that there were various levels indicated by various standards of life among wage-earners. To raise the standard to the highest possible point and to maintain it became naturally the ruling motive of trade unionism. It was here that educated public opinion raised the theoretical objections embodied in the Wage Fund and Population doctrines, but trade unionists ignored them and redoubled their efforts with the satisfactory results of increased wages and improved conditions, greater productive efficiency, and a vast growth in capital seeking investment, even with a lowering rate of interest.

It is impossible to approve of all the methods employed by organized labor in gaining its ends; some of them are open to unqualified condemnation, but before passing too swift a judgment, it is well to remember that not even the most sympathetic advocate of the advantages to society of the organization of capital would venture to say that combinations of corporations have always worked by methods which have been above reproach. The sins of the one do not excuse those of the other, but a knowledge of human nature and of actual conditions helps to a fairer understanding of the facts of human organization. When the defenceless position of the individual wage-earner in the new industrial world of free competition is thoroughly understood, there begins to be clear the hard necessities out of which trade unionism arose; and, together with a knowledge of these necessities, there is sure to come a more charitable understanding of certain acts which appear to the strict individualist as evidences of a spirit of anarchy. In a free country, where law is an expression of the will of the people, nothing justifies a violence which interferes with the legal freedom of the individual. Trade unionism accepts this principle in theory, but it has put itself hopelessly in the wrong, and weakened its hold upon the sympathies of true citizens whenever it has failed to express the conviction in the forms of specific denunciation and discipline of its guilty members.

So far, however, from being a spirit of anarchy, which, under certain conditions, incites trade unionists to inexcusable acts of violence, it is in reality a spirit quite the opposite. That industrial anarchy really results from unregulated industry is a fact so completely demonstrated by the history of the development of capitalism that it is become a commonplace. If one wishes contemporaneous evidence of its truth, any examination of the "sweated" industries will provide it in overwhelming volume.

The average trade unionist may have no very clear ideas of the economic principles upon which his organization rests, but he knows that his standard of life has been secured at the cost of almost infinite labor and struggle, and that, apart from his organized effort to maintain it, and the co-operation of labor laws and of educated public opinion, there is no reason why his condition should not sink to that of his predecessors in the days of anarchical industry or to that of his fellows who are condemned to work under the "sweating system." It is not altogether strange that, with this conviction bred in him, as a result of generations of experience and suffering, he looks upon the worker who offers his labor at a lower rate and for longer hours than those which constitute the accepted standard as being a traitor to his class. Nor is it strange, in view of these facts, that his attitude is not always sympathetic toward the man who gladly reaps the benefits of trade unionism but refuses to support it. For merely condemning violence and interference with legal liberties and yet failing to punish the guilty among its members, trade unionism is criminally at fault; but it must be owned that all of the difficulties of the situation are not clearly understood by a critical world in which the organization of labor has yet to make much of its way.

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There is general sympathy at present with the efforts to secure by legislation better physical conditions of labor and of the housing of wage-earners. Few, moreover, will object to the various forms of mutual insurance as encouraging thrift among the workers, and giving to them a much-needed financial support in bargaining for wages. But when we touch upon a practice once common among trade unions and not yet abandoned by all of them—the device of restricting the numbers entering a trade—we have indicated an evil acknowledged as such by the most sympathetic historians of trade unionism. It should be said that the habit is one which was inherited from the guild system, and that it is being outgrown as one result of the increasing certainty that it is possible without it to maintain the common standard of life; and that, in reality, it reacts unfavorably upon the efficiency of the members of the trade practising it. It is a phase of trade unionism which is disappearing before the increasing mobility of capital and of labor and before the wholesome public opinion which will not tolerate the injustice of excluding from any trade any worker who is willing to conform with its accepted standards. In attempting to create a monopoly of any form of labor, trade unionism is invariably wrong and will inevitably pay the penalty in loss of efficiency among its members and in retarding the natural progress of the trade concerned. This is a principle which is universally applicable to intellectual as well as manual labor. Every effort to create a monopoly in any calling whatever by restricting admission to the members of certain classes, or of certain families, whether it has to do with a civil service or a learned profession, or the specialized work of a building trade, or of machine tending in a factory, has the invariable effect of lowering the average of ability and efficiency. The world is always best served when the standards of admission to occupations are placed high and when there is practically unlimited freedom of competition among candidates for admission.

Apart from the cases of violence against legal individual liberties, for which trade unionism will justly be held responsible until it adopts a policy of effective discipline, the feature of trade unionism against which there is at present the strongest opposition is its practise of insisting upon an apparent uniformity in wages in the various orders of workers without regard to individual differences of capacity. Add to this a meddlesome interference in a hundred details with the work of the individual wage-earner and the freedom of the individual employer and you have what appears to the average individualist a cruel tyranny; cruel in its effects upon the workers in depriving them of the incentives to the development of special skill and capacity by fixing wages at a dead level, and cruel to employers in apparently obliging them to put a premium upon incapacity by paying the worst workman as good a wage as the best.

No one with the slightest acquaintance with the actual working of modern industry in relation to trade unionism will deny the existence of tyranny and of much unnecessary friction due in part to ignorance on both sides, but in the main, perhaps, to the short-sighted leadership among organized wage-earners of men, who have been far from having at heart the true interests of their followers.

Yet, regarding as an historical matter this device of trade unionism which is in its essence an attempt to maintain the standard of life, the student of economic history, with all the facts before him of the oppressions of the past and of the present in the unregulated industries, would be slow to declare in favor of perfect freedom of competition among wage-earners in the absence of any regulations between them and their employers. The standard of life or the Common Rule, as it is called, which has to do with the rate of wages and hours of labor and the physical conditions of employment has been secured, as a matter of history, by organization and by stupendous effort, and there is no reason to doubt that, in the absence of effective "self-help" of this kind, the conditions of multitudes of wage-earners, under competitive production, would revert to those of the early factory system and become practically identical with those of the thousands of operatives in "sweat-shops" which exist in every city of Christendom and are not without their hold upon country communities as well.

Granting the necessity to wage-earners

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under industrialism of erecting a standard of life and of organizing to maintain it, it is reassuring to find that it is not without redeeming features in relation to industry and to the interests of society as a whole. It is, after all, a superficial view which regards the Common Rule as a device for checking personal initiative and development and placing a premium upon mediocrity. The Common Rule has always to do with a *minimum*, and it places no obstacle in the way of employers who wish, by higher wages or shorter hours or better appointments, to attract to their service the best available skill.

As a matter of history there are two possible ways of employing labor. In an unregulated, open market of free competition and with a population pressing upon the limits of subsistence, labor may be had at almost any price. It is to the apparent advantage of the employer under these conditions to buy the cheapest labor, to force it to the greatest possible amount of work, and to replace it, when exhausted, by new hands which are to be treated in the same manner. This policy has unquestionably yielded large returns in the way of products and of fortunes realized from them. But there is another way, the way of the Common Rule, which obliges the employer, in giving employment, to give with it healthy conditions of labor and a wage which will enable the laborer to live and to support a family. Competition has not disappeared; it has simply "shifted from price to quality," with the effect of stimulating industry at every point. Without the Common Rule, competition for employment is a struggle among workers for work under any conditions and at any wage that will stave off imminent starvation. The cheapest labor is in demand, and the best tends to sink to the level of the worst. Under the Common Rule, or an accepted standard of life, competition becomes a struggle among the best workers for employment at the accepted rate. Not all will secure work; there will be the unemployed and the unemployable, but under the stimulus of a selection of the best, the least efficient worker feels the incentive to improvement.

The rule works both ways; for if standard conditions and a minimum wage must be ensured to all of his employés, every employer will feel the necessity of securing at that price the best available material. These facts have in them no promising outlook for the problems of the "unemployed" and of the "unemployable," but they free modern industry from the reproach of being organized on a basis which interferes with the "selection of the fittest" or with high "functional adaptation."

Underlying the prevalent modern view of industry is the assumption that it should be subjected to the highest possible pressure. This implies that society is best served when its manual labor is performed by its most skilful workers under conditions which stimulate to the utmost all organizing ability and inventive genius, and when there is a constant tendency to concentrate production at the points where the productive processes have been most specialized and where the costs of production are lowest. The view is certainly open to the objection that it involves a fundamental fallacy, that so-called industrial progress is not progress in reality, but its exact opposite; that true progress, far from being bent solely upon increasing the productive power of men—and so enormously multiplying their wants and increasing the complexity of their lives—would aim to reduce wants to a wholesome minimum and life to great simplicity, and would concentrate its genius upon developing the higher faculties of intellectual and artistic and moral life. There is, however, as essential a weakness in an absolute rejection of modern progress as in its unqualified endorsement.

A saner view sees in the practical solution of the problem of production a great step forward; and in the beginnings, at least, of attention to the problems of distribution, the most hopeful signs for the future. The evil of industrialism has been its blindness to every consideration but the production of goods, under the mistaken belief that in making things it was creating wealth; its salvation lies in recognizing that wealth does not consist in the abundance of things, but in the use that is made of them.

To such a view the concentration of labor in the hands of the fittest laborers, and of the organization of industry in the hands of the ablest *entrepreneurs*, and of the productive processes at the points of greatest productivity, are all signs of healthy

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and normal progress. That trade unionism has been one of the most powerful influences in producing this result is easily demonstrable. The establishment of the Common Rule has created a competition among the best laborers for work and has forced employers to hire, instead of the cheapest labor, the most efficient that can be had at the standard rate. The history of modern industry is full of examples of the economy of well-paid labor. Good wages and reasonable hours mean a high standard of life, which means in turn a well-nourished, well-housed, well-clothed body of wage-earners; and, up to a certain point, a high standard of life has resulted invariably in high standards of skill and efficiency. It would be a curious ignorance of the facts of the growth of modern production that would deny within certain limits, the practical economy of high wages as securing in the end the most efficient labor. Indisputably the application of the Common Rule has had the effect of facilitating a "selection of the fittest" by narrowing competition among laborers to a struggle among the best of them for work at the standard rate, and by narrowing competition among employers to the effort to secure at the fixed price the best available labor. Quite as indisputably it has enormously stimulated production by forcing brain power to its highest creative activity, both in relation to effective organization and to the improvement of the processes in use. The employer or the *entrepreneur* is not more than human. He may be depended upon to follow the line of least resistance. If in the competitive struggle with other producers, he can win by reducing wages, or increasing the hours of labor, or cheapening the conditions of work, he will do so. It is when he finds himself confronted by an unyielding wall of organized labor and of labor legislation that will not admit of reduced wages or longer hours or insanitary conditions that his creative faculties come most into play, and he solves his problem by the better organization of his work or by adopting or inventing improved machinery. If he cannot solve it, his business passes into the hands of the man who can, and we have in consequence a natural selection, not only of the fittest laborers, but of the fittest "captains of industry." The development of all modern manufacturing and mining, and even farming in part, is replete with instances of the application of this principle. Until trade unionism and labor legislation made it impossible, there lived and worked and died in the mines of England multitudes of women and children who were forced to creep on all fours through the fetid passages of the pits, dragging after them the cars to which they were attached by leathern thongs. When employers could no longer get the work done by this inhuman toil, they invented and adopted the present forms of traction. Every thoroughly representative "plant" of highly specialized production furnishes examples of the introduction of more effective organization, and of improved labor-saving devices, as a direct result of the apparently short-sighted obstinacy of wage-earners in insisting upon a common rule which meant for them a relatively high standard of life. Necessity has again and again become the mother of invention, and invention, both in organization and in method, has been the creative factor in the development of modern industry.

Unconscious tribute to the efficacy of the policy of trade unionism in helping to effect the selection of the most skilful laborers, and of the ablest *entrepreneurs*, and the most advantageous forms of industry, can be found all through the writings of the opponents of trade unionism. To them the policy was simply self-destructive in depriving wage-earners of work and in driving the small employers to the wall by concentrating production at the points of greatest economic efficiency. But their opposition has been as unintelligent in turn, as was, at an earlier day, the blind hostility of craftsmen to the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The wage-earner of the present has not been the last man to discover the truth that his interests are best served when labor and brain power and capital are co-operating at their highest productivity; for it is upon the joint product of these factors that his wages depend as certainly as do profits and interest. Increasing wages can be had only from increasing products, and perhaps the most difficult practical problem for trade unionism is to determine, under advancing production, the point to which the standard of life may be justly advanced without overtaxing

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the organizers of industry or infringing upon the rights of capital.

In the light of its own history and of the effect that it has had in increasing the efficiency of modern production, every attempt on the part of trade unionists to restrict the numbers entering a trade, or to prevent the adoption of the most effective organization of industry or of the best labor-saving machinery appears, as it is, reactionary in the extreme. Such acts are in violence of the spirit and aims and interests of true trade unionism. Every trade union practising them is defeating its own ends and showing itself to that degree not a trade union in a real sense, but an organization prejudiced and ignorant of its own good, unenlightened by the practical experience of the past century of organized labor. In winking at any violence against the legal rights of individuals, trade unionism is exposing itself, certainly in America, to the inevitable retribution of the American people.

Modern democracy is watching with a critical eye the practical working out of the problem of industrialism. All thought of the reorganization of society in accordance with some preconceived plan is giving way before the idea of the gradual development of a better order as a result of struggle and survival under conditions of freedom and equality. It is to the organization of labor and of capital and to the gradual adjustment of the relations between these two great forces that democracy is looking for the working out of the problem of industrialism. The conviction is growing that the just industrial criterion is the selection of the most efficient labor, the passing of industry under the command of its ablest and most inventive captains, and the concentration of production at the points of greatest productivity. In the very gaining of these results the genius of modern times will direct itself increasingly to the solution of the unsolved problems of distribution, and there will appear, in an ever clearer light, the incontestable services of trade unionism to industry and to democracy.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE assertion, more or less hesitant, but still increasingly insistent, of the right of society to preserve natural beauty from disfigurement, is a hopeful sign pointing to the growth of a sane socialism. As distinguished from the generally recognized duty to beautify the environment in the interest of all—in the city, for example, by a park system, or in the country by a village improvement association—such assertion is in an evident sense socialistic, since it overrides so-called individual property rights. To adopt the phrases made familiar by the propaganda of Henry George, this doctrine holds beauty to be a "natural monopoly," to whose "unearned increment" the individual has no right to lay exclusive claim. Ownership in a tract of country bordering on some scene of great natural beauty presents a typical case of this "unearned increment," for the greater the attractiveness of the scene, the more it lends itself to the exploitation of advertising defacement. Thus the beauty which draws the frequent visitor constitutes all there is of value in the environment as an advertising "asset."

The Right to Keep the World Beautiful

The slow growth of a popular æstheticism, finding expression here in a State law forbidding the advertiser the use of the common highway, or there in a city ordinance protecting the approaches of a park system, has been watched with wide sympathetic interest. Those who have cherished hope for a new dispensation have been heartened by the occasional victory in England, notable in the case of Edinburgh and Dover, where by special acts of Parliament control of exposed

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advertising has been conferred on the local authorities. But such experiments have been tentative, born of special exigency and marked by extreme of caution lest reform lead to trespass on "the sacred rights of private property." It has remained for Prussia to take the step in advance, by the enactment of a general law asserting as a matter of legal principle the superior right of society. This law, to quote the translation given in "A Beautiful World"—the official publication of Scapa, the English society whose mission stands justified in the general esteem by ten years, now, of fruitful service—runs as follows: "With the object of preventing the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty, the police authorities [elected local bodies] are empowered to prohibit outside of towns [protected by previous legislation] such advertising boards, or notices, or pictorial devices, as disfigure the landscape, such prohibitions to be embodied in regulations that may apply to particular spots or areas." In closing the debate in the Upper House on the passage of the act, Herr Spiritus, the reporter of the committee, developed the doctrine of the higher utility, which in a pregnant phrase of the report involves "the equitable interest of all who love the beautiful in nature." "We of the Rhine districts," said Herr Spiritus, "see many hundreds of thousands of our fellow men, coming every summer from far and near to our glorious river, to return home strengthened and entranced. . . . I hope and pray that the keen appreciation of the need of saving these charms will spread to wider circles, and that the conviction will force itself upon us all that it is the sacred duty of our generation, especially of our public men, to preserve for the enjoyment of posterity these neighborhoods of our Fatherland, 'remarkable for their natural beauty,' uninjured and undefaced."

The same view of natural beauty as a precious inheritance to be held in trust—for whose impairment under whatever color of personal right the trustees (the State) are justly to be held responsible to future generations—has also, most appropriately, received official recognition in Switzerland, though not yet embodied in law. The Grand Conseil of the Canton of Vaud, aroused by advertising desecration, appointed a commission to appeal to the Conseil d'Etat. The commission's report, the work of M. Bonnard, points out that though there is no precedent for advertising restriction, new conditions make their own precedent, as in the case of regulating the speed of the automobile; that such a new consideration is created by advertising invasion, since those who visit Switzerland to see and feel the beauty of nature find frustration instead, distracted as they are by the "little concerns" of petty advertisers so constantly thrust before their eyes. "The natural beauties of our country," summarizes M. Bonnard, emphasizing his Swiss view of the higher utility, "constitute our distinguishing natural treasure. These beauties are the vital source of nourishment for our patriotism, and for our culture, moral or intellectual. The child sees without appreciating them, but with age they take on new value and attractiveness for each day of his growth."

Gratifying as is this departure, establishing as it does a new status for society's right and duty to preserve and transmit unimpaired whatever of beauty there is in the world, we may yet fail fully to appreciate its special significance for the crowded, strenuous living of to-day. This significance found adequate expression in the closing word of an address by President Eliot on the value to great cities of rural reservations, that "they separate city men and women from the squalor, tumult, and transitoriness of the human ant-hill, and bring them face to face with things calm, lovely, grand, and enduring."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT IN PARIS

YOU have won your scholarship and have elected to study in Paris—a wise choice in my view; and from my experience you seek counsel. This I count it a privilege to give; but if, in my practical advice to you as a typical young artist going abroad for the first time, you find some consideration of your immediate past, you must take it as part of the whole, for from this environment you spring and to it I trust you will return to hold up the hands of an older generation; to continue and perfect the effort to implant a worthy growth of art in our own country.

In many practical ways your path will be made easy to you on your arrival in Paris. You very probably know some one or more of the fifteen hundred art students from these shores who enjoy the hospitality of the Capital of France. Lacking such acquaintance, you have but to apply to the American Art Association in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, a club which has a membership of four hundred of your countrymen, art students, to secure a compatriot's aid in finding lodgings. Choice of a school will probably prove more embarrassing, for at the club or in the restaurants to which you will be convoyed you will meet many of your future associates, and find almost as many conflicting opinions as to the best school.

In reality it matters little, for your first choice may be very probably supplanted by another as soon as you have taken a settled place in your new environment. From my view, which I warn you may not be shared by your new associates, I should advise one of the Government schools, for reasons which I will develop later. You will be told that they are not "up to date," none of the "strong men" are there, that the instructors are "old fogies," that Americans are not popular and are subjected to strange tortures within their walls; and again, quite probably your own inclination will lead you to some one of the ateliers established by private enterprise, which have the business cunning to attract the young student by enrolling the men whose names have appeared the latest on the ever-shifting list of Salon success, among their instructors. Against such temptation it is wise to study the antecedents of the newly successful men, and more often than not you will find that they owe their training to men or schools at which the irreverential fledgling art student looks askance.

When one has changed his country, his habits, and, after sedulously taking advantage of all that can profit him in his native land, has gone abroad to study, the part of wisdom is to seek further knowledge in the differences rather than in the resemblances which may exist between his old environment and the new. The most obvious aid to the knowledge of a new country is to speak its language; and yet so easy has it become to live in Paris and find sufficient companionship among one's own compatriots, that it is the rule rather than the exception for our students to return home with only such smattering of French as suffices to order a dinner. Modern art owes so much to France that it would appear obvious that the first concern of the student should be to acquaint himself with the causes of this beneficial influence, and without the language, without companionship with its people of all degrees—and no one feature of its extreme civilization is more marked than the ease with which the inquiring student can approach even its greatest men—this is clearly impossible.

Therefore, study the language with the same zealous interest that you bestow on the life school. In furtherance of the same object, seek companions among your French comrades, for you will find it easy, in the unconventional society of the atelier, to choose your associates, and you will do wisely to choose them from the people of the country.

Entrance to the governmental schools is less easy than to the independent ateliers,

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where ability to pay the fee is the chief qualification. Beyond a *bienvenue* or treat offered by the newcomer to his fellow students, at an expense of about twenty francs, there is no fee in the École des Beaux-Arts, where the student in any branch of fine art has the choice of three different ateliers or masters. There is an examination, however, which demands a certain knowledge of the language in which it is naturally conducted, and some slight acquaintance with the history of art, including a few rudimentary principles of architecture, perspective, anatomy, and a drawing from the antique or life to show technical proficiency. None of this, however, is beyond the power of an ordinarily intelligent youth, and even by a total stranger to the language can be prepared in a couple of months. Should the student fail in his first examination there are preparatory schools, one in the Rue de l'École de Medicine, another at the Gobelins, under governmental patronage, where the conditions for entrance are less difficult and facilities for study are nearly as great, where your time could be profitably spent awaiting your entrance to one of the ateliers of the Beaux-Arts.

In my view, however, your time for two months following your arrival in Paris could be more profitably spent than in the school. You have had at home, for two or three years at least, almost daily attendance in the antique and life schools. With the model before you, you draw reasonably well and have even exercised your talent for composition to the scanty degree for which our schools provide. Here you are to realize, perhaps for the first time, how elementary your studies have been and how many of the elements of a thorough artistic education can never be acquired in an academy.

The examination for entrance to the École des Beaux-Arts is a proof of this, for you may be the most brilliant pupil of our schools, have won your scholarship, and yet never encountered half the problems there set out in a programme carefully devised to meet an average grade of scholastic attainment.

Address yourself, therefore, for half your time for two months to prepare for this examination. Tuition in French is extremely cheap, and you can easily find an elder student in some one of the advanced schools with which Paris teems—very probably a student of the Beaux-Arts—who will be able to help you in all the branches of art in which you are to be examined, and with the language as well. Give your mind most earnestly to this and you will have laid the foundation of a proper enjoyment of the advantages which you have crossed the Atlantic to seek. The remainder of your time of probation you can make at once a pure delight and a most beneficial experience. You are now set down in the richest capital of art of the old world, and this profusion of riches is yours for the asking. Profit, then, by this privilege, and that there may be no doubt of its profit, direct your steps through this great labyrinth of art in orderly and consecutive fashion.

The museums in Paris are many. The Louvre and the Luxembourg comprise the great collections of ancient and modern art, and in the former a student of art might pass a life well spent. I can well forgive, and envy you, your first plunge into these delights. You will find art on every hand, and will begin to comprehend that it means vastly more than a picture on the line at the Society of American Artists or the "double page" of our best remunerated illustrator!

But remember that you are but at the threshold, your taste all untrained, and your gold of to-day may prove the dross of the morrow.

And here, I own, my task of counsellor becomes difficult. Temperaments vary, and to the artist well advised the most precious of his possessions is his personality, which leads him instinctively in a path where none may direct him; where direction, implied or absolute, is an impertinence. This much, however, may be said: no artist was ever harmed by knowledge and comprehension of the various manifestations of the art spirit; and the habit of reflection and comparison should be early formed and cultivated. To this, habitual reading is the greatest aid. The constant practice of drawing and painting, has given you probably little time, nor awakened a taste for reading of your art. But the very nature of the examination for which you are preparing proves its necessity, and once the habit formed, if you love your art, you will find in the story of your predecessors, in their reflections on their art, much aid and counsel. France has a literature particularly rich in this direction, and before you read its tongue with facility you can find

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among the two million volumes of the Bibliothèque Nationale translations or original works in English, among which I would fain turn you out to browse. When this or that man interests you in the Louvre, ask from the courteous attendants at the Bibliothèque Nationale for works relating to him. Read prejudiced Vasari, and of nearly every man there mentioned you can find fuller information in the many works published since his day. Endeavor to follow the sequence of schools and masters as laid down in the larger catalogues of the Louvre in studying the galleries after your first hurried examination. In this way you will learn to know yourself, and, far from deviating from the path where your natural temperament would lead you, you will separate the wheat from the chaff, and seek the work which will help you the most. All this you will not accomplish in what I have termed your two months of probation; but I have indicated to you a most precious possession for all your future life, if in this short time you have formed a habit of reading and reflection.

As you have no doubt noted, I have written at some length, with little reference to the life school—which has preoccupied your life for the past few years, and which undoubtedly appears to you the chief reason for your seeking Paris for a prolongation of the delights of technical study under instruction of a higher grade than you could enjoy at home. Here to a degree you are doomed to disappointment. The technical proficiencies of our craft are, above all, the fruit of assiduous and continuous effort on our own part. Consequently the superiority of the Paris schools over those in our chief cities lies less in the comparatively higher technical proficiency of the class as a whole—though that exists in some cases—than in the incomparably higher aim of the average French art student.

This is the chief reason why I counsel you to avoid certain of the ateliers which have sprung up these later years in Paris, in which the great majority of students are Americans. In these your home standards of the aim of art are rife, and in some cases advanced students of our own nationality have established and maintain schools in Paris largely attended by their compatriots, and in all these you may study for years without receiving a tithe of the benefits which are yours for the price of resolutely putting away from you the lower standards and the contentment with partial achievement which characterize, naturally enough, the art effort of our new country, but which, thus transplanted to a land of fuller comprehension, become absurd.

Your eyes, very properly, have been glued to your drawing board in your studies here, but you have seen some of the more advanced of your fellows disappear from the school at a critical period of their career, on the eve of further progress, to make a short apparition a few weeks later, with a high hat and a large cigar, to announce their engagement, at a good salary, as the artist of the "Daily Screecher." The enormous and, possibly, temporary use of illustration in our daily press is thus responsible for blighting the future of men capable of better things and for lowering the standard of our schools, which, for the most part dependent upon the fees of students for their very existence, are forced, however indirectly, to recognize this new demand for a cheap and limited achievement. You are too young to remember that twenty years ago there was a most hopeful and promising school of etchers here. Lack of standard enabled anyone who could scratch a copper plate to put his wares on the market, the print-sellers and department stores saw the business opportunity, and to-day etching here is virtually dead, with none to do it honor. Almost at the same time the art of the glass stainer was reinvented, to all intents and purposes, in our new land, and there was promise that this most delightful of arts would flourish in the pious desire to commemorate our dead, translated through the sympathetic art of the designer. But no sooner had some notable results been achieved than the business sense of the American saw again his opportunity, and to-day, discredited by architects in their buildings though it may be, great business organizations turn out vast quantities of colored glass, while in their offices stacks of alleged designs, appropriately assorted to the needs of widows, orphans, or building committees, await the moment when their commercial traveller, akin to the cheerful person known as the "ambulance chaser," can present himself in the house of mourning with his already prepared "appropriate" design.

Again, in my extreme youth there was a race of men known as "draughtsmen-on-wood," working for the most part in obscure

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offices in the business districts of the town or housed in publishing offices; having no part or parcel of recognition in the art of the day. Without models or recourse to nature these men produced the illustrations which served for books and magazines.

Art took a higher flight, and for a time illustration became of serious importance. In our nascent art no one stood so high but that the publisher found him willing to lend his best effort to the embellishment of book or magazine. To name but one result, which must be known to you, the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," by Elihu Vedder, is likely to remain as one of our greatest achievements in art. Since then the profusion of quantity rather than quality has taken the place of the measured and masterly work for which we might have hoped. The desire for quick results has sent embryotic youths—often enough superficially clever in an imitative sense—to the doors of publishers, where, unfortunately, they have been met half-way. Hence our profusion of illustrations, which, served *ad nauseam* in our daily press, our magazines and books, makes an easy transition from a year or two of school for the young artist whose practical papa is more often than not pleased with the boy's earning capacity and his name writ large in our current publications. The time will come as we grow older, and—let me hazard the word—more civilized when the "delightful sketchy quality" with which the half-educated artist and the half-educated public are satisfied to-day will cease to please, and then, too late to acquire a knowledge of good drawing and sound construction, our fledgling artist will regret his early flight before his wings could carry far.

You will find little of this in the École des Beaux-Arts. Since 1688 this school has followed its placid existence, conscious that art is long. Fixing the limit of the age for competition for the Prix du Rome, its final recompense, at thirty, entailing four years' residence in Rome, the fortunate few who win this prize may begin their life-work at thirty-four. This, as you may readily see, gives a serious aspect to the vocation of an artist, which, if better understood in our country, would singularly diminish the numbers of those who enter the career here "from a notion of its ease." You will also find that your French comrades avail themselves of the many lectures and subsidiary courses of art education established in their school, which will be equally open to you.

In many of the independent ateliers in Paris you would find, as prevails here, the belief that the means of technical assiduity with brush and pencil in the life school is the end and aim of art; but no such heresy has yet invaded the halls of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, where instructors and pupils can look back two hundred years and find among their predecessors the names which make France to-day the aim of your pilgrimage.

Permit me in conclusion, and as a moral, to tell you a true story. A friend of mine, a French artist, who reached his present high position some time after forty, has a son of great talent. In the relaxation of his studies the son produced a number of etchings which, printed in color, appealed to a prevailing fad of print collectors, and a dealer in the Rue Lafitte bought them freely and encouraged the youth to produce others. They were charming things, and the youth of twenty was fairly launched to attain the rather difficult prize of a Parisian success. Here, I fear, the result would not have been doubtful; but the youth's father, appreciating the gravity of the situation, paid a visit to the dealer, calling his attention to the fact that his son was a minor and that, unwilling to jeopardize his art career by the interruption of his studies, no further encouragement was to be given to the young artist. The son on his part recognized readily enough the justice of his father's decision, and the youth returned to his studies; this year only, at twenty-four, making a most brilliant début in the Salon.

That in this spirit you may work, and on the completion of your term of study return here to join and aid the men who, with little encouragement, are yet visibly though slowly raising the standard of our home achievement, is my sincere hope. WILL H. LOW.

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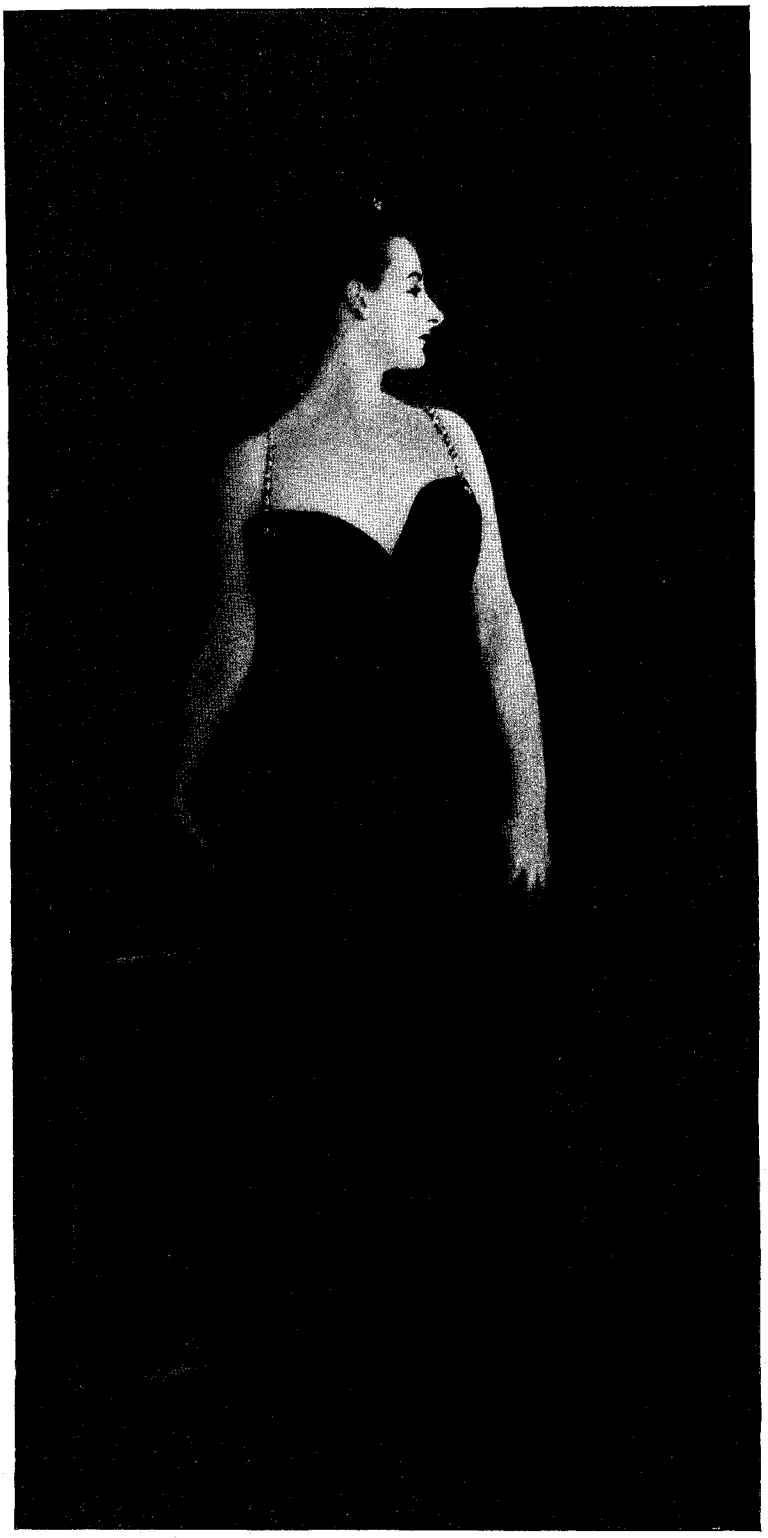

MADAME GAUTREAU.

PORTRAIT BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

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